~~Brave Lovers~~

ARCHRIVALS

a Kyman Zine

~~Brave Lovers~~
ARCHRIVALS

Hi, fellow Kyman lovers!

The zine you're looking at is a labor of love, where over a hundred artists and writers contributed to creating the first Kyman zine to be ever published in the fandom! We're truly honored to have hosted so many loving and creative pieces in one place.

Thank you for joining us and trusting us with your work!

Without further ado, enjoy this Kyman fest!

- Basu -

FLUFFY BARDO

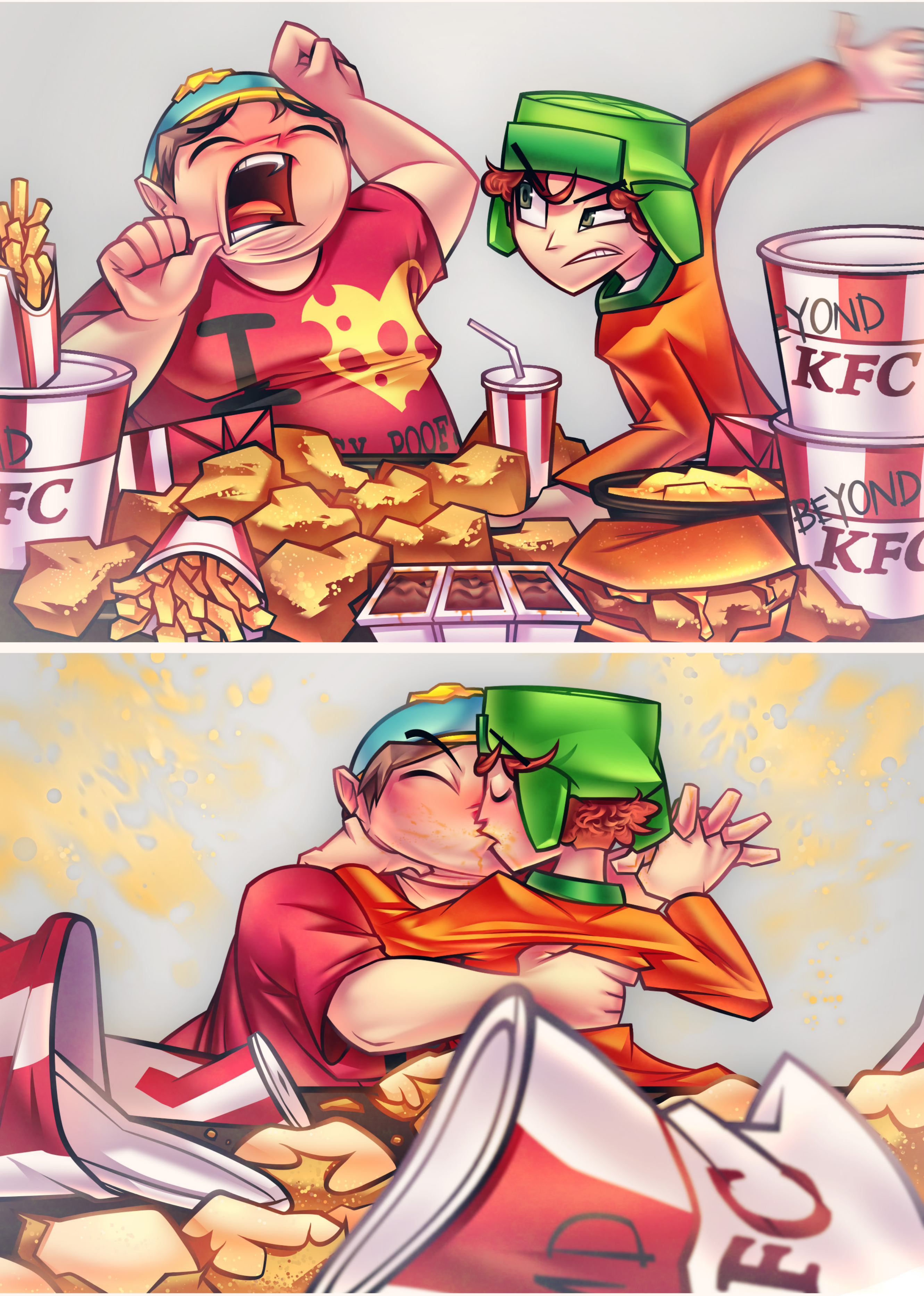
MD

NEON_ULTIMA

K+E

KYMAN
ONE MORE WORD FATASS!
HAHA!

Lia Lyester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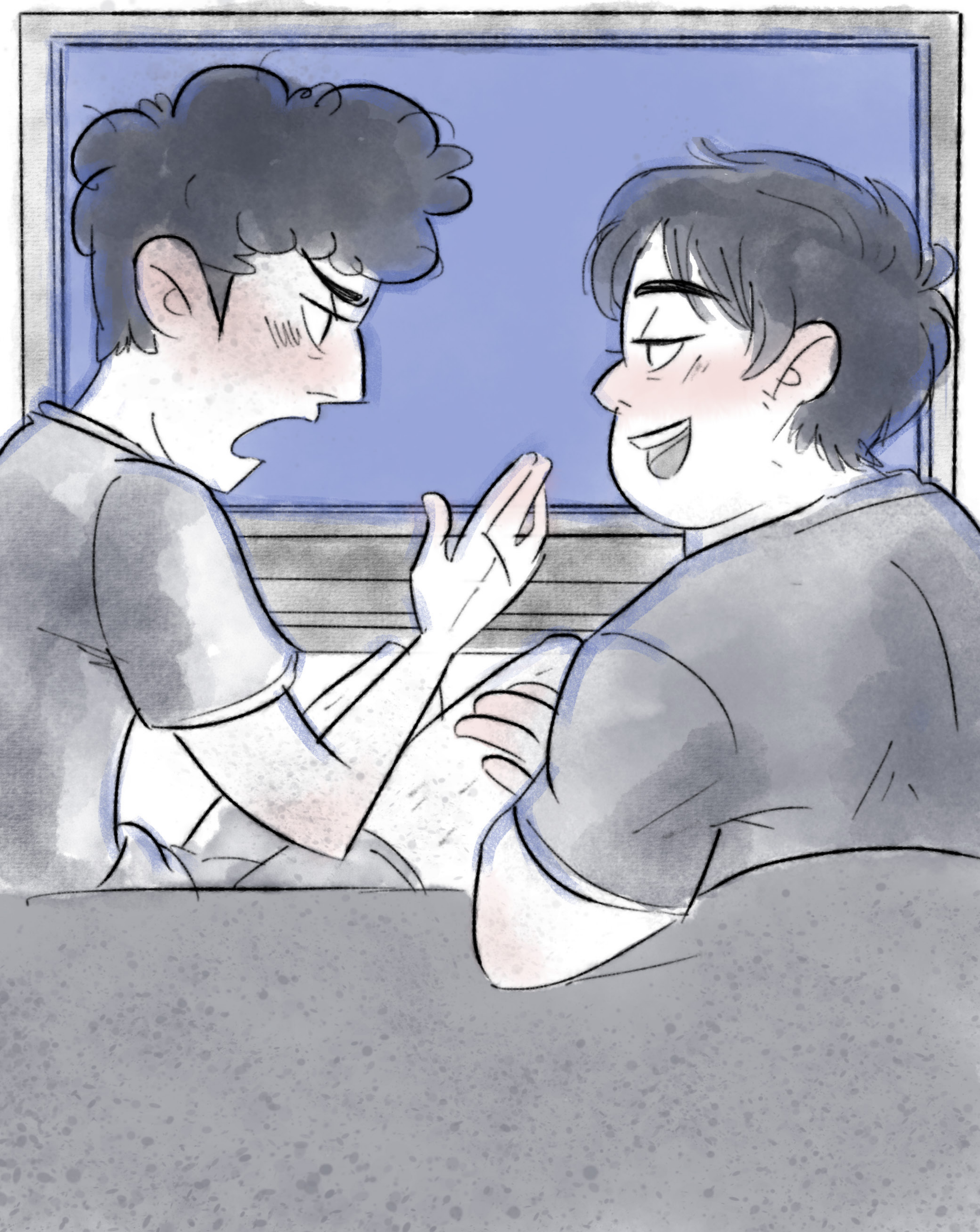

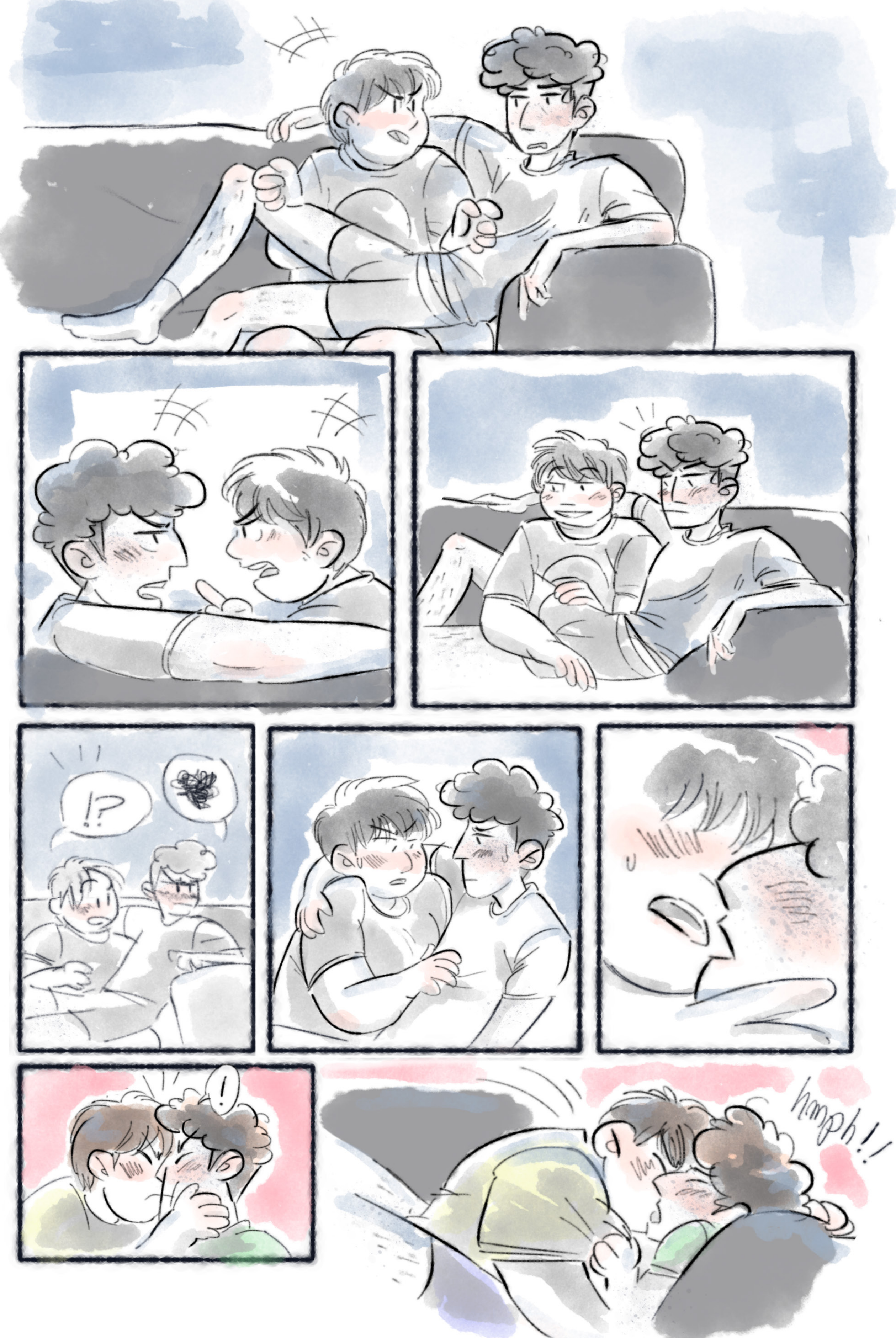
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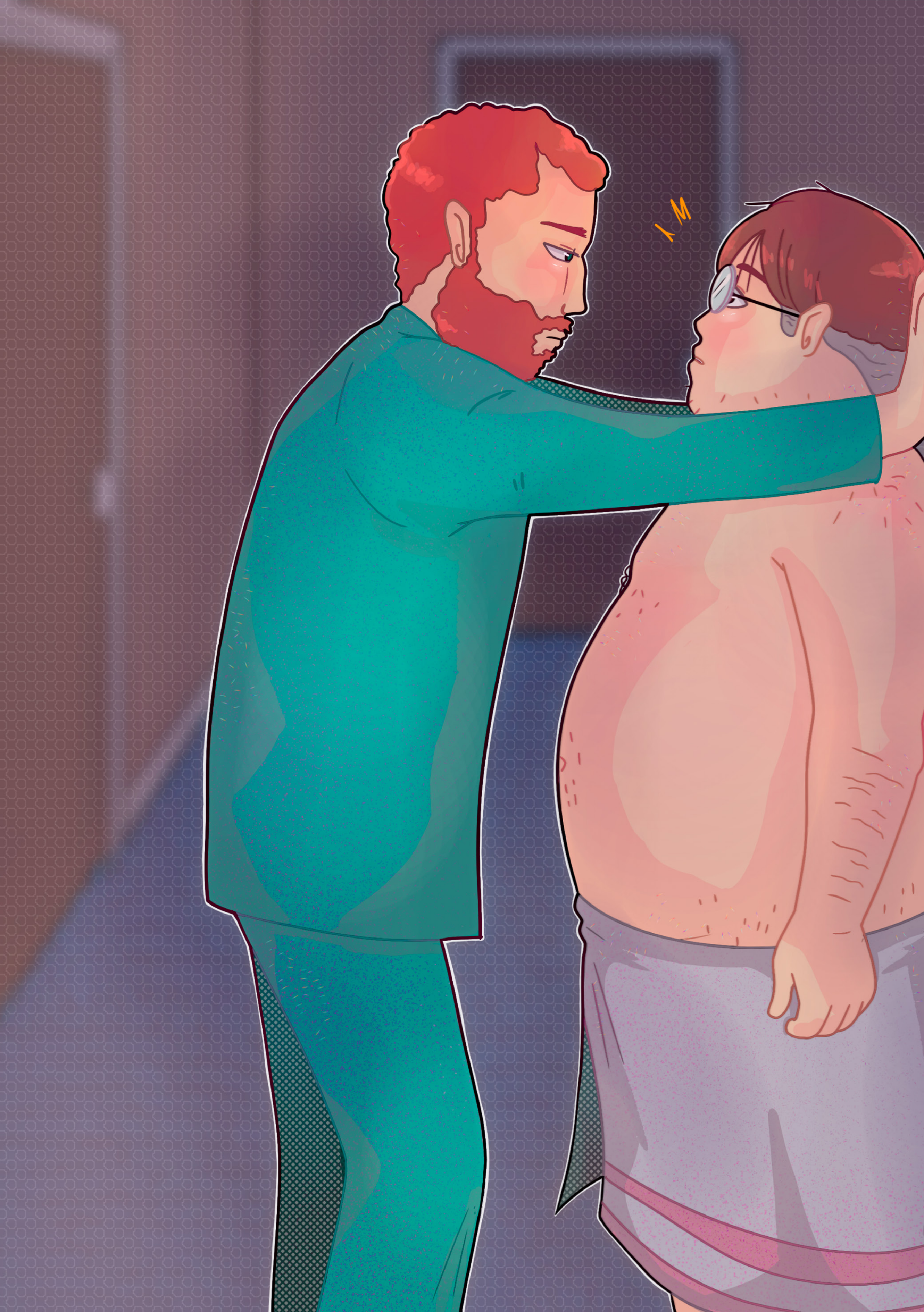
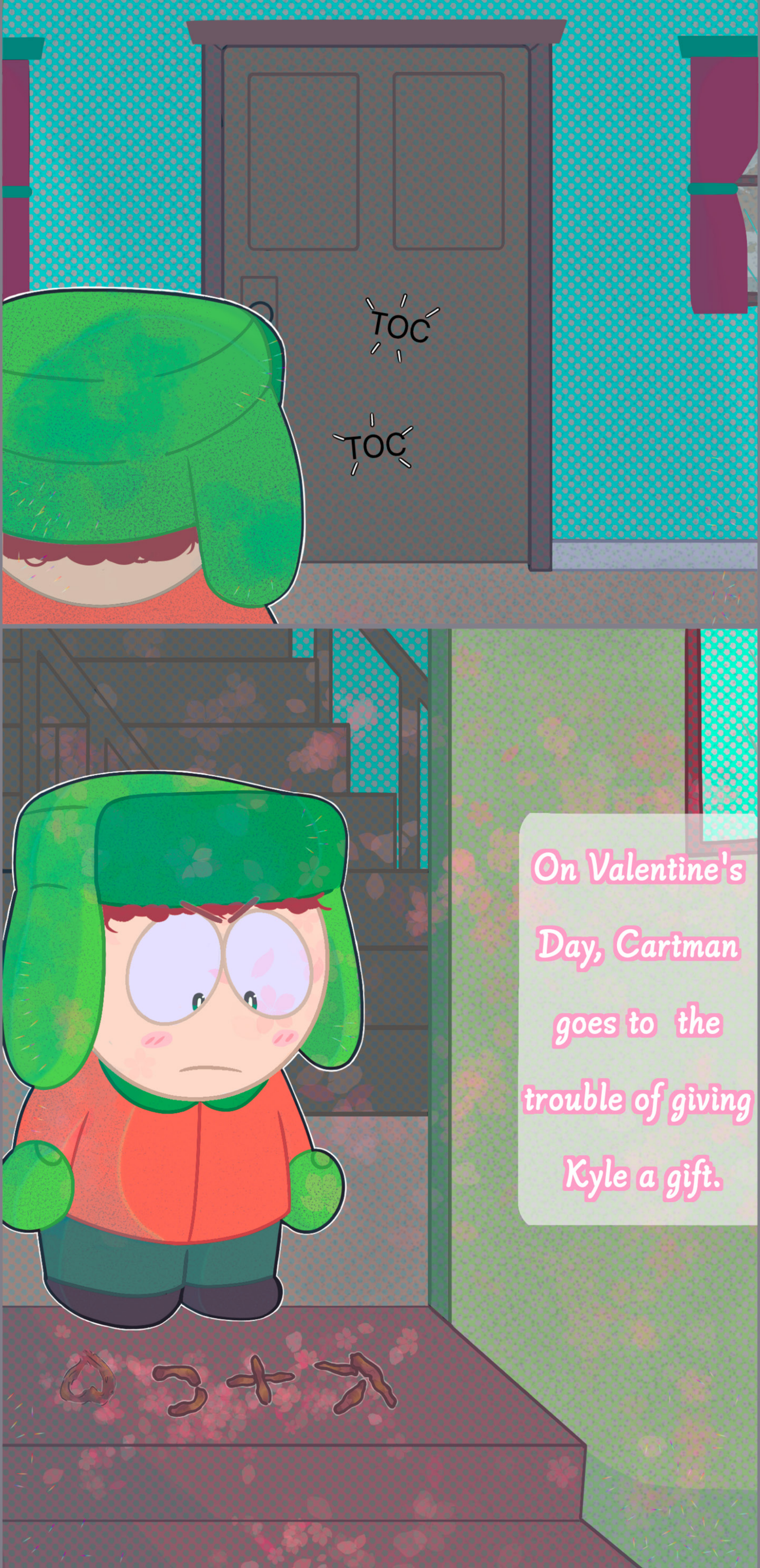
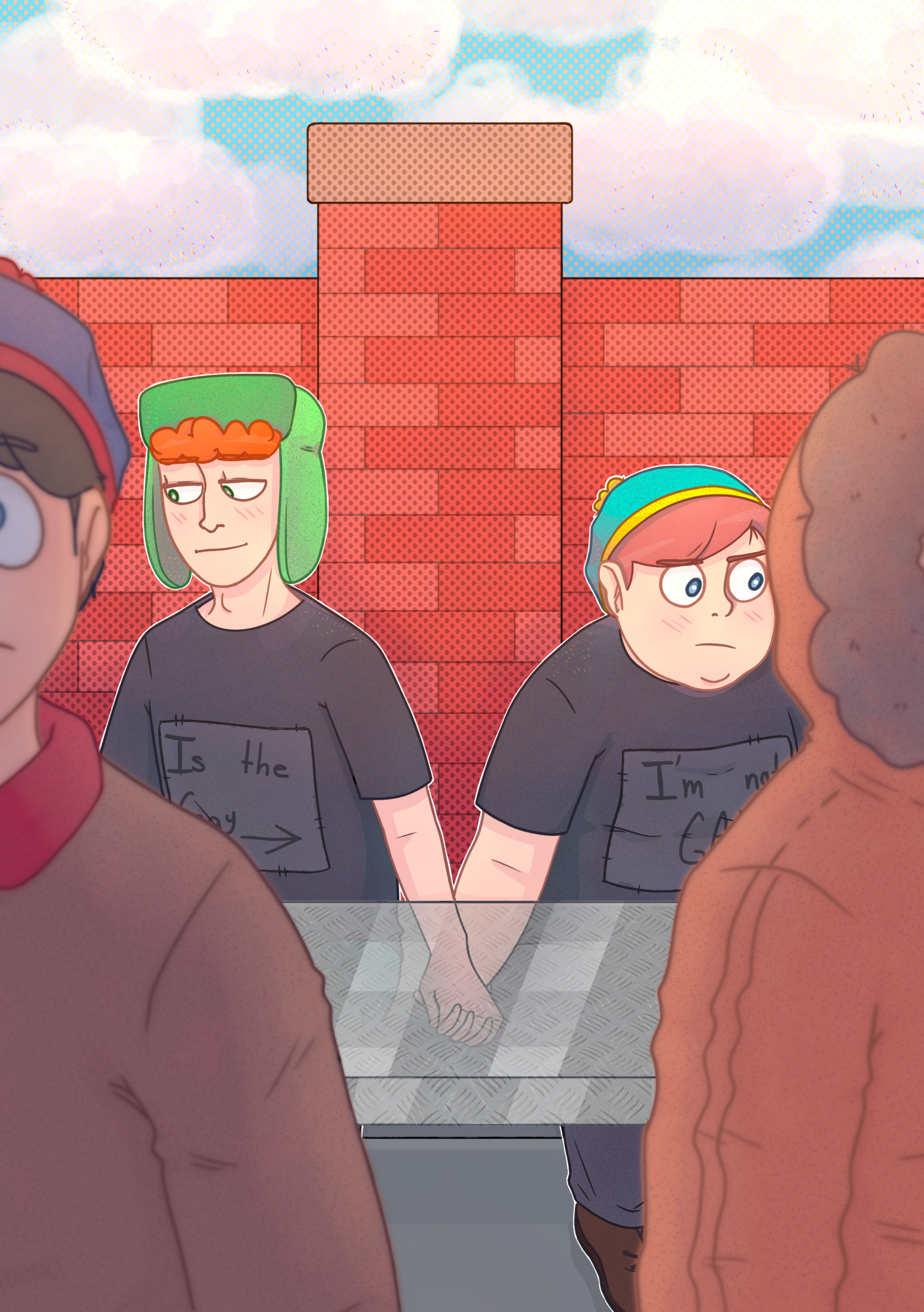



TOC
TOC
On Valentine's Day, Cartman goes to the trouble of giving Kyle a gift.


Is the Gay →
I'm not GA

Stars are blind

Naya

One of the many things Cartman hated about Kyle was the seriousness he takes in everything he does. It was infuriating just looking at him, always so dedicated, detailed, and demanding. Very few things were worth that level of concern to Cartman, especially at an age where it would matter more to have someone to kiss, money to squander, and parties to go to. Instead, the obnoxious redhead only had eyes for the future, for a “better life”.

It exasperated Cartman so much that he almost felt it was his cosmic duty to annoy Kyle. To make him bristle and redden, to get his screams in order to force him out of that stuffy and perfectionist image that only was useful to please others. Kyle had to learn how to live, and what better teacher than his self-proclaimed nemesis.

To do this, Eric considered that he had the creativity to spare, imagination to throw into the sky. But he could always improve more. In order to refine his amazing techniques, he made it a point to record every possible detail that would determine Kyle’s actions.

At first glance, Kyle might seem like a nondescript fellow. Especially for girls. Very few of them talked about a mysterious, educated, and athletic dude; and those who did were ridiculed by those with more conventional tastes. It was true, everyone used to divert their attention towards Stan, the Siamese of their target. It was easy to recognize why. Stan has a more outgoing manner. He wasn’t just judgmental, he was going with the flow (even if he wasn’t comfortable with it) and just seemed more relaxed, more charismatic. Where Kyle was complicated and confusing, Stan seemed like the least problematic route.

Kyle himself orbited around Stan with that feeling of admiration. It was so obvious that it hurt. That so-called Super Best Friend was Kyle's most glaring weakness.

It could be that Kyle was not interested in the opinion of almost anyone, least of all those with whom he shared a feeling of aversion. But when it came to someone important to him... his face was that of a complete idiot! Suddenly his defenses lowered so much that it became even more painful to take advantage of him.

And another thing: Kyle didn't tolerate getting things wrong. Particularly when he put his all into it, which he usually does all the time.

Poor little Jew. He had so many things to learn indeed.

Eric's involvement had been subtle, so Kyle wouldn't suspect his next "big hit". He had first gotten it into Kenny's head that it would be a great idea to take cooking and pastry electives. It was a simple subject that would give them new excuses for the others and even the possibility of missing if they so required. He didn't have to try very hard to convince him, the blond had always gotten along with that kind of activity.

The best thing about it was that he didn't even have to speak to the redhead to make him do what he wanted. Kenny made pretty eyes at Stan to spend more time together without their parents' bullshit getting in the way. In the end, Kyle came because Stan thought it was a good idea because, in turn, Kenny convinced him with his dreamy face.

It was easy to aggravate Kyle with little when one had the essential information. And Kyle was lousy at cooking. A total embarrassment that he tried to conceal without any effectiveness. When he tried to be the one to give the instructions, Eric complained that he wasn't doing his part. When he wanted to change teams and stop being embarrassed in front of his friends, the other two chumps were there to cheer him up and tell him that it was all a matter of practice, while Eric allowed himself to be as hateful as he wanted. And when Kyle decided to keep a low profile, the class came up with the formidable idea of planning something for the popular boy who had raised the image of that geek club: a surprise party for Stan's birthday.

Eric proposed in front of everyone that, as a best friend, Kyle was practically obligated to create the most loving gesture. A cake. And not just any cake, Stan's favorite cake, and such hard shit to bake, even for the most experienced pastry chefs.

He loved every second that Kyle glared at him with a hateful look as he accepted the public challenge. Everyone was delighted with the firm promise that it would be the best cake they had ever tasted.

But no. You couldn't be good at everything, and Kyle had to acknowledge it.

It was better than he thought. For weeks, he could see how the redhead walked in the corridors, complaining in a whisper, while in public he tried to be unaffected by the problem that haunted his mind. He seemed scattered in daily activities, in the dumbest things anyone can imagine. He even got into a fight with Stan in the hallway like he never had before. He was so fucking stressed over something so small, something he could easily give up. It was magnificent, almost magical.

And that night, all of Eric's hard work finally paid off.

He knew that Kyle would have preferred to have a glass of razors than ask him for help. So as soon as he saw him standing on his doorstep with a bag of utensils under his arm and a grim expression on his face, he knew the other had no choice.

"Well, well; but look what the wind brought to my door..." Eric savored his words with immense pleasure and a soft smile of seeming warmth, "What brings you here, Kahl?"

The named one rolled his eyes, snorted, and took a few seconds to look more serene. He mumbled something that Eric understood perfectly, but he still put a hand behind his ear and leaned in.

"What was that? What are you talking about, Kahl?"

"...to help me," Kyle said the end a little louder and glared at Cartman's puzzled expression with hatred.

"How? Help you? With what?"

Kyle pursed his lips and narrowed his glare sullenly, as Cartman's smile widened and his eyebrows rose.

"With the cake."

"What's with the cake?"

The redhead let out a growl that lasted only a few seconds because he perfectly understood that he couldn't get angry or fight with Cartman. It was his only way out if he wanted to make things right

"Bah, I'm just fucking with you." Cartman interrupted earlier, with a tone of feigned kindness, "It's fine, come in, it makes me cringe to see you stammering like an idiot to get into my house."

Kyle lowered his face, but he went in anyway when he was given the chance. He was clutching his bag with a dignified, tense expression as Eric watched him expectantly. It was like watching a puppy do the trick he had indirectly taught him... or had led him to perform.

"Teach me how to make the damn cake." Kyle said firmly with a determined look— "It's the last night to deliver, and my mother can't bear to watch her kitchen burn another time. Even the teacher acted like she was too busy to explain it to me again."

Eric waved one hand in a weary gesture to stop the other.

“You forget that I don’t care. I have agreed already, but before… How do you ask for help? I don’t think you’ve ever been as rude to your mom or to the teacher as you are to me.”

Kyle looked a little confused, but he got it in seconds.

“…Please. I must say ‘please’. Is that it?”

“Duh, that’s right. And then?”

“But I already said it…” Kyle muttered listlessly.

“Hmm? What happened?” Eric deliberately raised his voice and leaned slightly toward his companion, who was looking at him in disbelief. As if he didn’t know him.

“… Please. Please, Cartman. Ok, done.”

They both stared at each other, both dissatisfied, but for very different reasons.

Eric went to the kitchen, silent and with his hands in his pockets. Kyle followed him, staring at his companion making preparations.

The bigger young man had taken off his jacket, donned an apron, and gone to wash his hands thoroughly. When he turned around, Kyle was still in the same position, near the entrance.

“And what are you waiting for, Kahl?”

Once the redhead imitated the preparation, he stayed next to the other and helped spread out on the table everything he had brought to prepare the damn cake. Mistakes had only taught Kyle to buy two or three extra servings of everything. Eric scoffed at the industrial quantity of birthday candles. Either the store gave them away for a certain amount of purchases, or Kyle would throw them into the cart without looking.

When Eric noticed that the redhead was more relaxed, he stood in front of him and structured the most technical and elaborate instructions he could think of. He had been practicing since he noticed Kyle’s concern. He’d noticed the redhead looks in cooking class, especially when he’d tried to show off techniques he’d been practicing for years.

Kyle couldn’t stand someone being better than him at anything, even something he’d never cared about.

“If you have any questions or if something specific is difficult for you, you can send me a message.” Eric finished and took off his apron.

“No, no… Wait, what?”

Eric headed to the fridge to pour himself a glass of milk.

“Cartman, that was not…”

“I think my explanation was pretty clear—” Eric interrupted and took a sip of milk, “Even more than anything the teacher could have told you. I understand that you are very smart and capable, much more than what is needed for this “shitty class”. That’s what you said when we applied to it, right?”

Eric stopped at the entrance to the kitchen and looked at the redhead with complete calm. He ‘won’ if Kyle opened his mouth to ask for more help and admit that he wasn’t smart enough to pull off such a level of baking. However, he also won if Kyle got upset and pretended everything was okay.

It was so predictable that he ended up doing the latter. Then Cartman shrugged and went to his room while he was whistling so calmly.

At most, he gave him half an hour to knock on his door and try again. When two hours had passed, he thought of going downstairs and poking around a bit, but he was already in his pajamas and under the covers. He put it off every five, ten minutes until he fell asleep, counting the time.

If he woke up in the middle of the night, it was just an issue with his bladder. He woke up disoriented and a bit thirsty, so when he came out of the bathroom, he was startled by the noise in the kitchen. He didn’t remember that he had left Kyle there.

Eric peeked out cautiously at the thought of his mom doing something stupid. However, he found a redhead demoralized, tired, and even more confused than he had left him. His frustrated gaze was fixed on the mess of ingredients he had made on the table, while dirty dishes and utensils, some burned, were piled around him. He seemed to be talking to himself as if he wanted to drain as much motivation as possible from his optimism.

Eric must have felt disgusted or even wanted to mock. But no. He wandered into the kitchen alone.

“...Ah, Cartman… Excuse me, did I wake you up?” Kyle mentioned, a bit disoriented as he put more effort into beating a mixture in a mold.

Cartman wondered why that thing was looking so strangely red, but then he shook his head and looked at the clock in the room.

“Kyle, it’s half past two in the morning.”

“I hadn’t noticed… Am I making too much noise?”

“No…” the brown-haired guy had to look away towards the table. He wasn’t used to seeing the redhead exhausted and off guard. Had he freaking apologized without blinking?

"I think I almost got it" Kyle shared with a smile and a sigh.

It was even awkward to point out that Kyle wasn't anywhere near that 'almost got it'. He didn't understand it, he thought that he could break the will that the Jew had put into that stupid project. Eric had imagined that he'll beg him for a way to cheat without anyone noticing, lest it damages his damned uptight and perfect image.

But why had he wanted Kyle to beg him or ask him for something?

"Why haven't you given up?" Eric said without hiding his surprise.

"Hmm? What's up?" Kyle paused for a second to look at the other, without actually doing it. He could barely open his eyes and stay on his feet at the same time. Eric knew of his strict sleep schedule, hence his newborn deer pose.

He had never shaped that detail of Kyle Broflovski. He hated the seriousness the redhead took in everything, but Eric had never recognized his commitment and his dedication to things that mattered to him. He was so serious about a fucking cake like it was a matter of life and death to earn a smile and a thank you from his best friend. His insecurity in the face of a challenge made him look like a complete lunatic when he didn't hold back.

Eric was surprised to realize that Kyle bore a certain resemblance to himself. Although they tended to go opposite ways, the constant was their almost idiotic energy.

Kyle's questions hung in the air. Cartman got ready again. He rolled up the sleeves of his shirt, put on an apron, and snatched the strange mixture from the other to taste it and wonder when adding water flavoring seemed like a good idea.

"Very good… Everything you did was good. But right now you're just going to do what I tell you, okay?"

A more alert Kyle would have refused such direct help, and indeed he still saw him hesitate. Shortly after, however, he nodded and straightened as Eric spun him around and took hold of his waist to direct his steps.

"Wash your face first, I don't want you to end up nodding off and ruining the cake."

And so it was done. Eric pointed out that everything was in its place and done in a certain way. He knew Kyle didn't want the job done for him, or he'd have the stupid need to repay him in some way.

He soon found out that the sugar was gone, and hence Kyle improvised. Unfortunately, there was nothing left in the cupboard either. They had to put on their coats and head out to the nearest convenience store. Anyway, they had to wait for what they had already done.

"I look for the sugar because it is of a specific type," Eric explained as they were in the establishment, "You… We'll definitely need coffee, could you make two cups?"

He took a couple of servings of sugar and also a few more ingredients he noticed were missing. He met Kyle at the checkout and had to suppress a smile when he saw him make the world's biggest yawn, and without covering his mouth.

Silence prevailed in their midst, so he was immediately distracted when he heard the background music from the store.

"Some people never get beyond their stupid pride, but you can see the real me inside" Eric muttered under his breath with a smooth move of his grocery-free hand.

"… And I'm satisfied" Kyle went on almost without thinking.

They both turned to look at each other in an instant, Kyle more awake and Eric surprised for good.

"Kenny" Kyle guessed.

"Stan" Eric continued, almost above the redhead's voice, because the song pressed the rush. "Even though the gods are crazy, even though the stars are blind" he intoned looking forward, with a small beat on his waist.

"If you show me real love, baby, I'll show you mine" Kyle followed with a smile as he nodded to the beat and nudged the other to continue.

"I can make it nice or naughty, be the devil and angel, too" Eric responded more confidently and turned to Kyle. They were both already smiling.

"Got a heart and soul and body" Kyle closed his eyes and tilted his head, in a tone his companion had never heard before.

"Let's see what this love can do…" Eric gave him a gentle nudge with his hip. He couldn't help but laugh mid-verse at the redhead's relaxed, joyous expression.

"Maybe I'm perfect for you…" Kyle added. They both stared as the tune continued. They moved slightly with the rhythm, it seemed that they had forgotten everything: the cake, the time, and even their mutual hatred.

"I… could be… your confid—" Eric started with the music , but stopped when the clerk turned off the sound and stared at them oddly.

"...Do you come to shop or to make stupid pranks at dawn as boyfriends?" the goth mumbled without taking the cigarette from his lips, since he had bagged all the products and was just waiting to be paid.

No relevant clarifications were made, they just paid and went back to the Cartman's in silence.

Kyle fell asleep while they waited for the oven, so Eric took out the buns, stuck them together, and put the finishing touches on the cake. By the time he wanted to put a blanket on the redhead who was sprawled on his sofa, he woke up and panicked at the first light of morning.

“We finished it, calm down.” Eric murmured and enjoyed that those worried eyes relaxed again, “You need more sleep.”

“…I told Kenny to come over to your house for the cake. He shouldn’t take long…” Kyle looked at the time on his phone, then he finally got up. “It’s so late, I should be home by now!”

“Are you going to give the cake to that unlucky idiot? Do you want to deliver it in its entirety?” Eric corroborated as he sat and watched him flailing back and forth. “…Fine. I’ll give it to him.”

“Really?” Kyle stopped to look at him, the weariness and the stress showing in his eyes.

“Sure. You say he’s coming here, and I’m going to be here.”

Kyle nodded and strode back into the kitchen. He didn’t even wonder about the new order in the kitchen. He took the bag he had arrived with and bolted in the direction of his house. The only thing he said to Eric was “I’m counting on you.” And it was enough for Eric.

In cooking class, he noticed that Kyle looked as good as new. He didn’t know how he did it, he had yawned in all his classes and had taken a nap in the library, in his free time of the day. Kyle looked fresh, busy, and optimistic. He was going from one place to another with a smile and the purpose that the surprise party for his best friend would turn out perfect.

The monster was not defeated. The table with the feast had that beautiful, untouched cake as its centerpiece.

As soon as he saw Kenny in the sound area, he guessed the first song he was going to put on. Kenny liked to pretend he was a small-town Paris Hilton. Stan had heard him hum the song and looked it up by the lyrics. Kyle had resigned himself to getting the lyrics tattooed on his brain after hearing it so much in the company of Stan, who had even made a nice acoustic version of it.

Eric snatched that silly song from his best friend when, in the middle of that room, Kyle stopped to unite his gaze with the one who was looking at him so insistent. Eric lip-synced with a smile that the redhead mimicked before saying a mute “thank you” with a lip movement.

In a time when nothing seemed so complicated, Eric Cartman found out that he was in love with his nemesis. But sometimes when one acknowledges something is already too late.

I swear by the moon and the stars in the sky.
Cartman Burger
Brave Lovers
My little monstero
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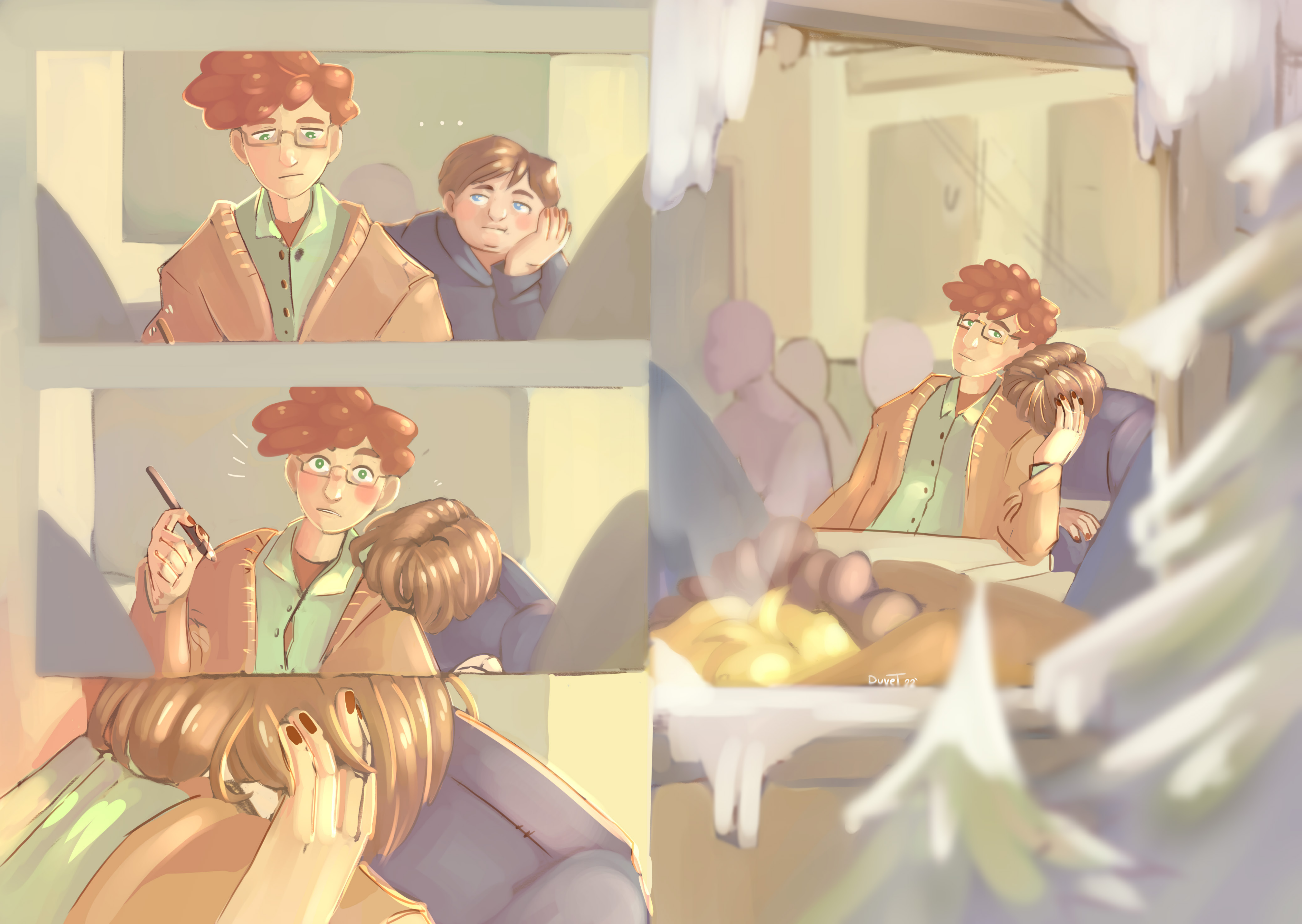
KOWA
ROSENBAUM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What are u thinking about fatass?

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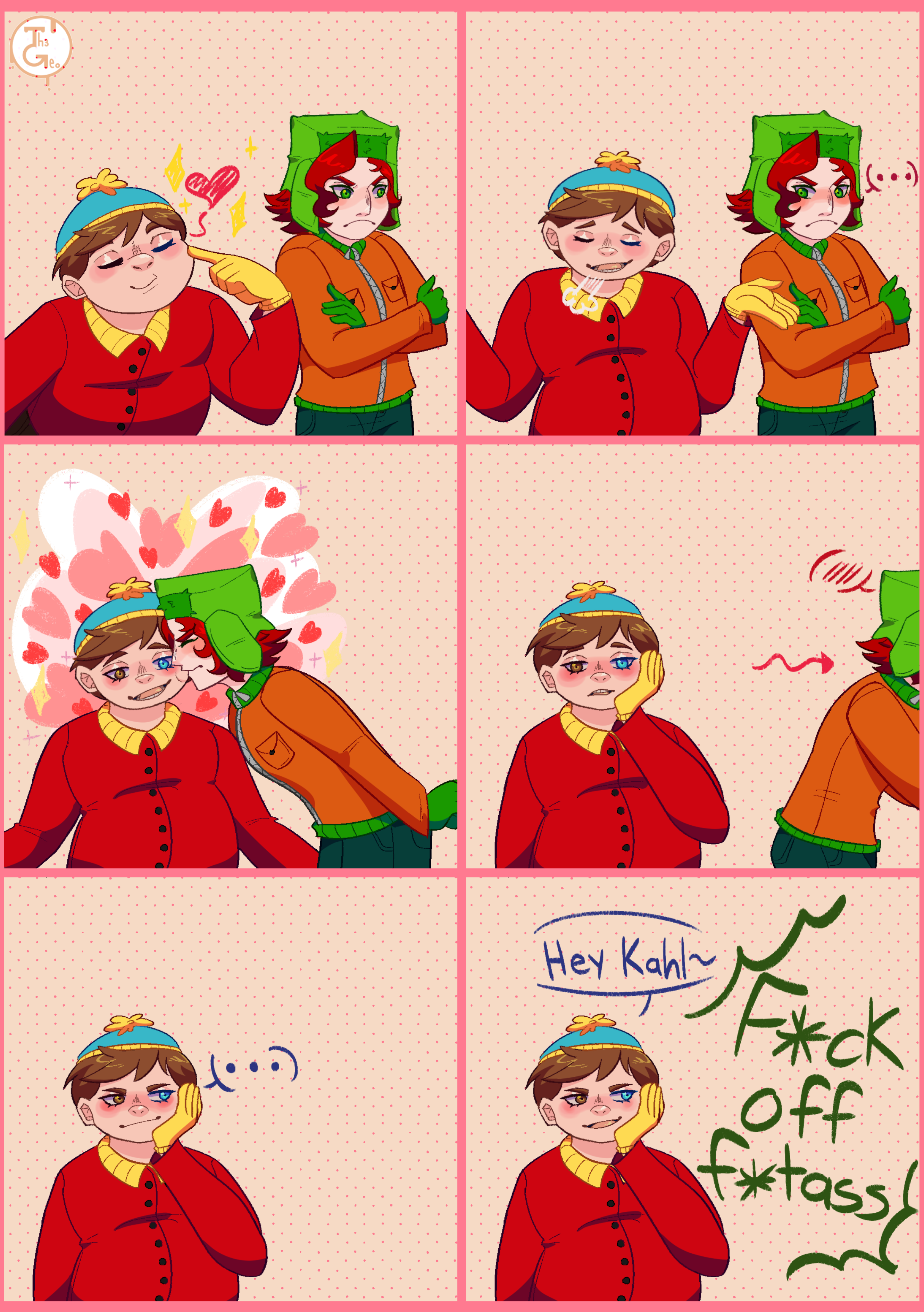
Th3 Geo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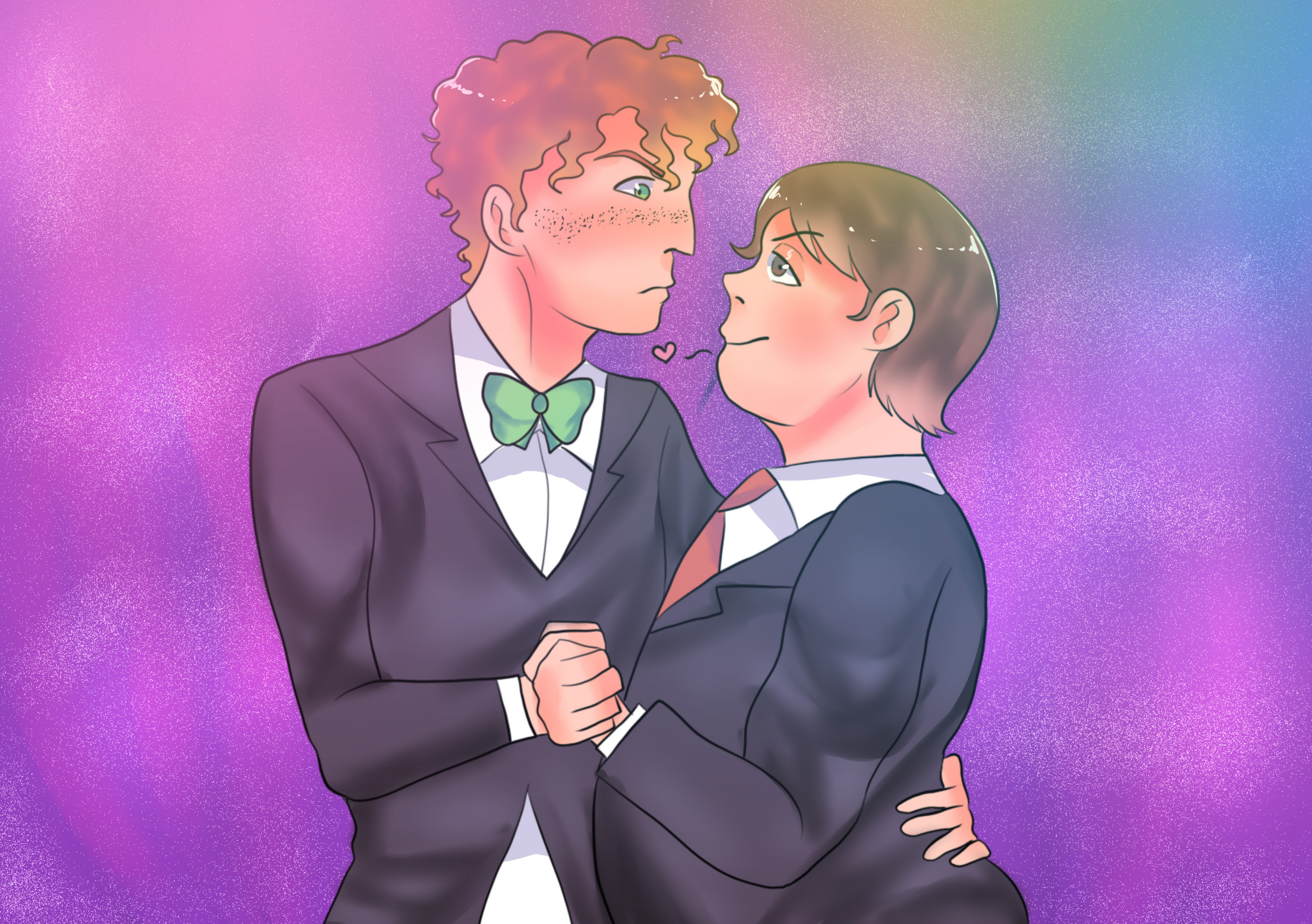
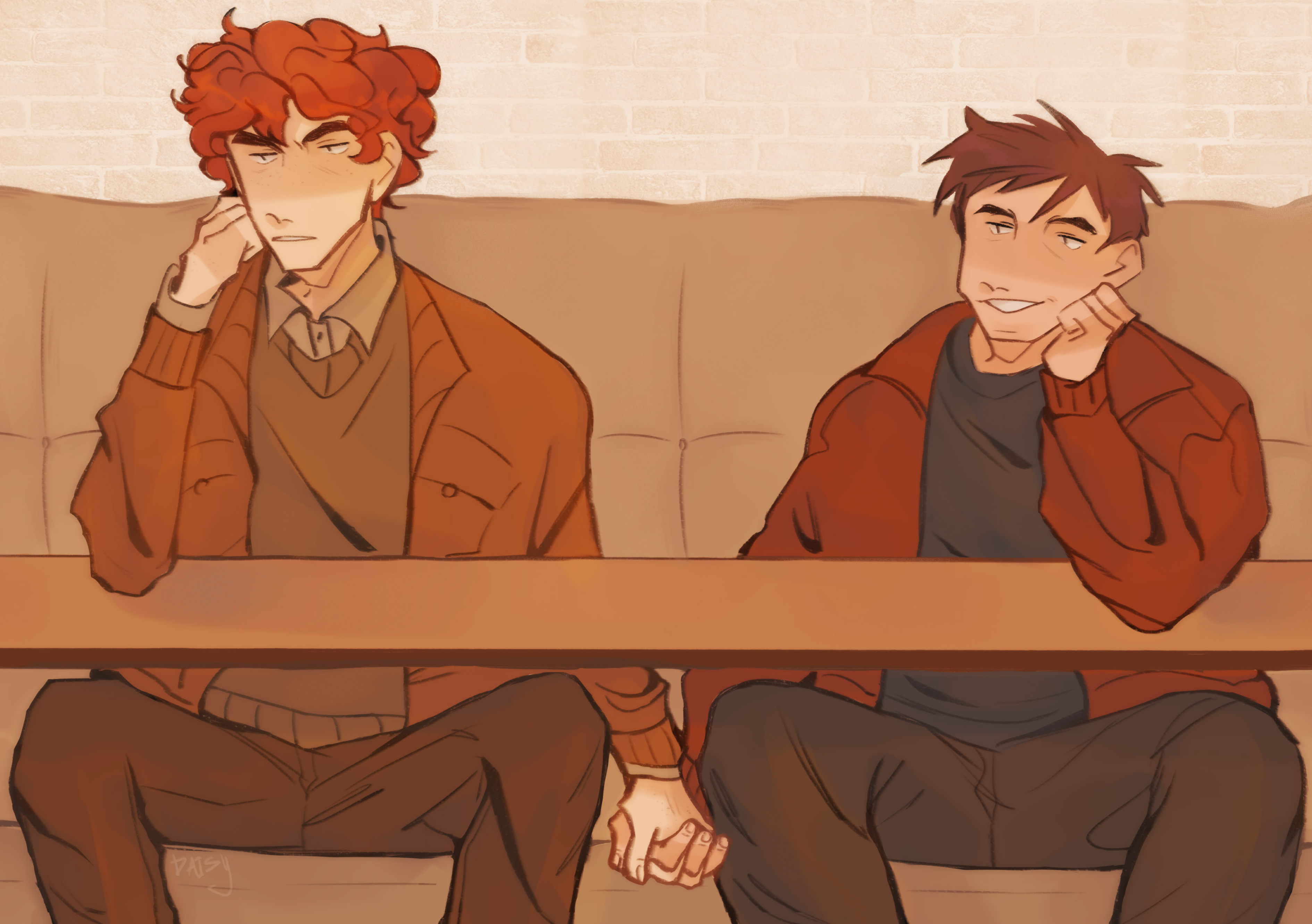
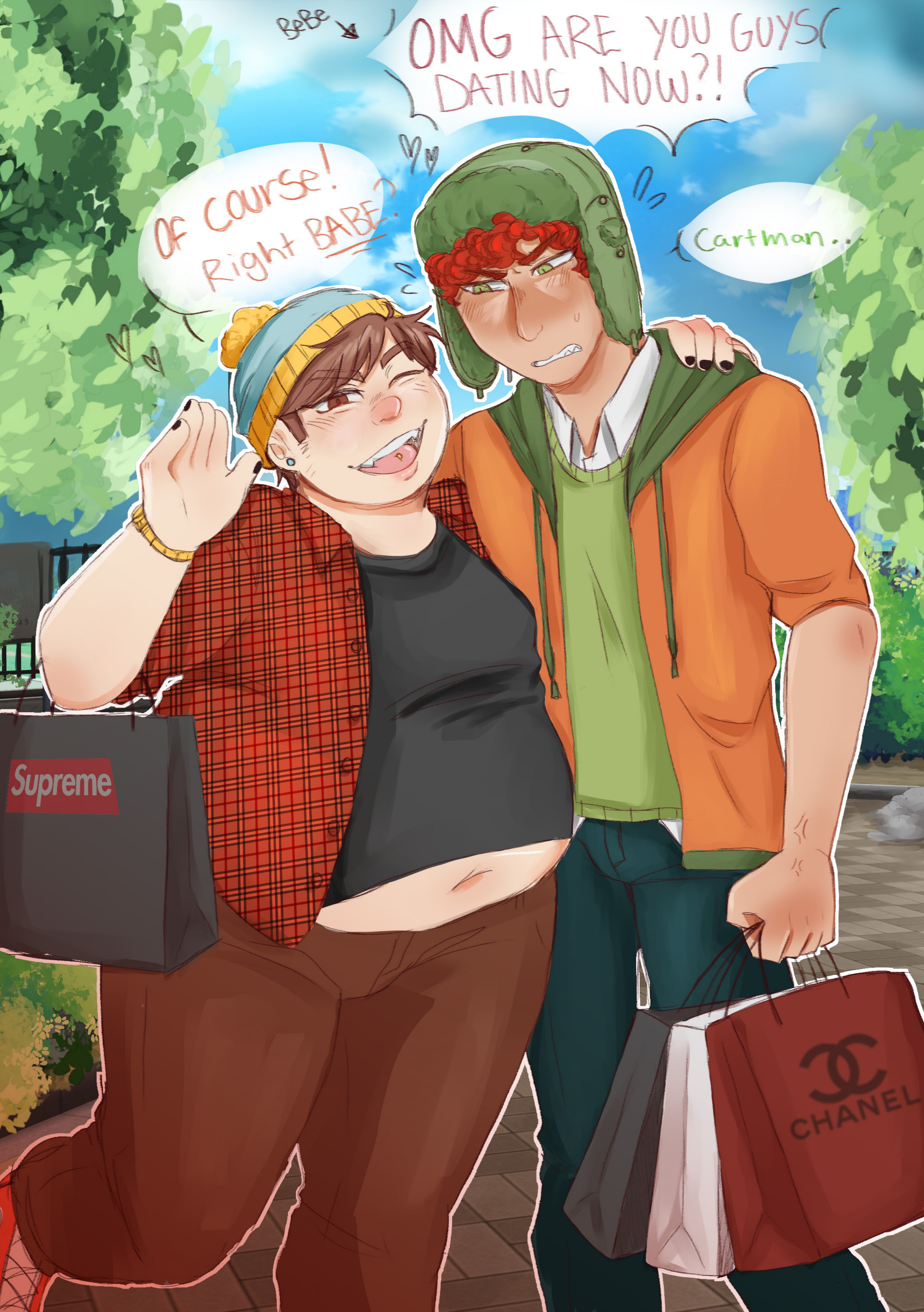
Hey Kahl~
F*ck off f*tass




DAISY

LOVE YA!
TEE HEE!
FUCK OFF!
CartmanBurger
Cartman Burger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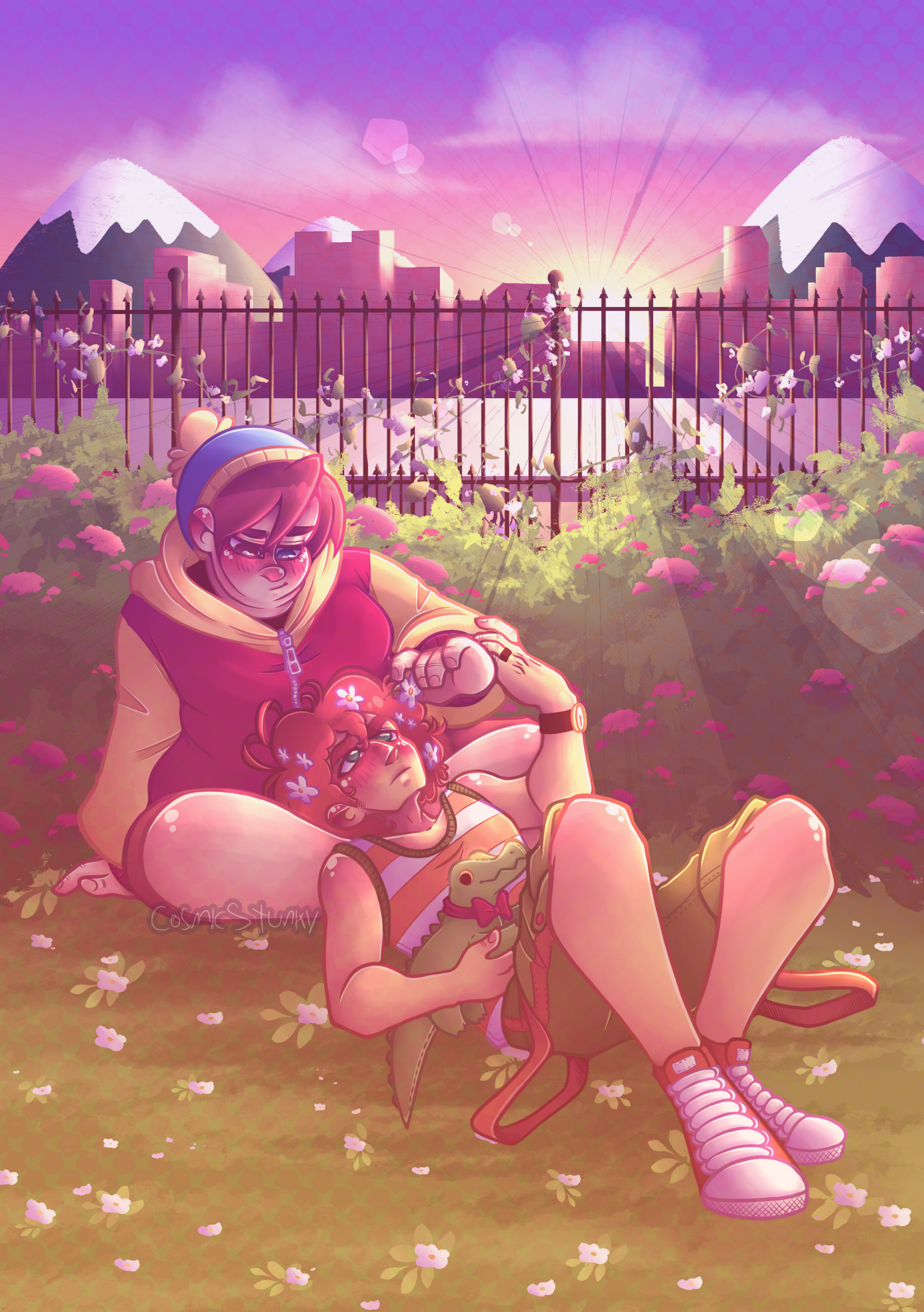
OMG ARE YOU GUYS DATING NOW?!
Of course! Right BABE?
Cartman...
Supreme
CHANEL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CA

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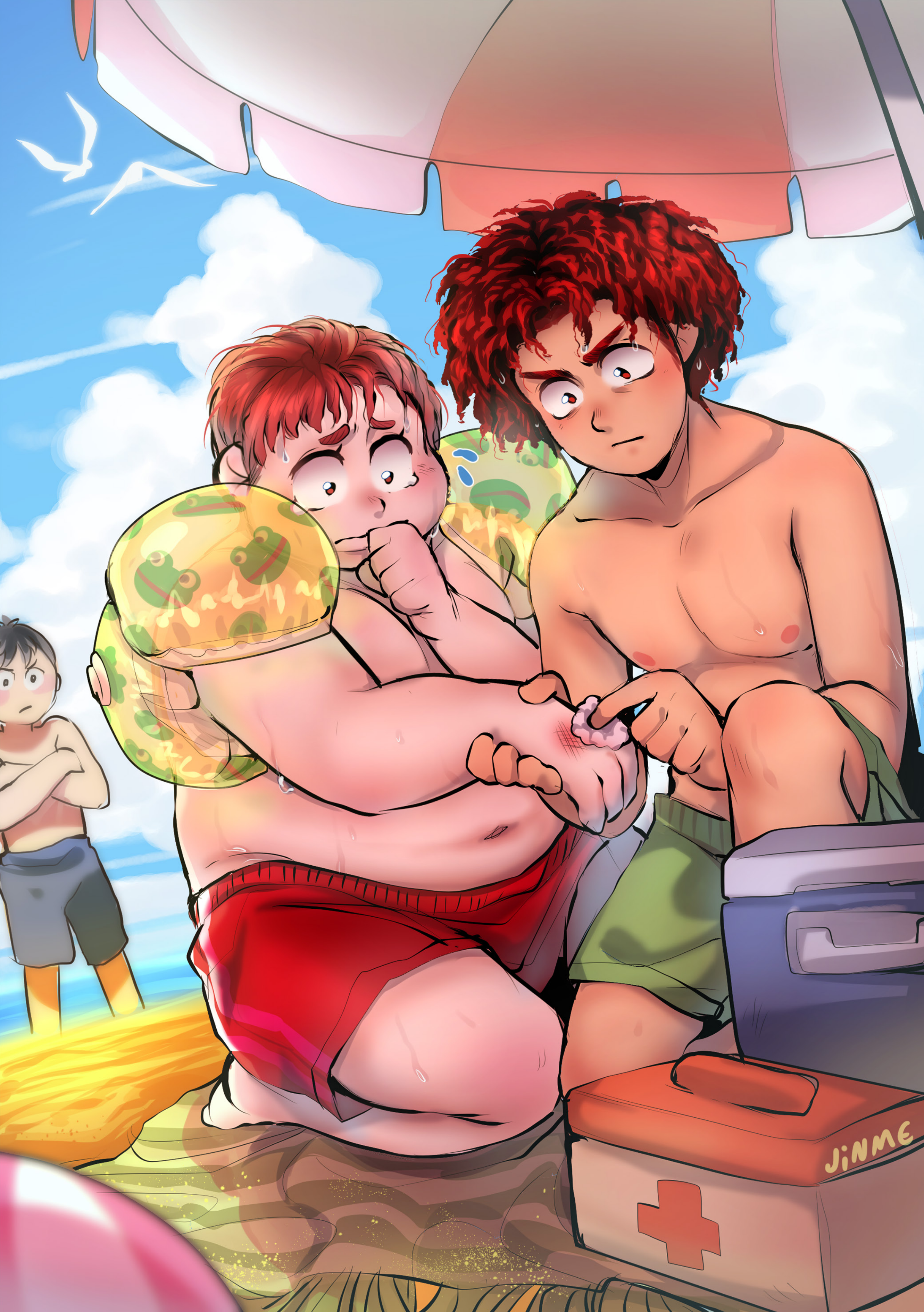
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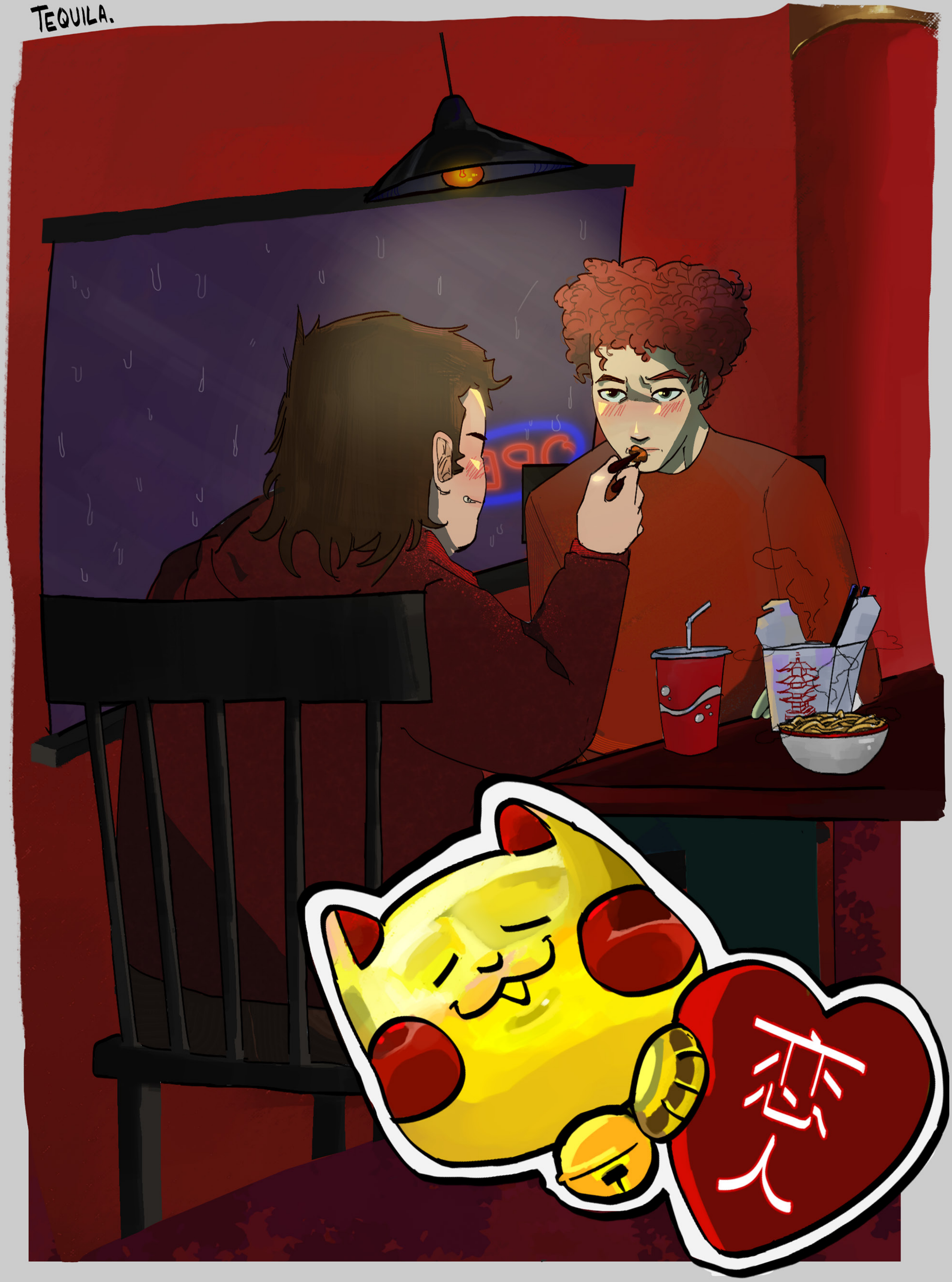

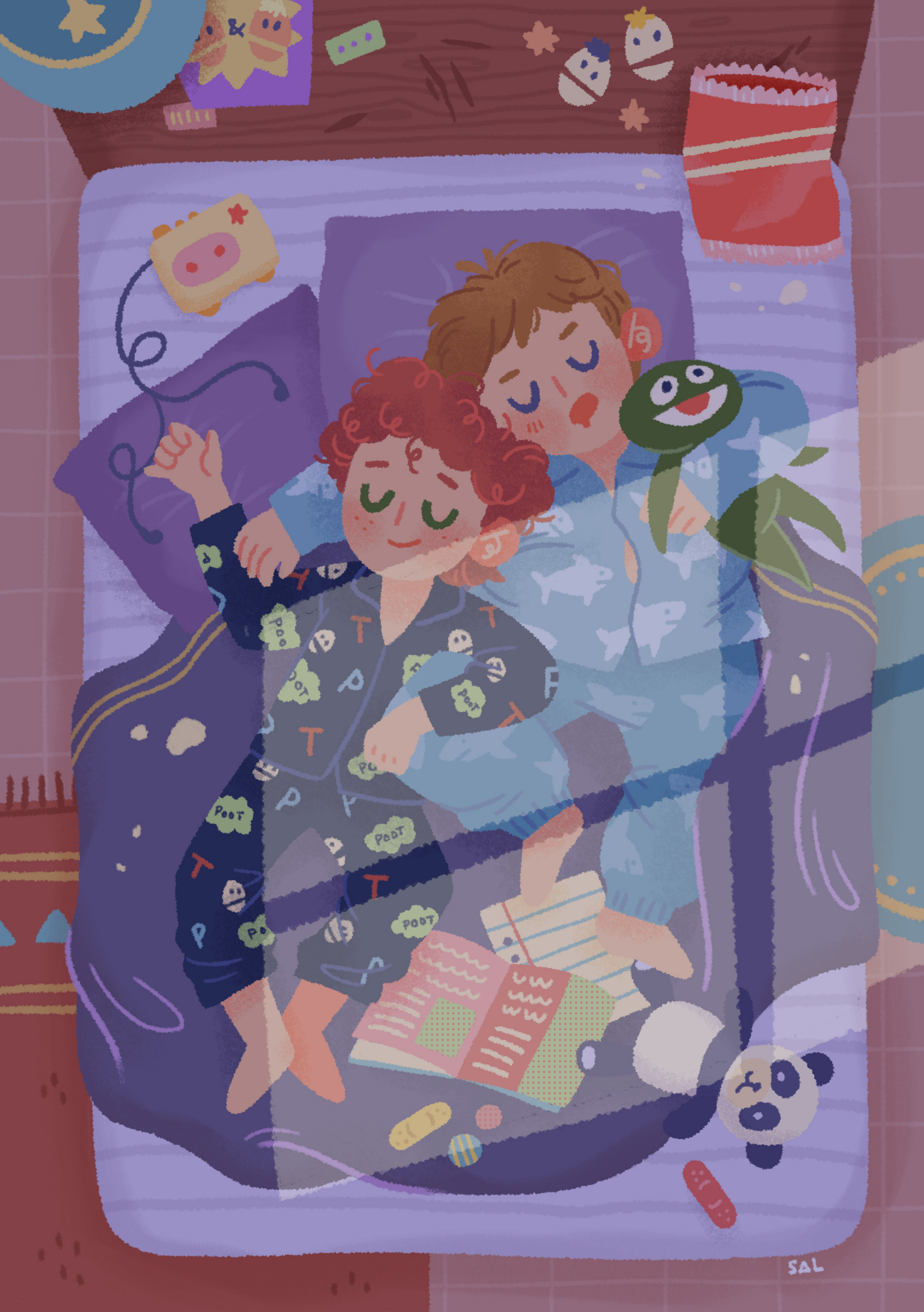
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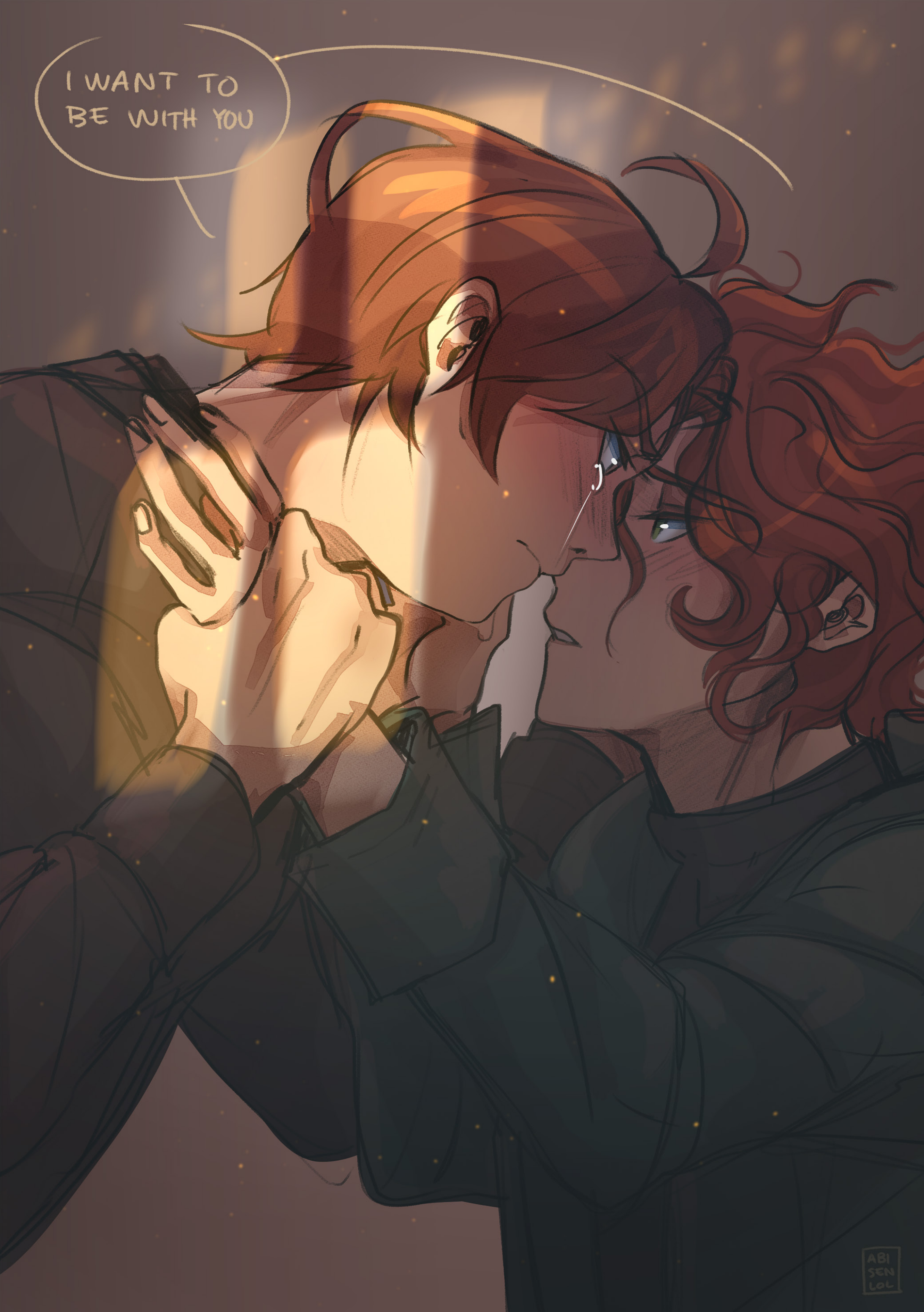
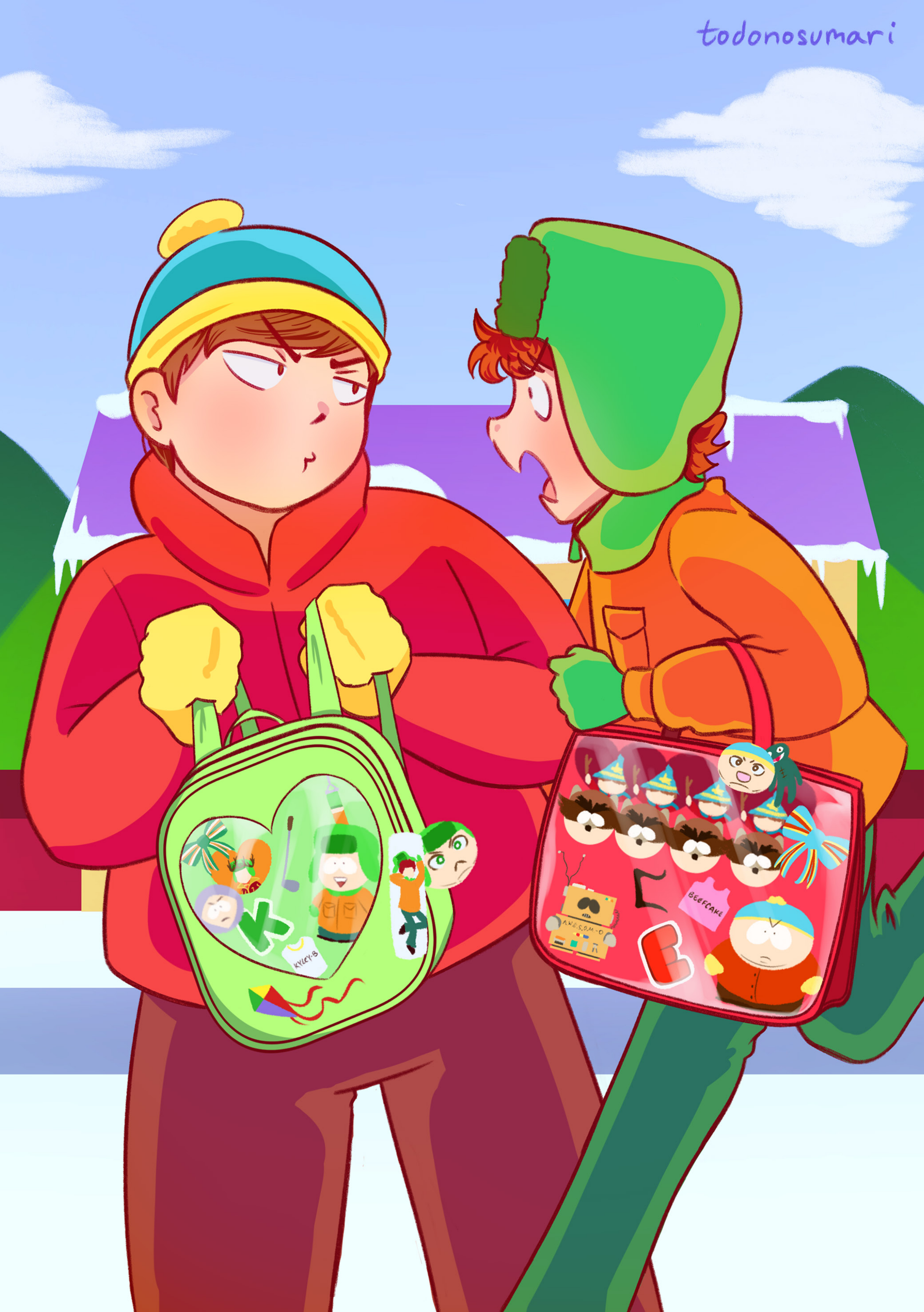

I WANT TO BE WITH YOU
ABI SEN LOL

KYLEY-B
TOOTH DECAY

malisaav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KYLEY-B
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Kyman
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JA
2022

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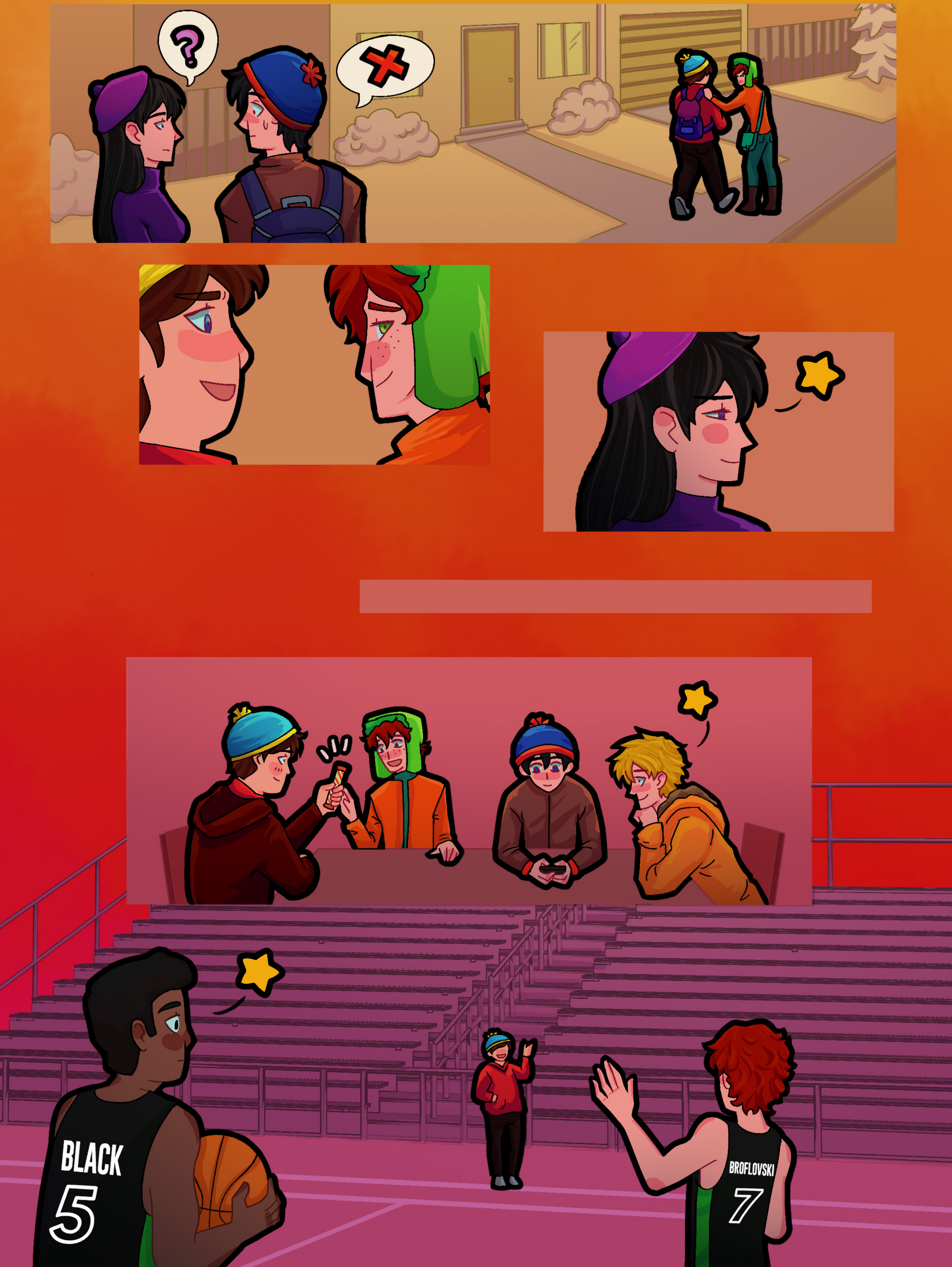
JUST FRIENDS

YOQUIERO DIBUJAR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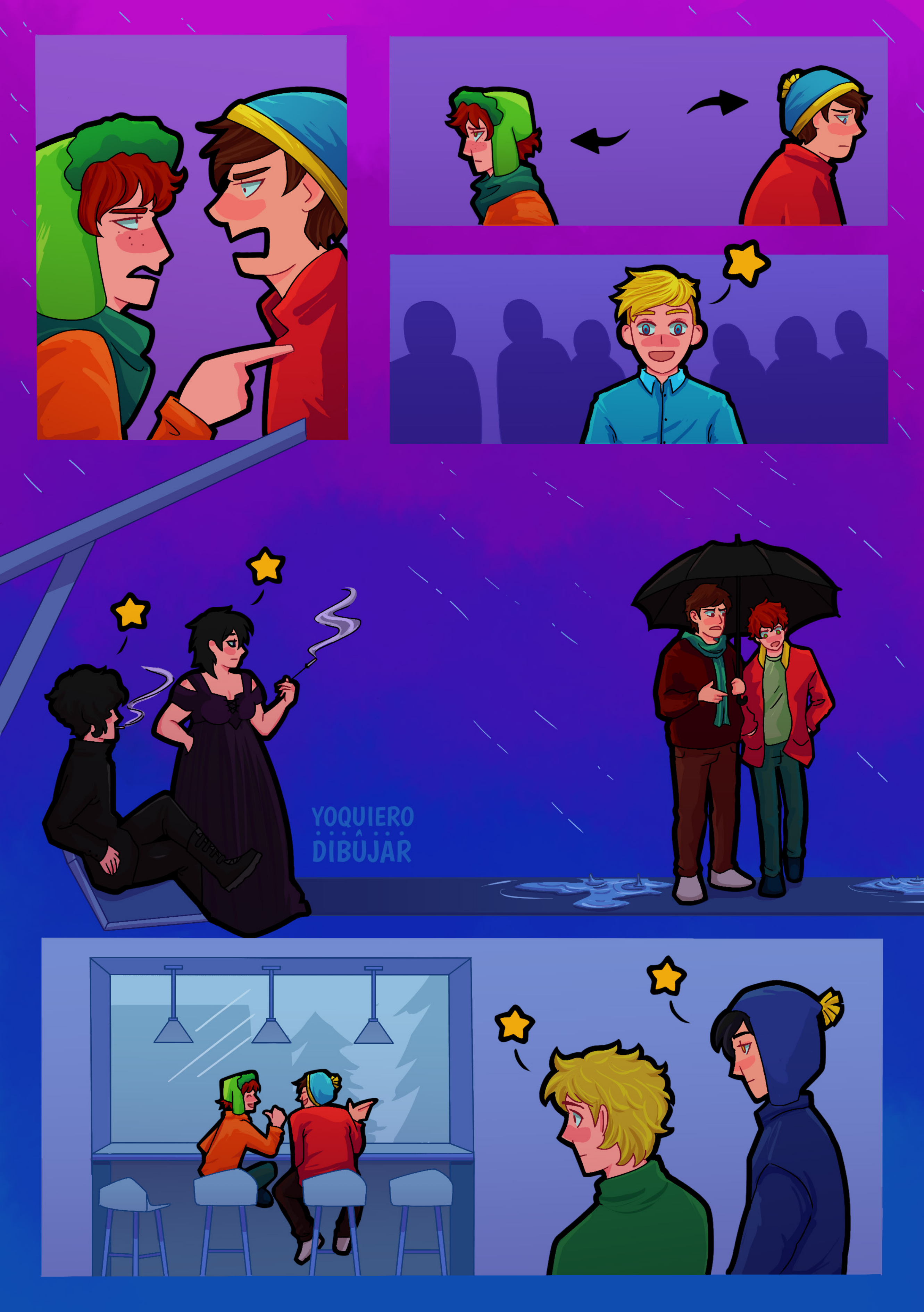
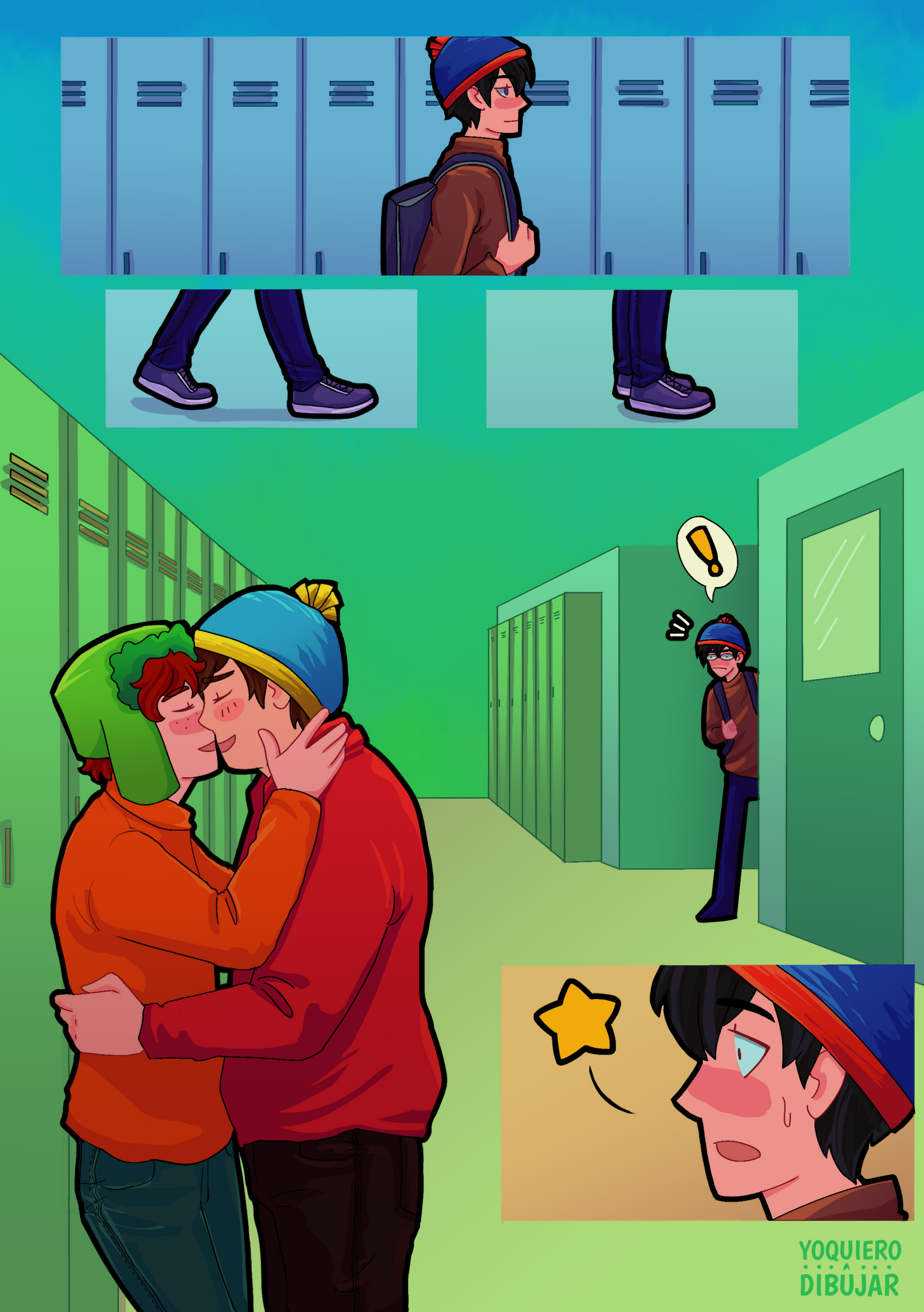


YOQUIERO A DIBUJAR



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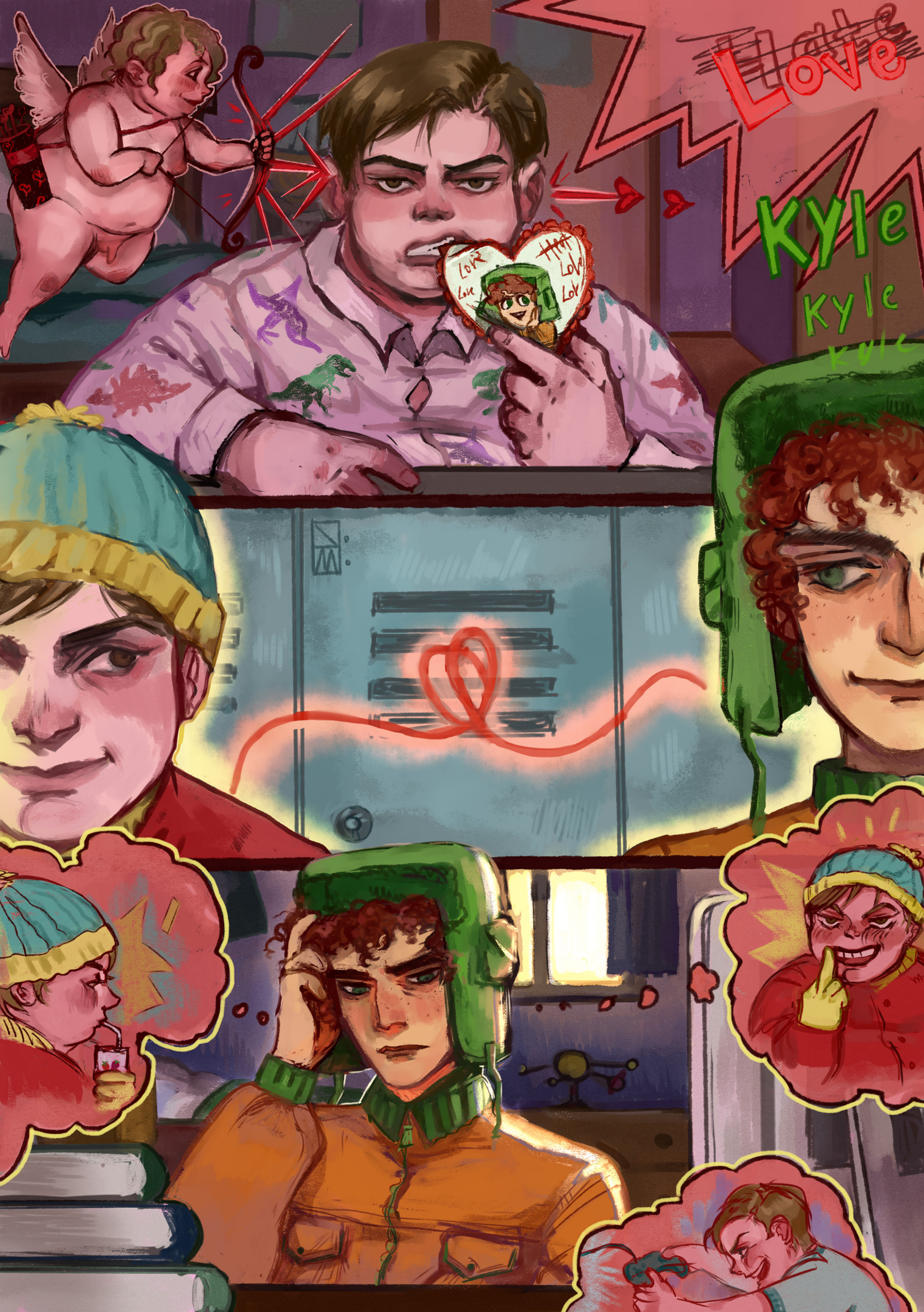
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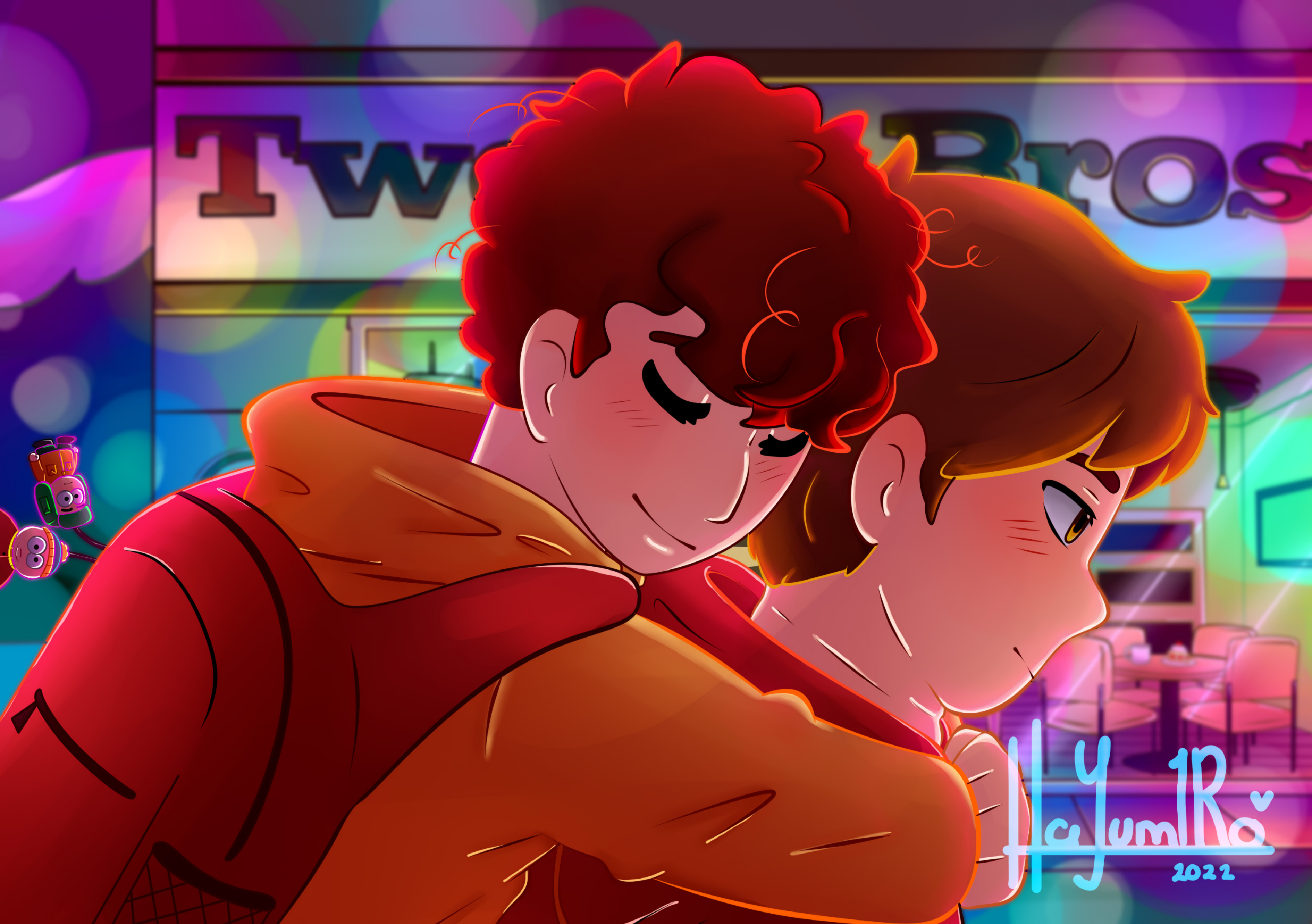
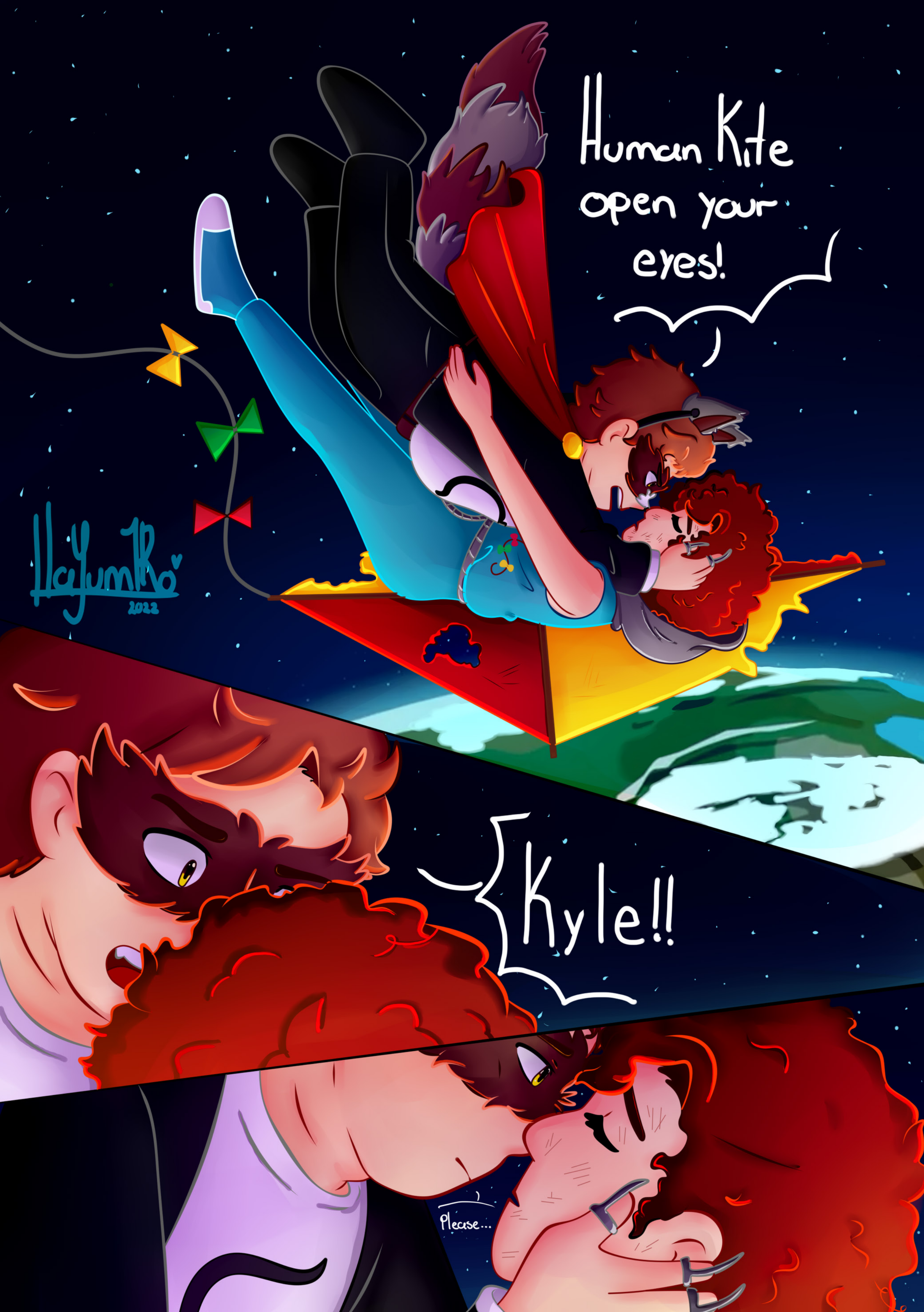
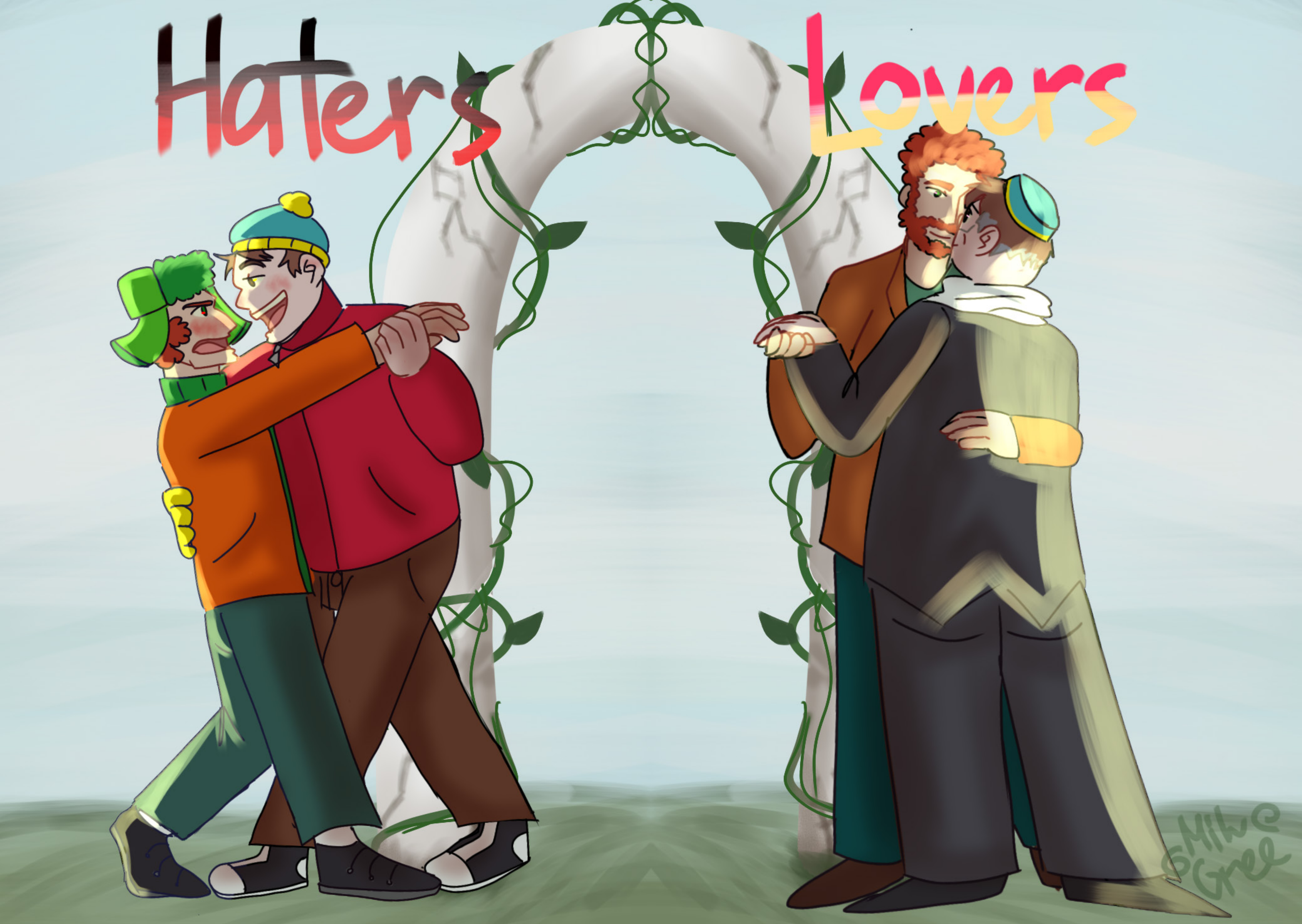
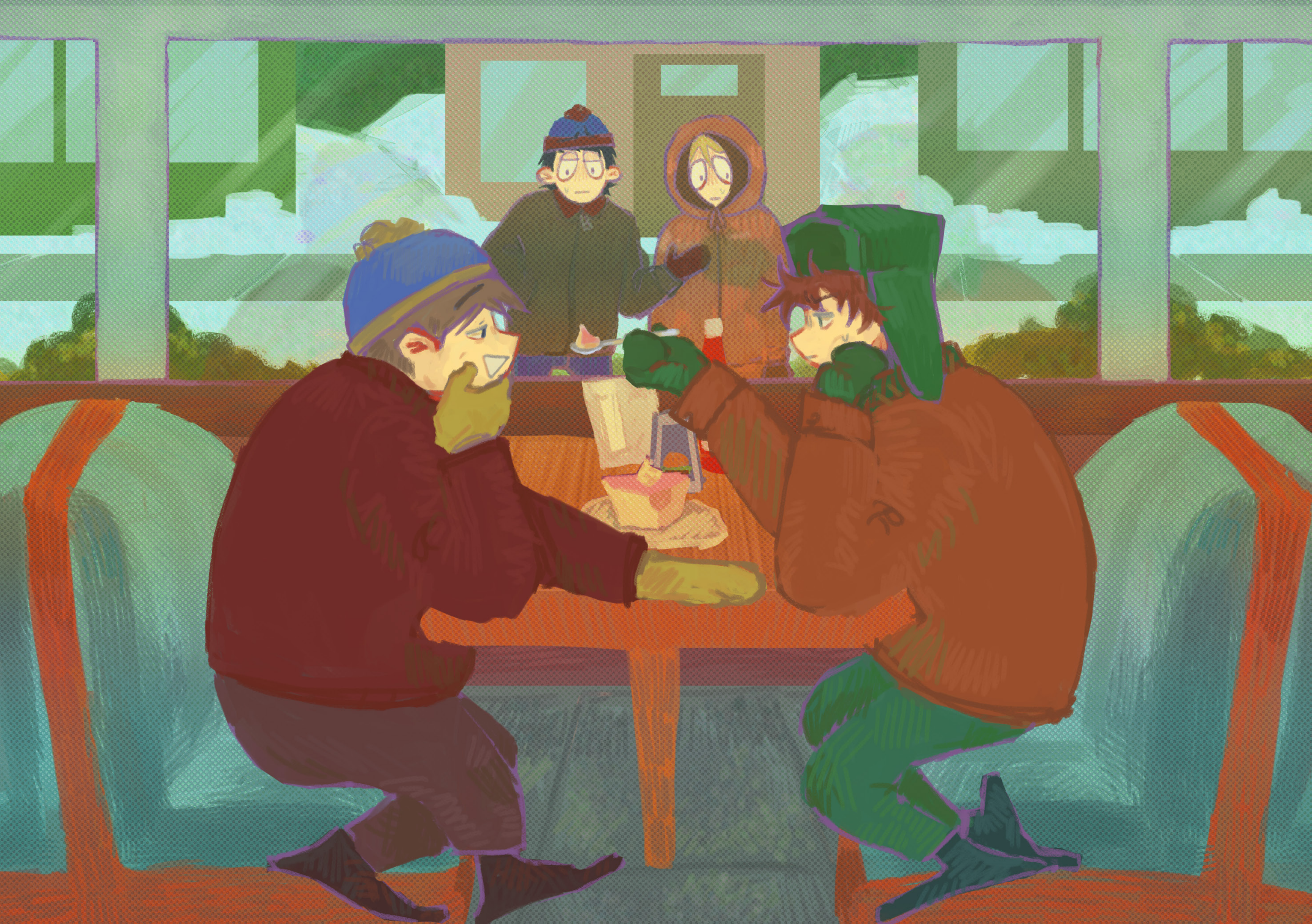


HaYumIRo
2022


Human Kite open your eyes!
HaYumRo
2022
Kyle!!
Please...

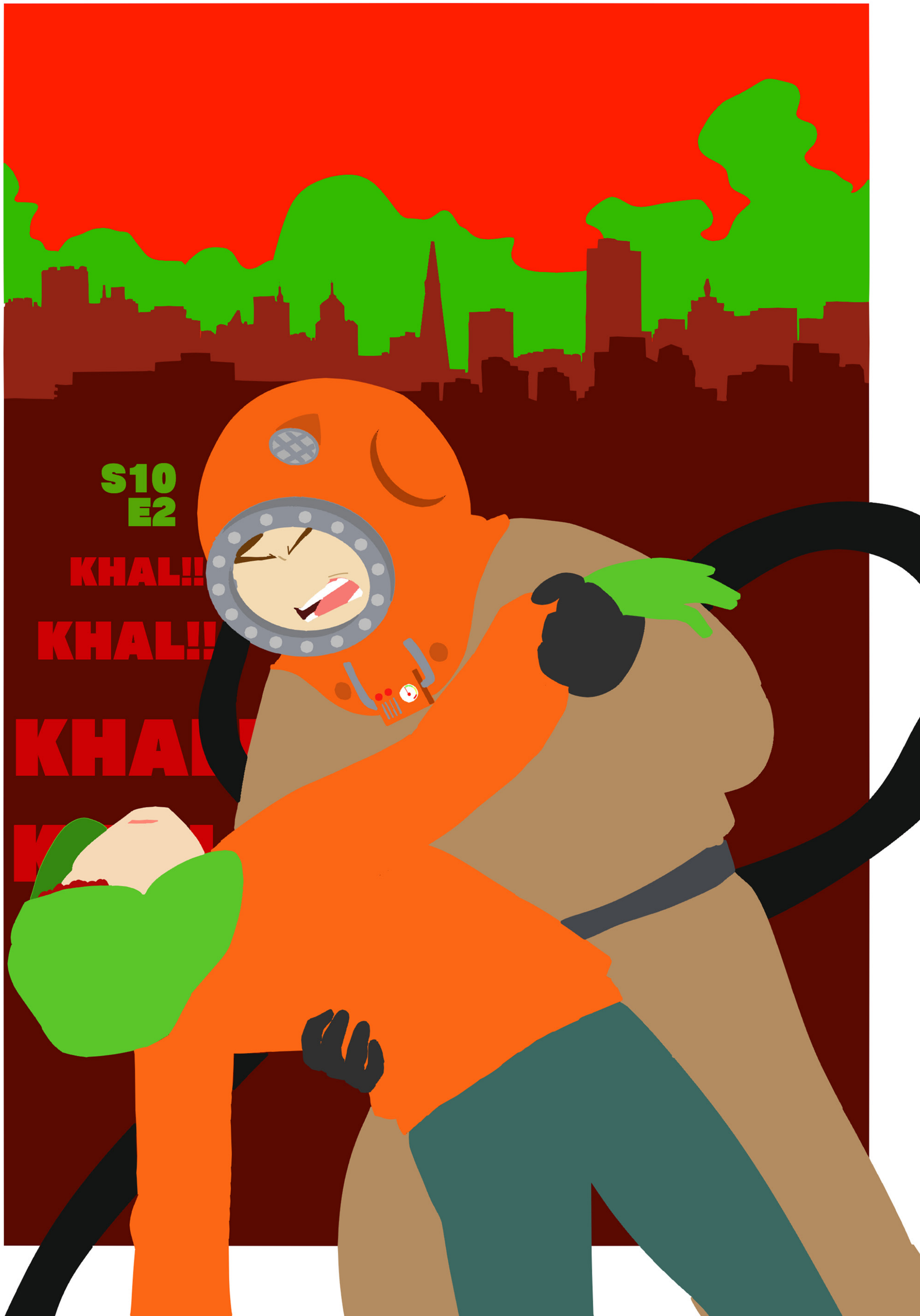

Haters
Lovers
©Mike Gree

God forgive
US
Mik@
Gree



SAIR
RAMA
HI

@yumis4ki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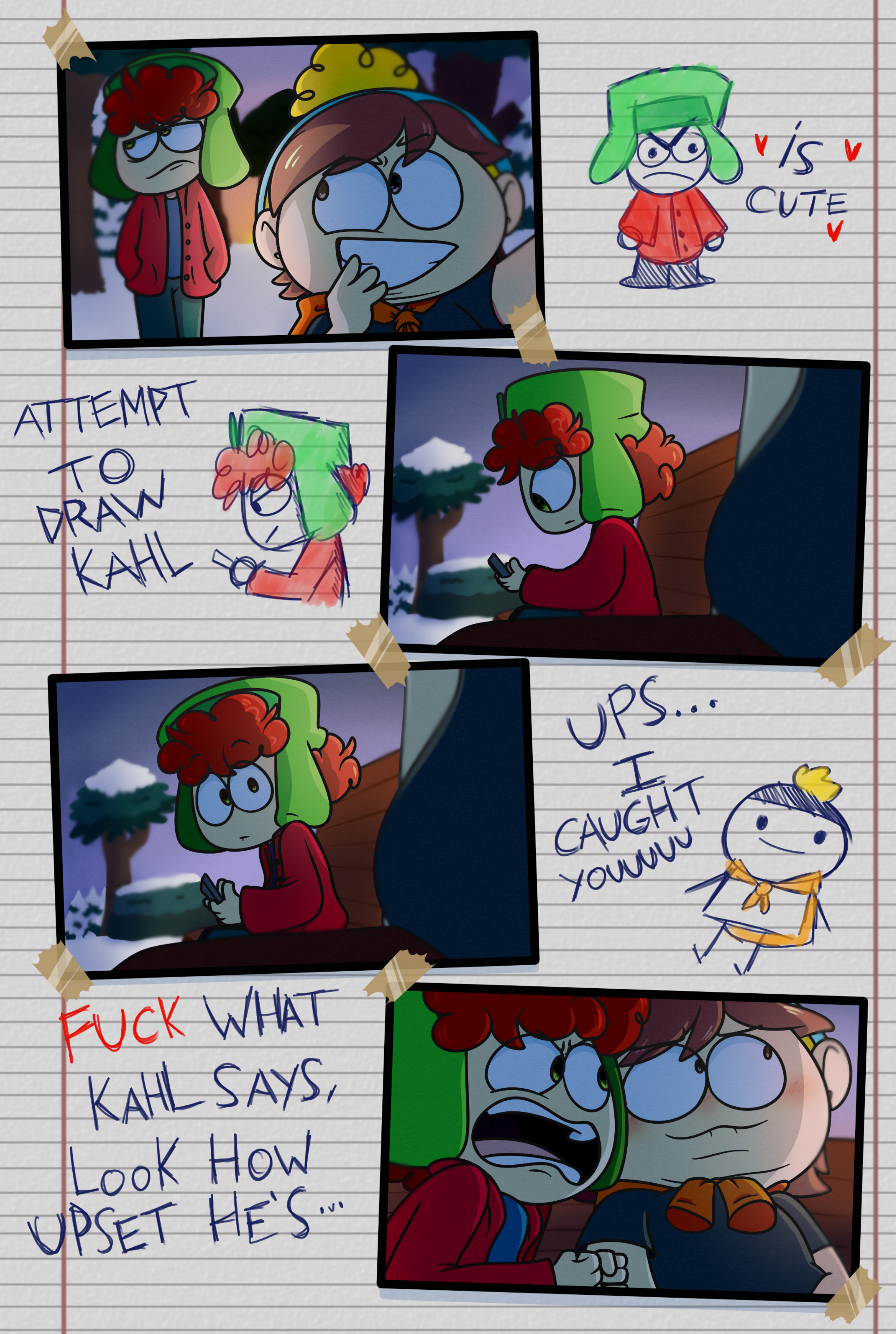
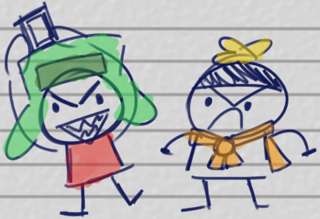
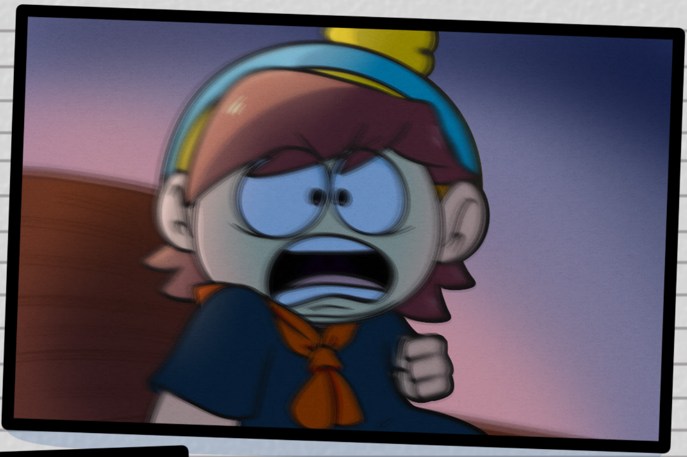
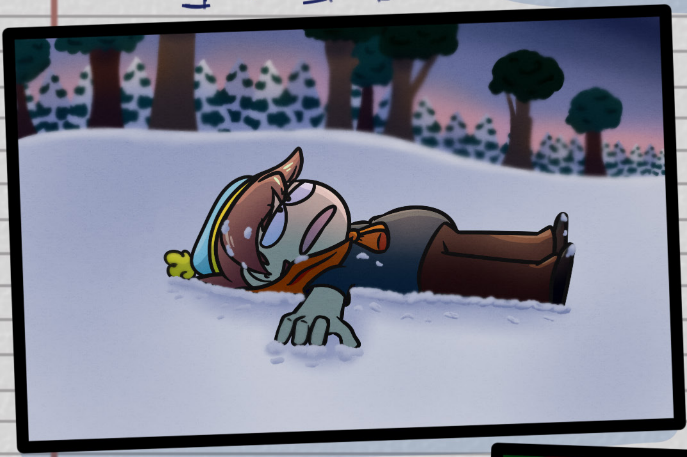
KHAL


♥ is ♥ CUTE ♥
ATTEMPT TO DRAW KAHL
UPS... I CAUGHT YOUUUUU
FUCK WHAT KAHL SAYS, LOOK HOW UPSET HE'S...

THE JEWiSH
RAT STOLE
My PHONE

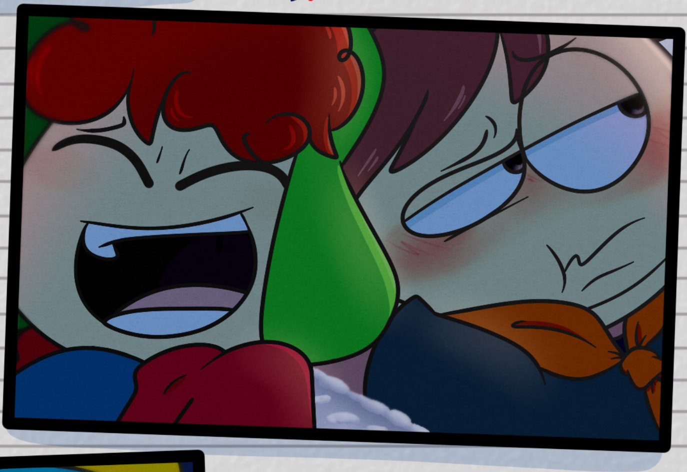




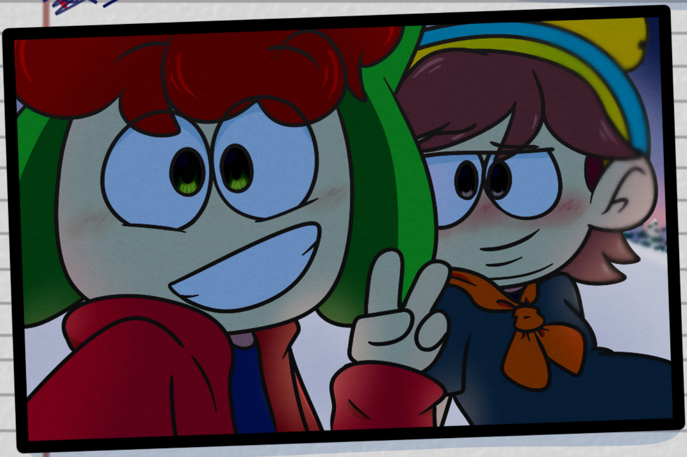


I FELL
HERE

F

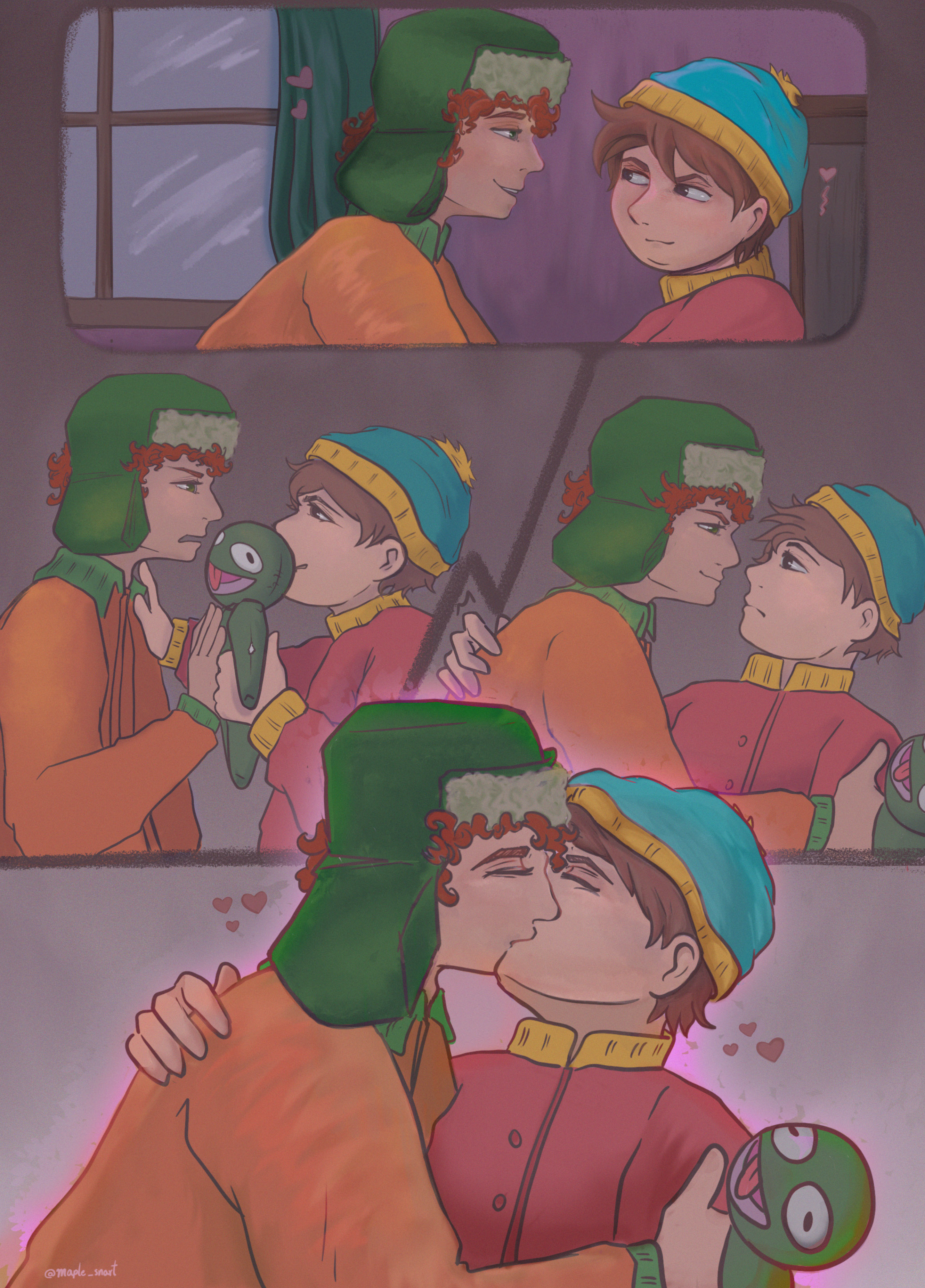


I HATE
HiM!



I HATE
HiM
SOOOOOOOOO
MUCH

Getting High
In Love


@maple_snart

P
@jayivee

@jayivee

THURSDAY 8/10/20XX

DiariEs are fucking GAy but something really weird happenED tonight and i need to let it out.
~~also Butters told me diaries are GreaAT for secrets.~~

So I was sneaking inside Kyle's room as usual. Just making sure he's Not up to anything weird. It's Kyle after all, you can't neveR be too carefuL with him.
And as I'm lookinG at his sleeping face I think. That he looks Kind of cutE? But that doesN't make sense!
It's KYLE! He's not cute, he's an OGRE!
He's angry and dec~~ie~~eitful, NOT! FUCKING! CUTE!!!

And as I'm standing there, pissed off that I could even think for a second that Kyle is cute, the motherfucker stirred in his sleep. Gave me a fucking scare 'cause I thought he had awaken. But that's not where it ends. He rolls over, hugging his pillow and he whispers.

MY FUCKING NAME!!

UGGO
EVIL
RAWR

YeaH, that's Goddamn Right! Kyle is lying on his bed like a slut going 'Cartman...' - I freeze because I'm not sure I hearD that riGht but tHen he calls me again. And again. And Then a feW morE times.

And even though i've spied on Kyle so many times before, I suddenly feel really weird about being in his room! like i'm sick or something. my head is spinning and stuff so i leave. i couldn't sleep so i started writing this shit which i'm not even sure it's helping.
FUCK KYLE, SERIOUSLY.

SPEACIL COOL SANWICH

1. GET TO SLICES OF BREAD
   (CAN ALSO PAN FRY WITH BUTTER!)
2. SPREAD BUTTER + JAM
3. PUT SLICE OF HAM.
   MAYBE TOW
4. SOME CHEEZE TOO!!
   CHEEZ MAKES EVERYTHING BETTER

Secret ingredint: Crushed Cheesy Poofs

~~what's his problem?~~
~~fucking kyle~~

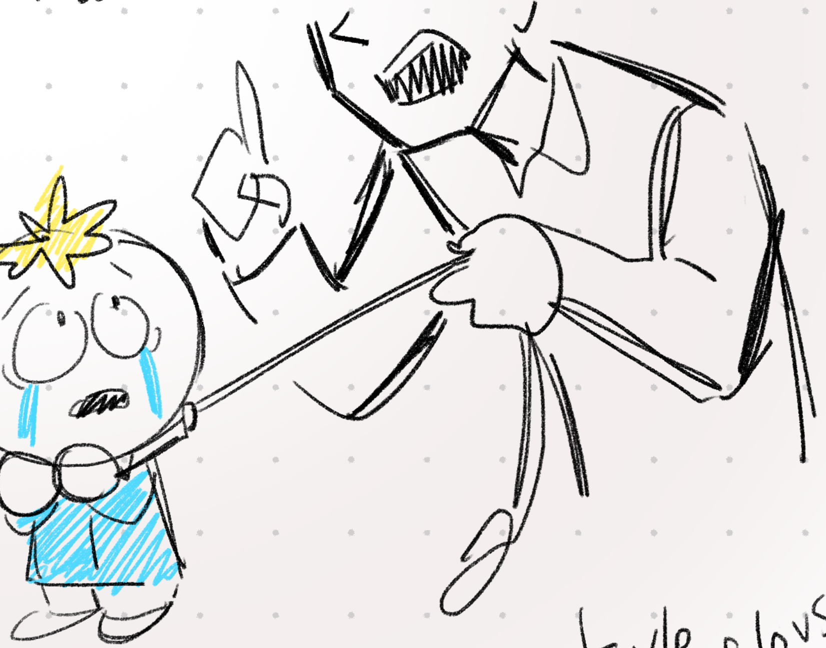
HOW TO PRANK BUTTERS

BECAUSE HE IS A DICK
(ALSO ITS HILARIOUS)

1. ~~Pee in his orange~~ REPLACE his orange juice with PEE (MINE)

2. dRaw dicks IN HIS NOTEbook

3. ~~HIDE body in his closet~~ TELL HIS DAD BUTTers is GAY



Kyle Blowflovsk

FRIDAY 8/11/20XX

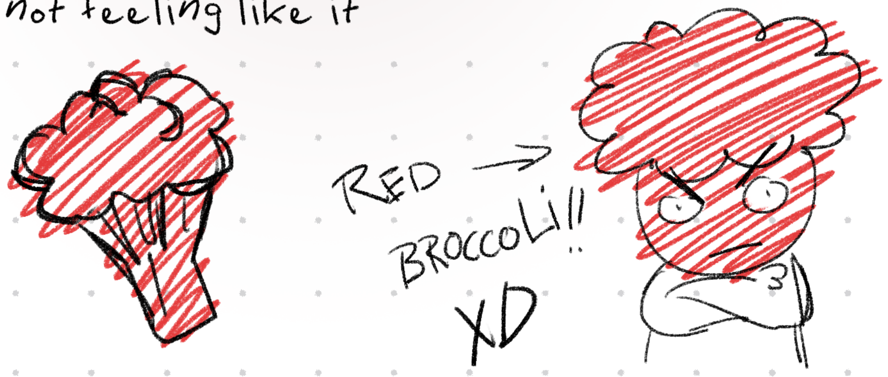
today while we were waiting at The bus stop, i was so pissed. Because i slept likeshit and because it's all kyle's fucking fault.

But instead of leaving me the fuck alone, what does kyle do? He says "WHAT'S UP CARTMAN, WAS YOUR MOM TOO LOUD LAST NIGHT?" or "WERE YOU CRYING AGAIN LAST NIGHT BECUZ U DON'T HAVE A DAD" and Laughs like A fucking asshole.

And i'm really fucking pissed, i don't even have time to come up with a decent comeback so I just say "did YOU sleep well last night?" even though it doesn't make any fucking sense because he doesn't look tired but I don't care.

At that moment, the stupid smirk kyle had on his face disappears and he blinks a few times. suddenly, his face is getting FUCKING beet red and he mumbling "mind your business, fat ass" with that typical frown of his. Stan is confused but doesn't say anything. Kenny too. That's not the reaction I Expected but at least he's ~~quite~~quiet now so i feel satisfied. i try not to think about how Weird it Is that kyle blushed when i said that.

The rest of the day goes by normally and I start believing maybe kyle is just acting up cuz of his period. Wouldn't be the first time. He's such a bitch. That day I decide not to sneak into his room, though. Just not feeling like it



SATURDAY 8/12/20XX

Stan has been talking about this faggy horror moVie so today the guys came to watch it. Kyle was so pissy From the get to go. Like, for no REason. Everytime I said someTHinG to him he told me off? What the hell?? And when I sat next to him he like, growled?? or wHAtever and sat on the otHer End of the couch. God, he's such a douchebaG forreal. I didn't even DO anythiNG!

So I decided to sNeak into his room afterwards to see wHat the hell he's up to. It can't be good if he's actinG like tHis

When I go IN there he's SlEEPING. IDK if soundly I mEAN he looks kind of pissed in his sleep. Like tossING arouNd and shit. I'm looking around to see if he's hiding Some kind of evil plan to make jews take over the world or WHateverBut there's nothing. Just his stupid books and cLass NotES.

KyLE is So FucKING lame, seriously.

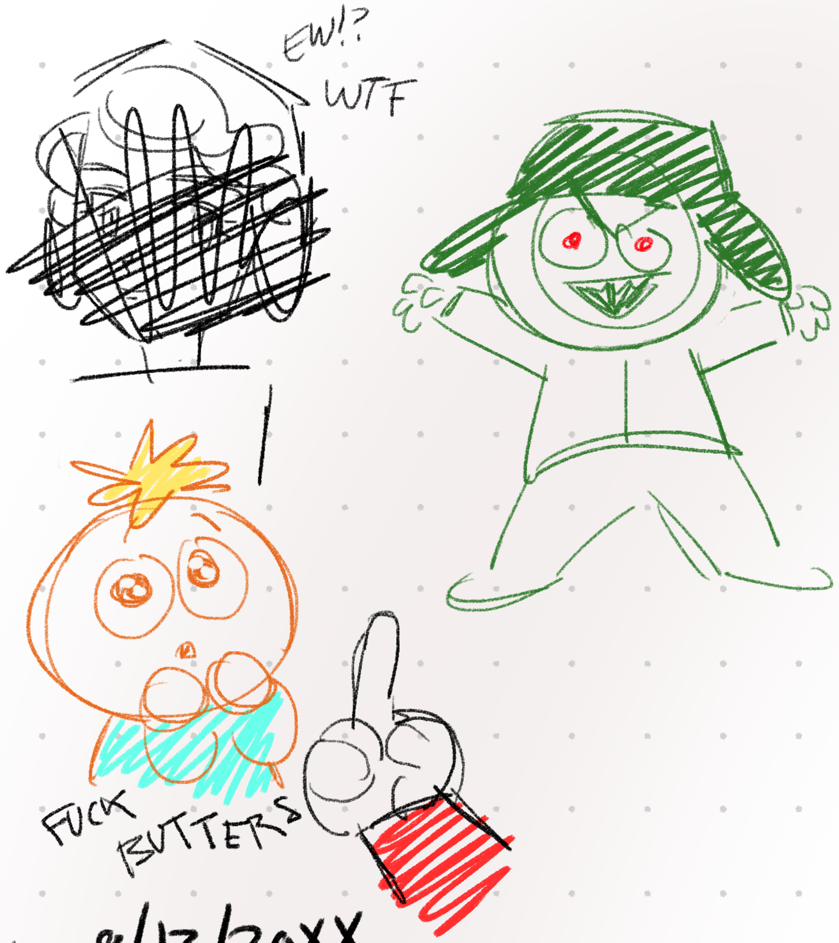
Becuz I find nothing I end staring at his stupid face. And as I'm tHinkinG he Looks like the dumBest guy I've ever seeN, it just. HappeNs aGain! I heard a voice inSide my hEad calling him cutE.

Like really it's not even ME!! It's someone eLse!! And it's so fucking annoying that I can't coNCEntrate anyMore so I just lEave!!

WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON!?

~~[illegible]~~

Kyle...



SUNDY 8/13/20XX

This SundAy Fucking SUCKED cuz I couldn't stop thinking of the stupid voice inside my head and Kyle's studid fucking face. I couldnt even play games cuz my MinD kept wandering. I HAte it and him. I hope he Dies. No, seriously.

how did he manage to ruiN my life EVEN MORE???

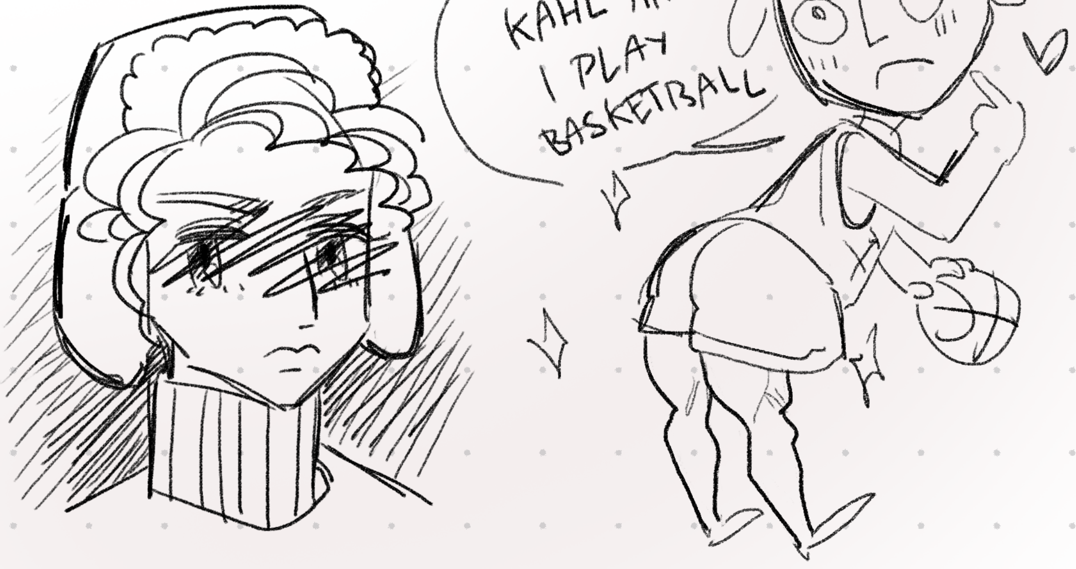
MONDAY 8/14/20XX

Monday morning is even worse becoz I have to deal with the Real thing. And the worst part is that kyle is so fucking mad at me for some reason he won't even tell. I SHOULD BE THE ONE MAD AT HIM??
WHAT THE FUCK IS HIS PROBLEM???
HE'S THE ONE **RUINING MY LIFE**!!

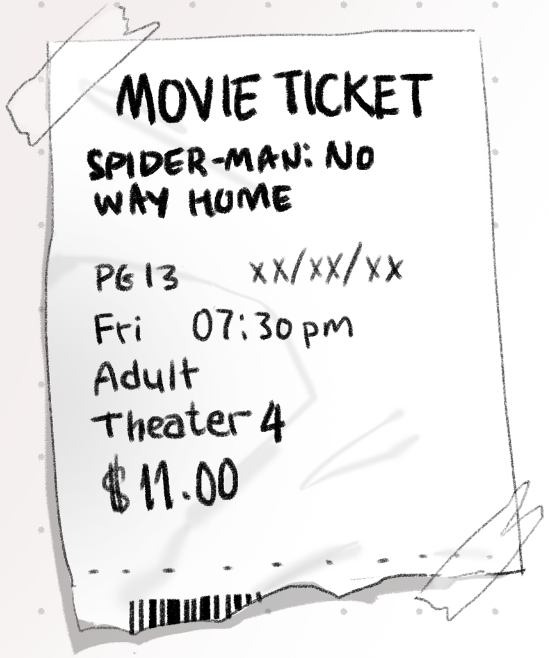
I can't stop sneaking glances at him and whenever he notices he scowls at me. like it's my fucking fault he has those stupid EYEBrows. And that stupid nose. And those stupid eyes. And that stUPid mouth. If you don't wanna be looked at maybe don't go out you prissy little bitCH!!

The rest of the Day fucking blows cuz we have P.E. and kylE is wearing those stupid little shorts that show off his toned legs. fuck you kyle, everyone knows you play basketball.

BIG FUCKING DEAL!!


OHHH IM KAHL AND I PLAY BASKETBALL

NO WAY HOME WAS COOOL


MOVIE TICKET

SPIDER-MAN: NO WAY HOME

PG13 xx/xx/xx
Fri 07:30pm
Adult
Theater 4
$11.00

REMINDER!!

* KYLE WAS TWO CHEAP FOR HIS OWN POPCORN SO WE SHARED A MEDIUM. IT WAS $7 TOTAL AND HE OWES ME MONEY NOW

TUESDAY 8/15/20XX

ERiC T. C.

Sleeping last night was so hard. I didn't even need to sneak out inside kyle's room to see him cause he was all I could see in my head. Like some kind of photograph inside my brain. Just fucking haunting.

So today I tell kyle to fucking knock it off. To fucking stop whatever thing he's doing cuz its **NOT FUCKING FUNNY** and hes like "idk what youre talking about fat ass" batting his lashes so innocently like hes not the world's biggest liar??

So I push him and tell him im not messing around and coz he's kyle he gets violent so fast and shoves me into the ground. And ofc im putting up a big fight but kyle is sneaky so he immobilizes me. and stan is telling him to get off me because kyle is acting like a fucking animal.

But that's when I feel it. 🍆

And my eyes go wide in shock. And kyle looks at me and realizes I know. And he makes the most panicked face that would be funny if this wasn't happening right now!! If I wasn't feeling that against my tummy!!

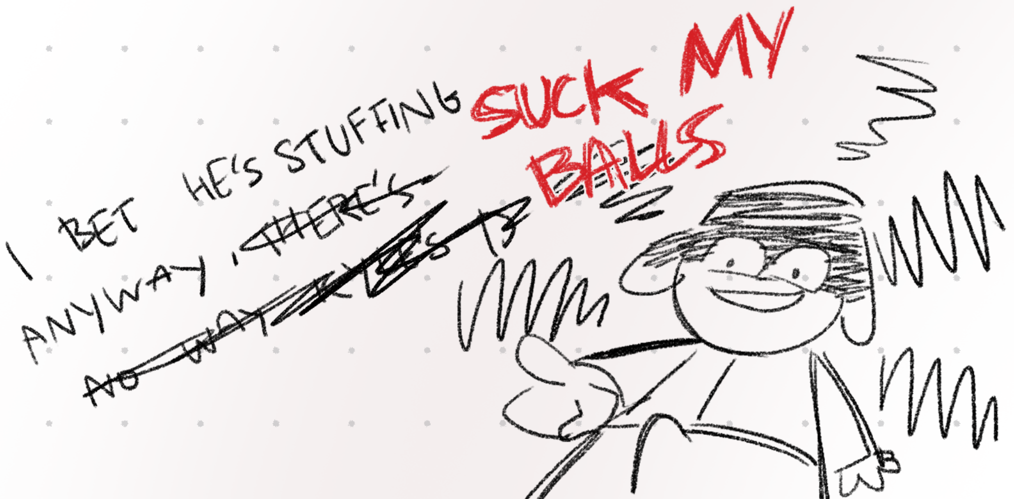
Nervously, kyle gets off and lends me a hand to get up. I reject it of course and get up on my own. We go back to our places in the line like nothing happened. And stan is so fucking confused (again) 😟

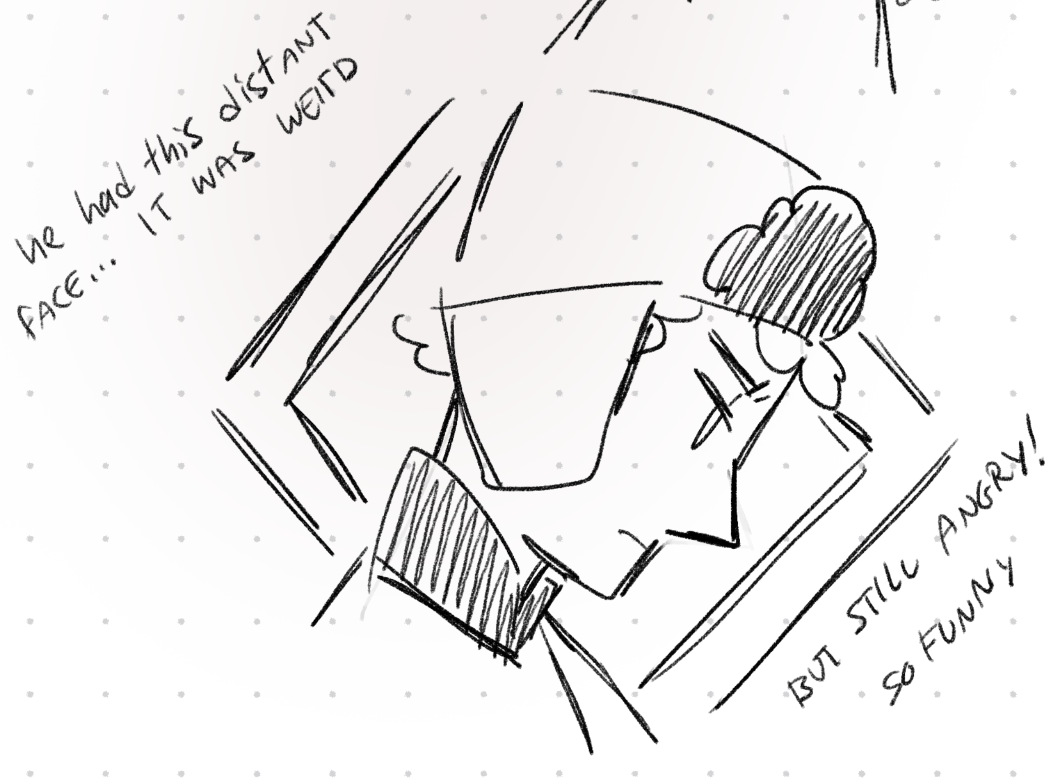
I think kenny noticed something because he starts laughing super hard. Like he's gonna choke to death but he won't answer stan's questions.

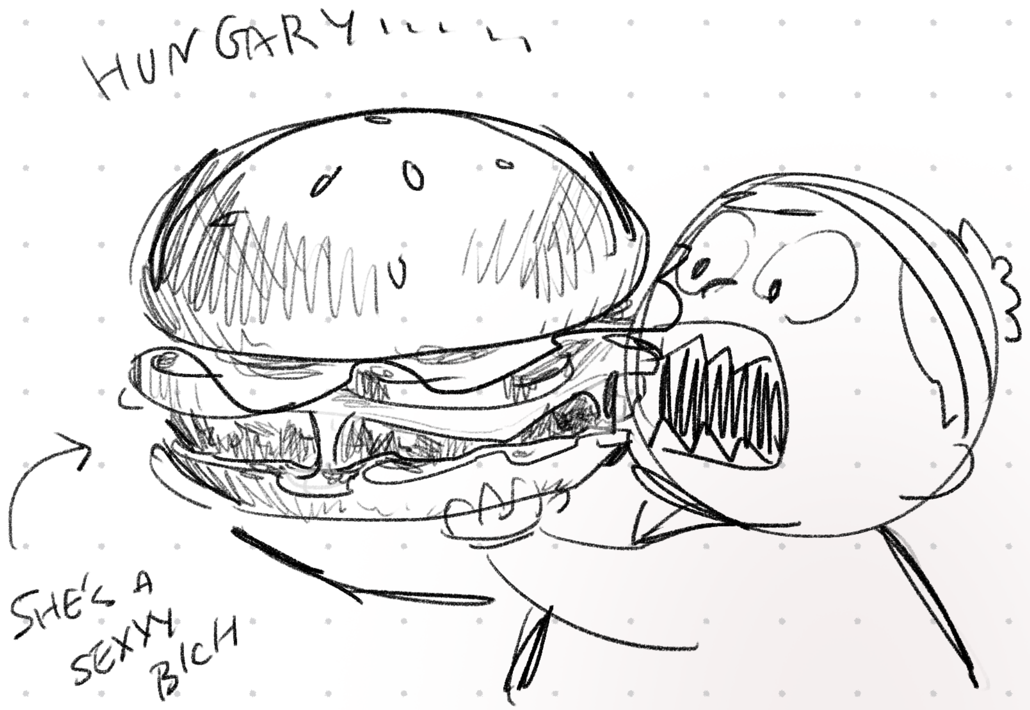
KeNNy fucking sucks

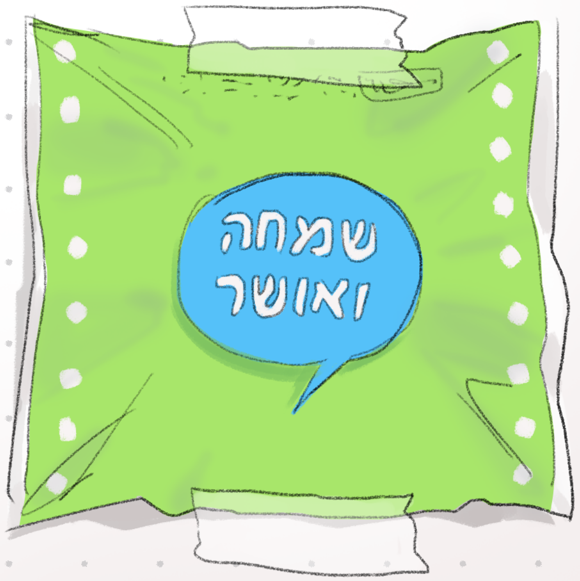
ERic ~~Broflovs~~ CArtMAN

For the rest of the day we just avoid each other but I can tell kyle's scared I'm gonna tell somebody. I won't, even though it'd be great to rip on him for the rest of my life I realize of the implications of telling everyone that kyle popped a fat one when we were fighting. and I'm **NOT FUCKING GAY!!**


I BET HE'S STUFFING ~~THERE'S~~
ANYWAY, ~~NO WAY KYLE'S~~ ~~IS~~
SUCK MY BALLS


he had this distant FACE... IT WAS WEIRD
BUT STILL ANGRY! SO FUNNY





KYEL GAVE ME THIS GOD AWFUL JEW TAFFY. I THINK HE TRIED TO POISON ME.

if i die use this as evidence

THURSDAY 8/17/20XX

i had a horrible nightmare. about kyle. we were like, holding hands at the park and laughing. IT WAS SO GAY. SO FUCKING GAY. but in the dream i was happy. i wake up in a cold sweat and do the only logical thing i can do

I tell mom i'm DyinG

at First shes a total bitCH about it aND thinks i just want to skip sCHool. No mom i dont want to skip fucking schooL (thouGh thats pretty cooL too) im seriously afflicteD!! i have a **termiNal disEase!!**

eventually sHe accepts to take me to the doctoR. after the Guy inspects my Body and and finds nothinG, he starts askiNg me about how i've beeN feeling. i tell him everythiNG that's Been going on. the weird voices in my Head, the iNsomnia, the colD sweat. wheN i'm done he just looks at me and says "son, you're just a Little fag" so i kick him in the FUCKING nuts before leaving.

you're the fag, doctor!!!

THE FUCK U DRAW A MOUSE!?

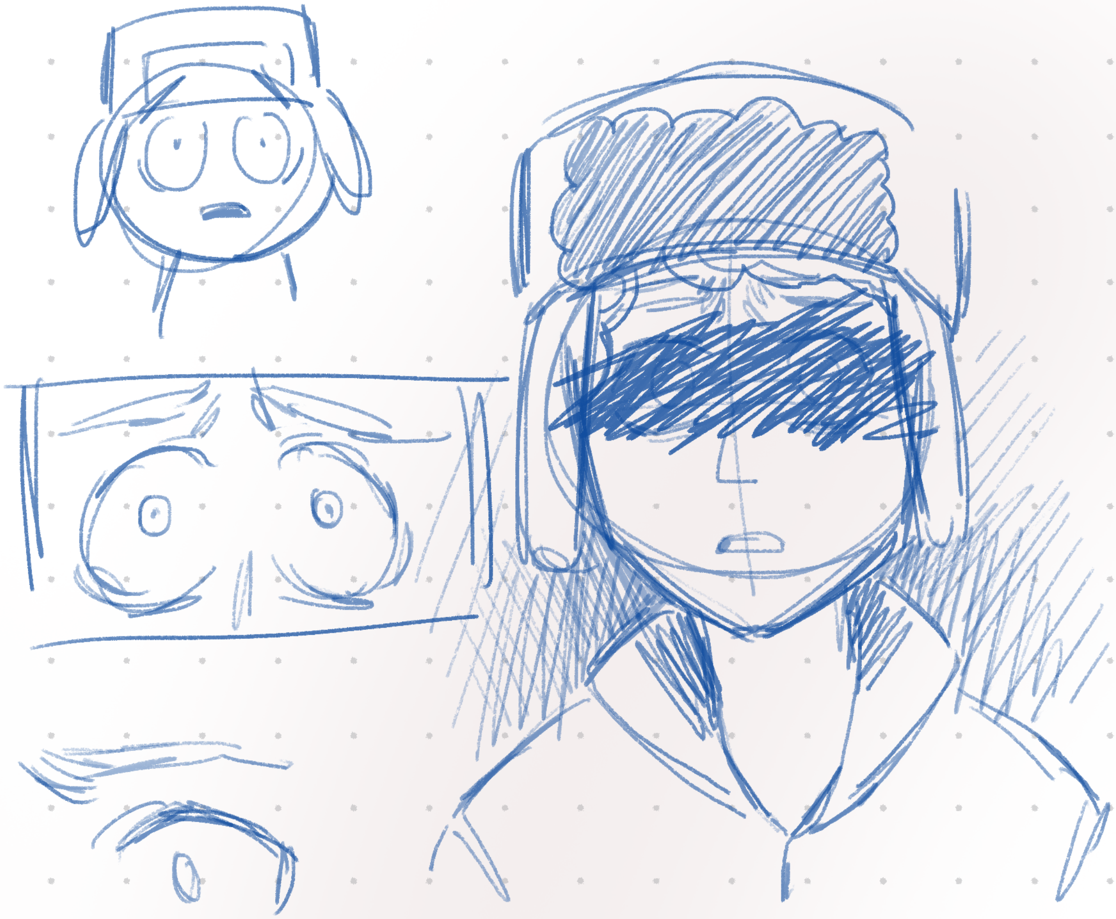
i have not giVeN up so i go to a psyCHic next. i explain to her i've been cursed and if she knows anythiNg about JewisH spells and how to stop them. she goes to another room and comes Back with tHis purple potioN. she says if i make kyLe drink this, hes goNNa turn into a mousE. thats not really what i asked for but okaY. kyle would be really easy to contRol if he was A stupid aNimal.

FRIDAY 8/18/20xx

i slept Better last night, confident that i finally found the solution to my problem. at school i keep trying to concoct the perfect plan for kyle to walk into my trap. luck is on my side Becoz by the last class, kyle approaches me and says we need to talk. idk why we need to talk but fine. its perfect actually. now i can make him drink the potioB and my troubles will be over.

we walk Home silently and i invite him to my house. i pour us both a glass of the purple liquid. it's very fizzy. i wonder if i'll watch kyle slowly transform into a mouse or if it'll happen in the Blink of an eye. kyle finally confesses he's here because of what happened the other day. that he had an accident and that he hopes i won't tell anyone becuz it won't happen again. i tell him Not to worry and watch him Drink the potion. he grimaces and coughs a little and i start laughing, knowing the time of justice is near. i ask him if he has Any regrets and he Gives me a puzzled Look. i tell him he's about to turn into a mouse! and he tells me to shut up. his Face looks exactly the same though so i start to worry something has Gone wrong.

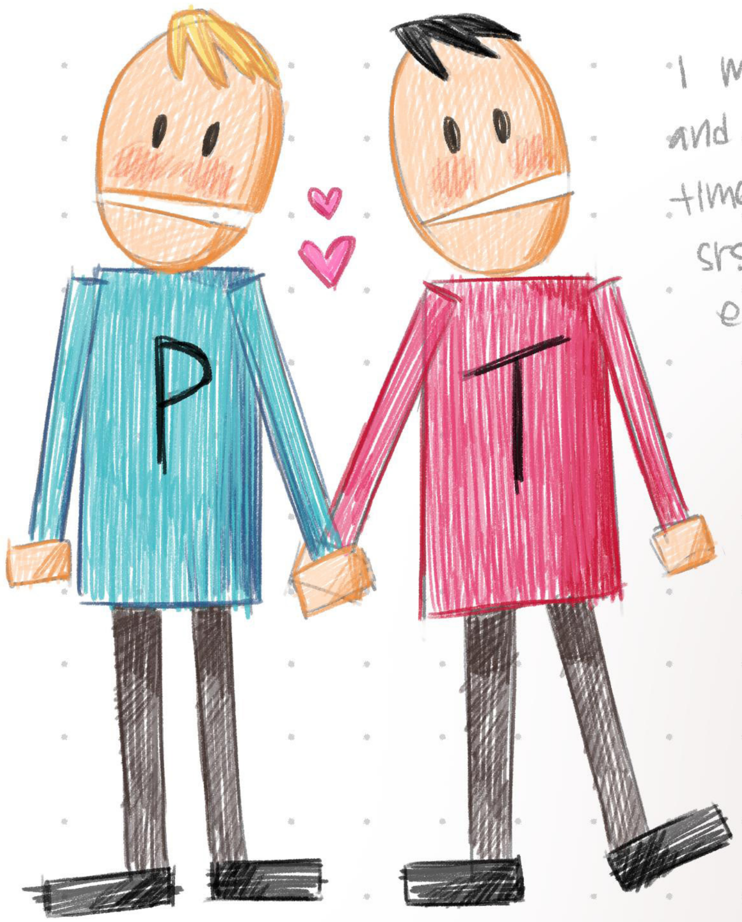
kyle snatches the Bottle away from me. "Formula 86?" He yells in that high pitched Voice of his. "like the potion from the witches?? are you fucking serious??" i have no idea what he's saying so he explains that in some shitty Book by a guy named Roald Dahl they turn witches into mice and that it has a bunch of antisemitic stereotypes and that i'm a fucking asshole. he leaves with a dramatic Door slam. i taste the potion again. it's Grape fanta!? that bitch doctorreally screwed me over.



SATURDAY 8/19/20xx

For some reason, i can't stop thinking of kyle's disappointed Face when he left my house yesterday. and it seems like he's really mad too because he's ignoring me i don't even know why he's so upset, it's not like it's the first time i've tried to get rid of him? we do this All the time. why is he suddenly acting like what a GAYWAD

MOM GOT ME NEW COLORED PENCILS... sweet



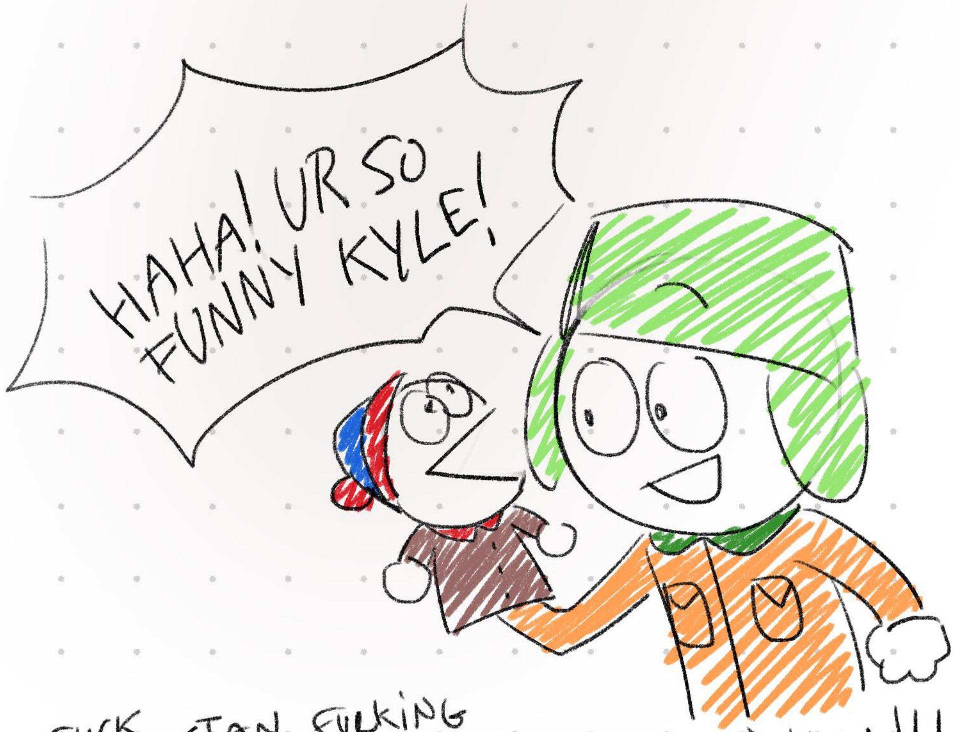
I miss Terrance and phillip sometimes. They were srsly meant for each other.

Terrance + Phillip sitting on the swings.
"'ey phillip?" Terrance looks over to his friend shyly.
"yeah, Terrance?"
T hesitates a little. "...remember that time I said we weren't gay?"
Phillip is kinda stupid so he's totally unsuspecting. "I sure do, Terrance! why?"
"well..." T blushes gayly. "Maybe we are."
P's jaw litterally falls open "we are!?"
T grabs phillip's hand. "Yeah, Phillip. I wanna stare into your beady eyes and kiss your muppet mouth and ha~~ve hot gay sex with yo~~

THURSDAY 8/24/20XX

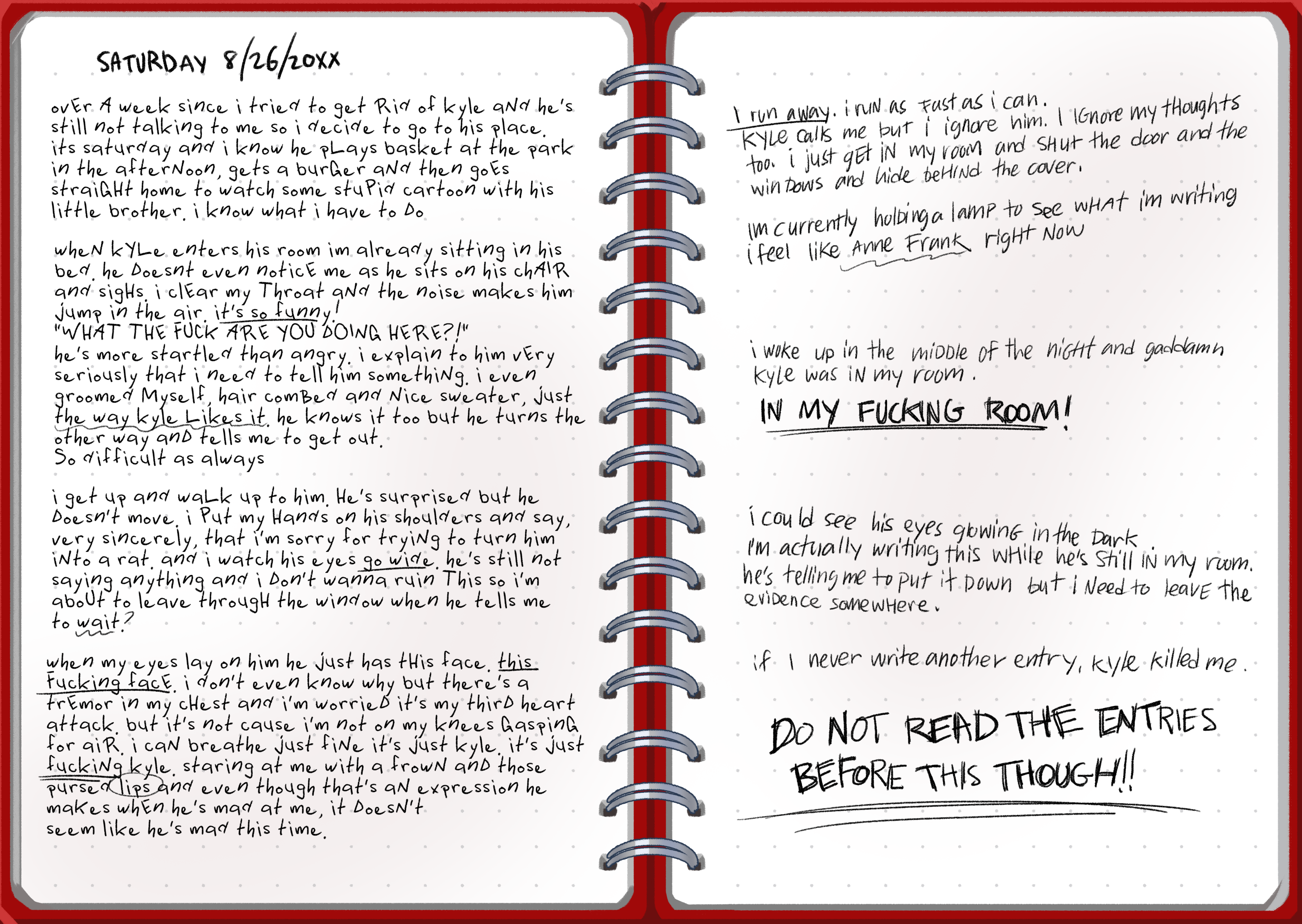
it's been like 5 days of kyle IGnoring Me and my life is going Back to Normal no more weird thoughts or dreams and I shoulD be happy but I feel bAd. this sucks. I don't even know WHY it sucks it just does. physically Im fine but something INSIDE me... feels weird. I can tell kyle is holDING back too though becuz sometimes I catch him staRING at me. of course when our eyes meet he just looks away and laughs with Stan or whatever...

what a douchbag


HAHA! UR SO FUNNY KYLE!

FUCK STAN FUCKING KYLE'S BITCH

FUCK YOU!!!



SATURDAY 8/26/20XX

over a week since i tried to get rid of kyle and he's still not talking to me so i decide to go to his place. its saturday and i know he plays basket at the park in the afternoon, gets a burger and then goes straight home to watch some stupid cartoon with his little brother. i know what i have to do

when kyle enters his room im already sitting in his bed. he doesnt even notice me as he sits on his chair and sighs. i clear my throat and the noise makes him jump in the air. it's so funny!
"WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING HERE?!"
he's more startled than angry. i explain to him very seriously that i need to tell him something. i even groomed myself, hair combed and nice sweater, just the way kyle likes it. he knows it too but he turns the other way and tells me to get out.
So difficult as always

i get up and walk up to him. He's surprised but he doesn't move. i put my hands on his shoulders and say, very sincerely, that i'm sorry for trying to turn him into a rat. and i watch his eyes go wide. he's still not saying anything and i don't wanna ruin This so i'm about to leave through the window when he tells me to wait?

when my eyes lay on him he just has this face. this fucking face. i don't even know why but there's a tremor in my chest and i'm worried it's my third heart attack. but it's not cause i'm not on my knees gasping for air. i can breathe just fine it's just kyle. it's just fucking kyle. staring at me with a frown and those pursed lips and even though that's an expression he makes when he's mad at me, it doesn't seem like he's mad this time.

I run away. i run as fast as i can. Kyle calls me but i ignore him. I ignore my thoughts too. i just get in my room and shut the door and the windows and hide behind the cover.

im currently holding a lamp to see what im writing
i feel like Anne Frank right now

i woke up in the middle of the night and goddamn kyle was in my room.

IN MY FUCKING ROOM!

i could see his eyes glowing in the dark
I'm actually writing this while he's still in my room. he's telling me to put it down but i need to leave the evidence somewhere.

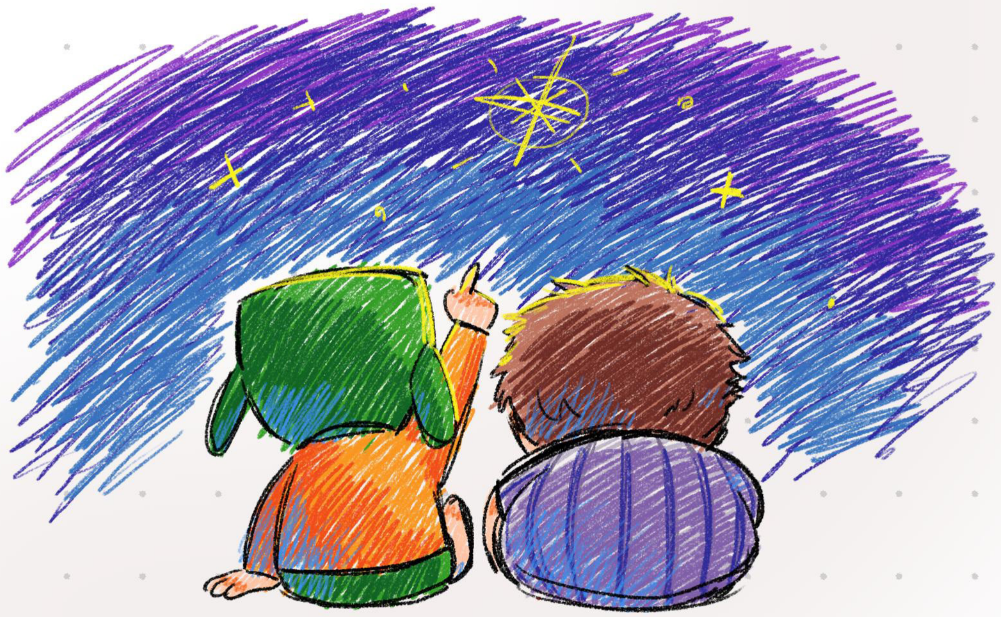
if I never write another entry, kyle killed me.

DO NOT READ THE ENTRIES BEFORE THIS THOUGH!!

SUNDAY 8/27/20XX

now that i've rested some and i can write what happened. so when i demanded to know why was he in my room, kyle said he wanted to Talk to me.

i told him i didn't wanna but he insisted. i didn't want to enrage the Beast so i agreed to listen. He paced around the room and started mumbling. for the most part i was too sleepy to understand but he confessed things had been confusing for him lately and that he still wasn't really sure what was going on but he wanted to try something. i wasn't following so he just sat next to me, inside the covers too. he was really freaking me out so i asked him what he wanted. he ignored my question and instead Pointed at a star in the sky, saying some stupid fact about it. then he went off about constelations and all that gay space shit he loved so much. i was half listening, looking at his dumb excited face as he explained. he knew so many things.
how did kyle know so many things?
he was like a living book



Then, he talked about this Crime show he was watching and then he complained about his mom's food. at some Point i dozed off. . .when i woke up, kyle was sleeping next to me. he was so warm and?? cozy?? like, not annoying to be next to as usual.
he's still asleep while im writing ths, I don't think I've ever seen him sleep this sounly. I don't know what's going on but I guess it's not too bad.

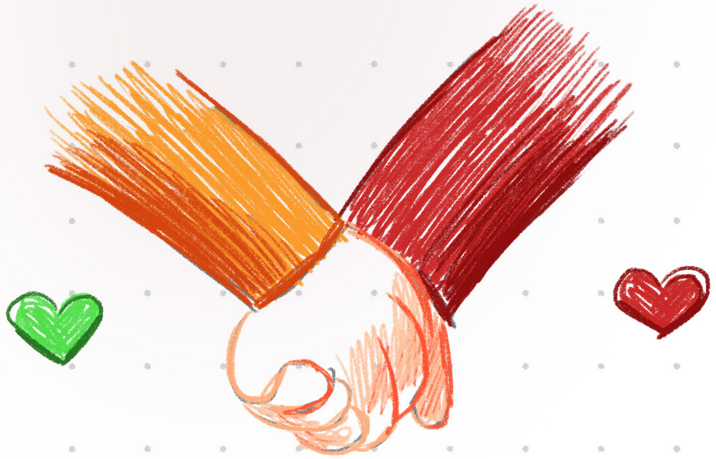
WRITTEN BY:
BASU
ART BY:
Shouri

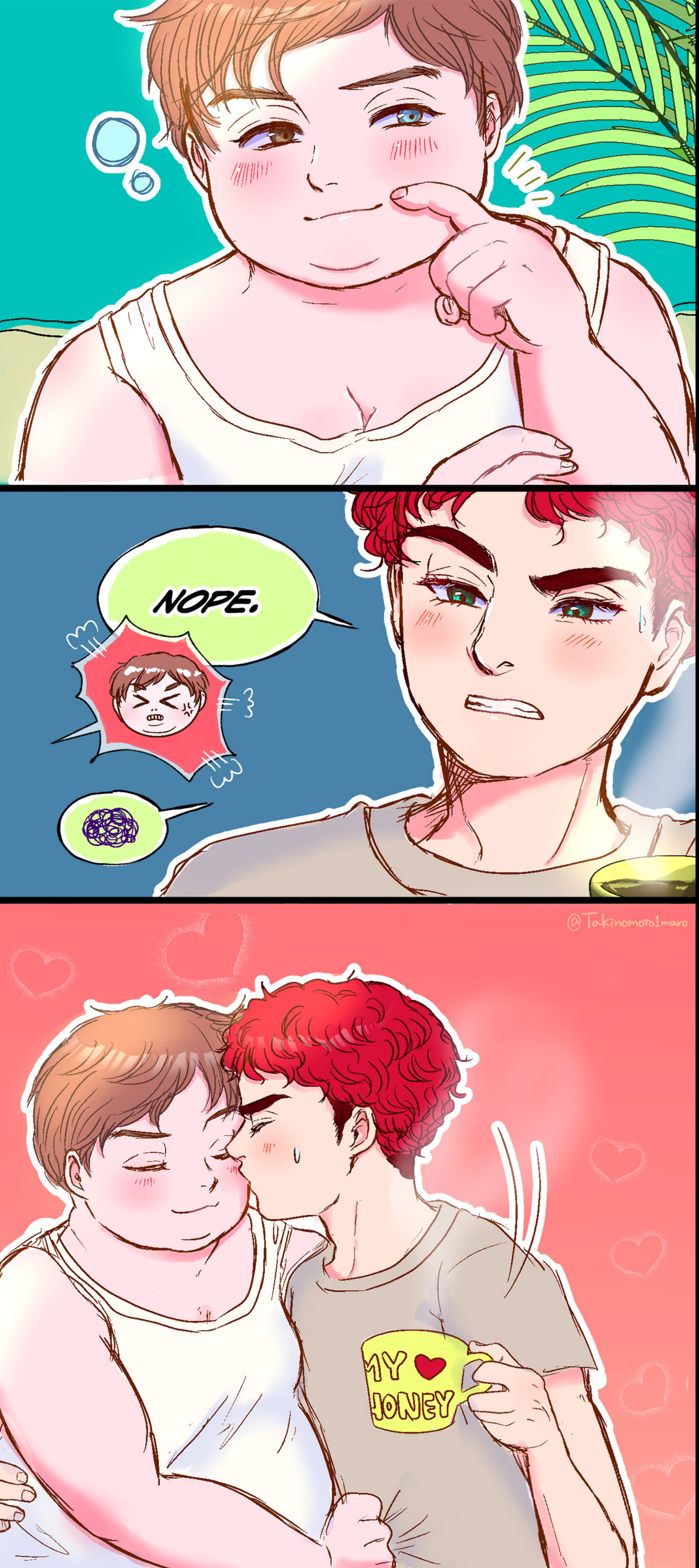
WEDNESDAY 9/20/20XX

it's Been a few weeks since kyle sneaked into my room and we've been Doing more and more stuff together ever since. so much that i forgot to keep writing. i Guess that's a Good thing.

we hang at each other's place without stan and kenny. watching stuff, playing games, even doing Homework together Becauze kyle is still so annoying about his grades. we've also Gone to the movies a few times and Shared food at restaurants and sometimes when we're alone, kyle holds my hand. he never says anything about it but I don't mind.

I like Holding his too.



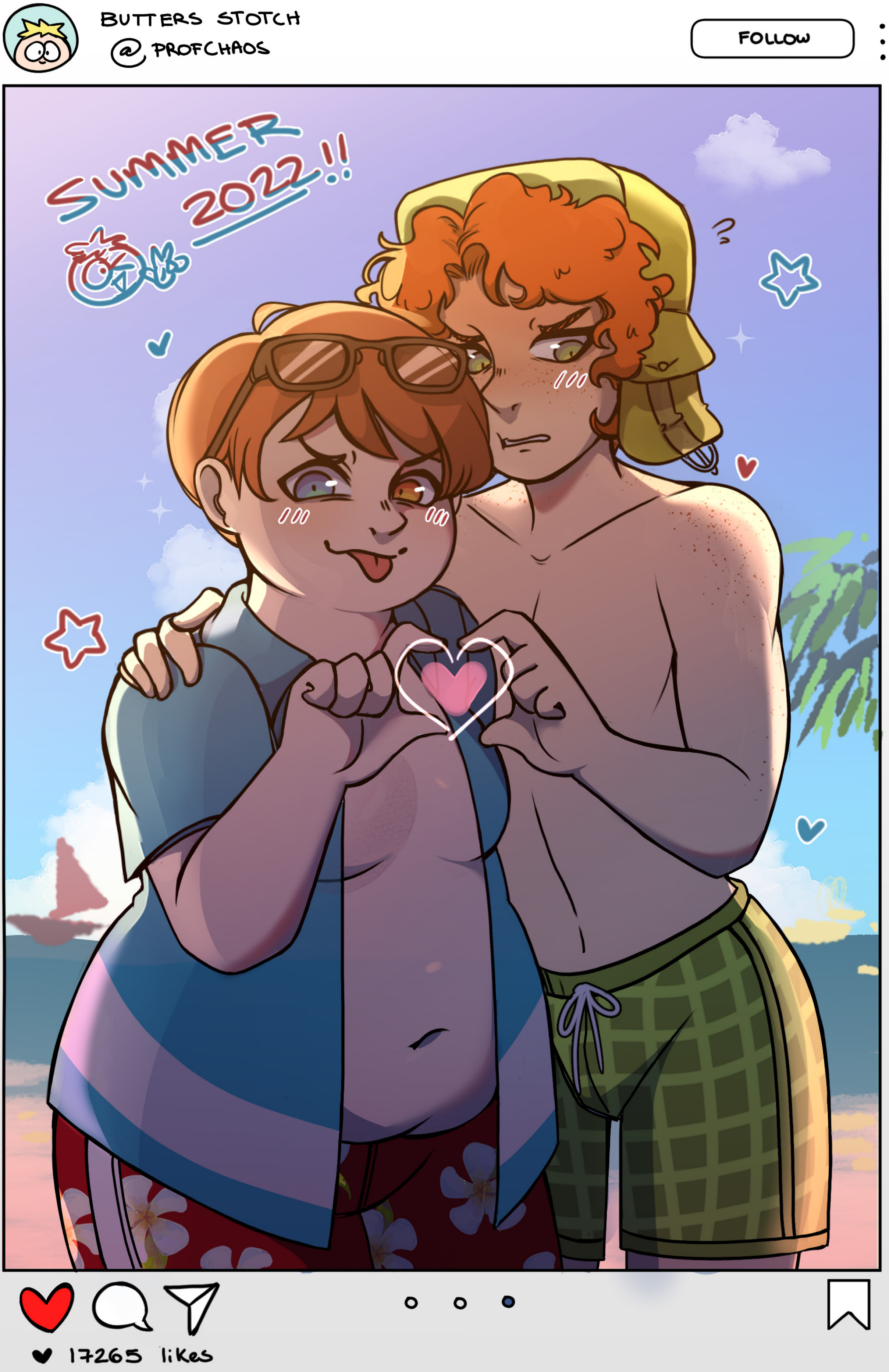

NOPE.
@Takinomoto1maro
MY ♥ HONEY

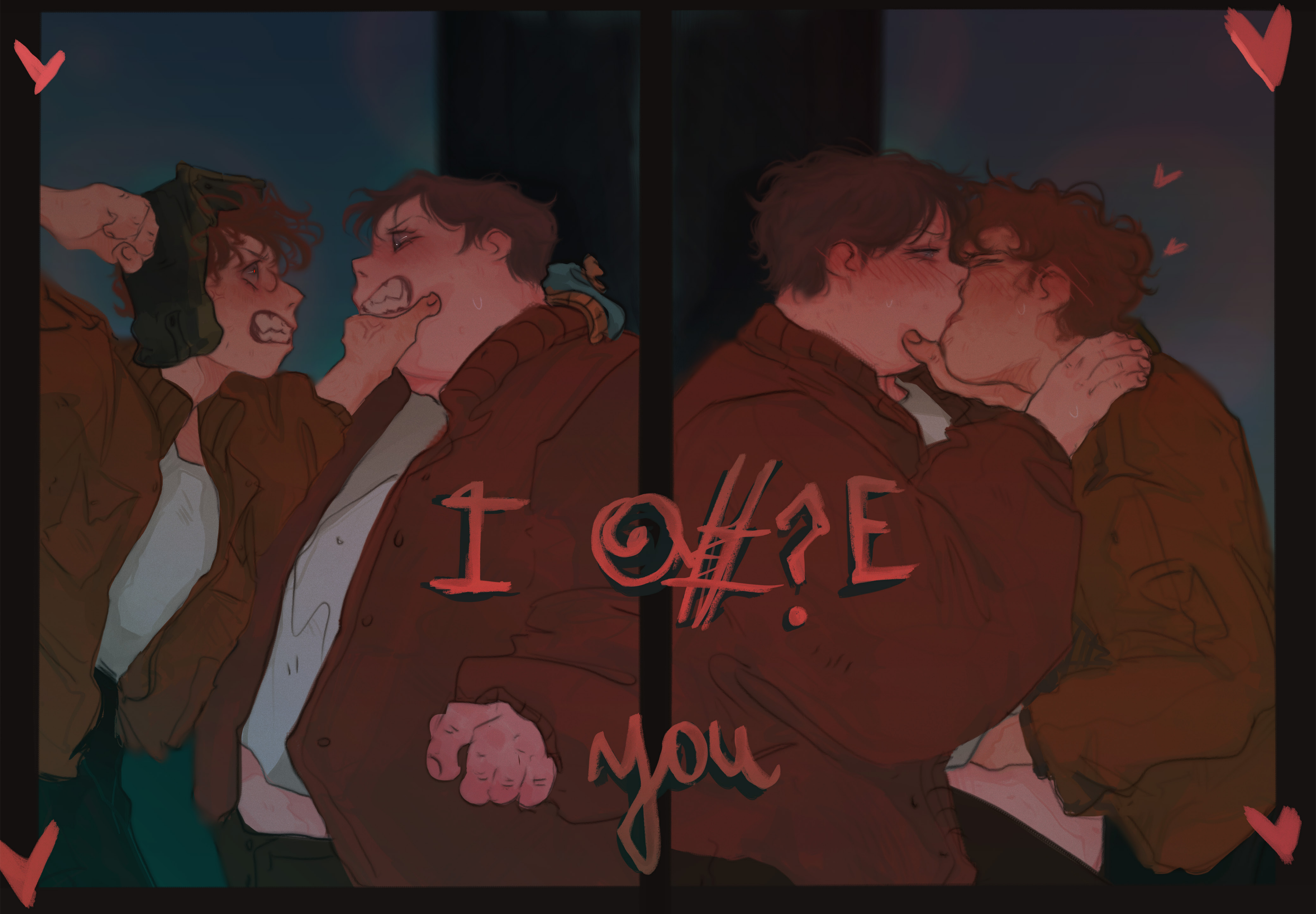
Love CBAA
MEGATRON

UNIVERSITY OF
DENVER
LAWSCHOOL

mawl606

@Nastee_Quir
KYLEY-D


BUTTERS STOTCH
@PROFCHAOS
FOLLOW
SUMMER 2022!!
17265 likes


I O#?E
you

Hyp(not)ic P(u)ll

Kelly

Kyle scoffs from his perch atop the well worn couch. Below him on the floor, both Stan and Kenny sprawl in a pair of uncomfortable looking heaps, fast asleep. Kenny looks akin to a dirty, crumpled up bear skin rug. It’s an eyesore out of place with the rest of the modest but tasteful decor displayed throughout the home. Stan sits upright, and actually manages to look worse for wear than Kenny. He slumps against the frame of the couch. His head tilts to hang above his shoulder. An all too comfortable hand rests tucked into the top of his underwear.

Cartman splays on what he had announced to be his personal seat on the couch. He claimed it hours earlier upon all the boys’ initial arrival to his house. And as for Kyle, he’s remained swaddled in a fuzzy blanket, curled up on the opposite end of the couch since the start of their hang out session.

The room buzzes with the shrill, droning voices of Terrance and Phillip playing on the TV and the slow but constant rustling and crunching of Cartman working his way through his absurdly large bowl of popcorn. No one speaks. Kyle’s jaw feels tense and his legs feel a bit numb. The room is dark, save for the blue glow of the television. He stares ahead at the screen, but he’s not truly watching the program.

“Gotta pee,” Cartman announces and there’s a shift in weight from the other end of the couch.

The heavy set teen takes no precautions for his knocked-out friends on the floor as he makes towards the hallway. He even goes so far as to roughly nudge Kenny with his foot.

“Kenny sucks, huh Kyle?” Cartman chuckles when the skinny boy on the floor doesn’t respond. He glances over his shoulder to the only other conscious member of the group, seeking approval.

“Mmm,” Kyle grunts out a noncommittal sound, knowing it’s better to engage Cartman than it is to ignore him.

Cartman seems satisfied and shuffles down the hallway. Kyle exhales in relief, grateful that the interaction wasn’t more protracted than necessary. He’s uncomfortable, and while he tells himself he knows why, something feels amiss. He can’t quite place the feeling. After a brief shuffle in place to quell the ache in his stiff legs, Kyle steals a glance to the clock and cringes at the time. It’s 3:24am.

The reality is, Kyle doesn’t particularly want to be doing this. He doesn’t want to be sitting at Cartman’s house watching Terrance and Phillip at 3:24am. Sure, he wanted to rekindle some old flame from his youth. But not like this. He feels awkward and a little upset that the best he and his schoolyard friends could come up with was a movie marathon for their spring break activity. And yet, he admittedly couldn’t think of much better either, so now he’s here. Stan and Kenny have long since knocked out cold, but Kyle has always thought of himself as a bit of a completionist. So despite his physical and emotional discomfort, he gazes vacantly at the TV and absorbs the hackneyed wisecracks for the dozenth time.

Cartman doesn’t take long in the restroom. He returns much in the same way he left. He’s brash and careless about the boys on the floor, pausing only to give Kenny another harsh nudge with his toe. Kyle frowns but otherwise shows no signs of protest. The weight shifts again on the couch and Cartman settles back down. Kyle feels like he’s on a bobbing dinghy with all the commotion the other boy makes. Finally his shuffling ends and he adjusts one last time. Kyle rearranges himself once more, too, and heaves a deep sigh. The popcorn crunching resumes.

He’s honestly really comfortable now. Terrance and Phillip are shrill and annoying, but thanks to years of falling asleep late at night watching them on repeat, Kyle finds them almost a bit like a lullaby. His legs no longer tingle with numbness, having had just enough time to stretch in Cartman’s absence. The scratchy blanket is a bit itchy, but it’s also a bit soft. And it’s a bit warm, too. Kyle’s eyes grow heavy and comfortable. His neck starts to feel unable to support the heft of his head. His limbs are heavy like bricks cemented in place. Kyle falls prey to sleep, vulnerable and gentle, despite his valiant effort to stay guarded and spritely.

Soon enough though, a stiffness in his neck rouses him. His bleary eyes blink. He’s disoriented and it takes him a few moments before he realizes he’s not in the comfort of his own bed. There’s a heavy rise and fall beneath his cheek. Quickly, he determines it’s rhythmic breathing from someone who is not himself. Kyle has enough sense to freeze in his panic rather than jump up. Somehow, he’s fallen asleep on Cartman’s couch. And moreover, he’s managed to flop over on top of the fat boy himself.

His cortisol rises to worrisome levels for someone who has only just woken up. Kyle strains his eyeballs to steal an upward glance. It's dark. There's only the DVD credits rolling monotonously on the television screen to cast any light in the room. He can hear Stan softly snoring on the floor. Cartman hasn't seemed to sense that Kyle has woken up. He's fairly certain he sits alone in consciousness. He also intends to keep it that way, before anyone can find him in such an incriminating position.

Kyle wonders how he ended up like this. He was all the way on the other side of the couch earlier! Wasn't he? Then again… It's not a very big couch to begin with. And neither he nor Cartman are small people, though in very different ways. Kyle can feel the corners of his mouth straining into a frown. He needs to remove himself from Cartman's soft belly, but he's unsure how to go about it.

He watches the credits roll over and over. The same 30 seconds of footage play through until Kyle loses count of how many times he's watched it. Then again, he was never truly keeping track in the first place. His mind wanders elsewhere. He is sorely reticent to admit it, but Cartman's soft torso makes for a nice pillow. It's far better than the worn-out armrest on the couch, anyway. It's 5:14am, but he has no idea how long he's been here. After an unknown amount of time passes, Kyle decides it's about time to pry himself cautiously from the marshmallow body beneath him.

It's a challenge to get the right leverage. He knows the easiest way would be to brace himself against Cartman, but that would run the risk of waking him. So he tries using only his core strength. Kyle clenches his abs and strains hard, attempting to force himself upright with no real leverage to speak of. He braces his legs. He wishes he'd joined some kind of athletic team to tone up. Kyle is stuck in place. Cartman doesn't move.

Kyle knows he's defeated. There's only two options. He can either fall back asleep on the frustratingly comfortable tummy he's landed himself on and get an equally embarrassing and rude wake-up call for it in the morning. Or he can test his luck and push into the squishy belly to free himself now. He stifles a groan and decides on the latter. He stills his hand so vehemently it wraps back around into trembling. It makes cautious contact with Cartman's hoodie. Kyle holds his breath and bites his tongue, hoping against hope that the disturbance won't wake the sleeping bear.

A moment goes by and nothing has happened. Kyle tries not to think about the fact that his face and hand are both pressed warmly into Cartman's plush, pliable torso. Before he can think too much, he goes for it and pushes. It's slow and awkward and uncomfortable, but Kyle manages to rise to a sitting position. He takes a survey of the room. Stan is still a crumpled heap on the floor. Kenny has curled into a little ball with a cushion from the couch. Kyle takes a little solace in noting that the side of the couch he was on is less than a foot away from where he is now. He just unfortunately flopped over in the wrong direction in his sleep.

Cartman hasn't shifted much throughout all this. Kyle sighs with enormous relief that the fat boy must sleep like a rock. It's hard to peel his eyes away, though. Kyle's never seen him asleep before. He knows he's alone so he feels emboldened to stare for a moment or so. It's like looking at a different person. Kyle's struck with a pang of something unfamiliar and warm. He'll never admit it, but it's tenderness. It's a fleeting thing, really, born of a sleepy haze and the touch-starved fugue state of someone who's only recently had a taste of human contact. But it's real and it's budding somewhere softly in his chest and he's quickly relinquishing that fear of admittance.

Brown eyelashes rest delicately above full, round cheeks. Cartman's lips are slightly parted, drawing in slow and even breaths. His arms hang limp on either side of his broad body. All the hatred and spite of his waking form are absent now. The foulness and the aggression have been wiped away. Kyle is entranced. He's drawn to the possibility the nighttime holds. He's curious and transfixed in a whole new way. He wants so terribly to hate Cartman. He wants to detest him and loathe him and make him suffer. But he looks so cherubic and defenseless in his unconsciousness that Kyle can't bring himself to feel that way. He bites his lip in frustration.

It's gotta be some kind of mind trick he's playing on himself. Without a shadow of a doubt, there's no real basis in the affection he's feeling right now. He reasons that it's the drowsiness or it's a lapse in judgment because *in general* he's feeling gratitude for being able to spend time with the group. And yet… he does feel some kind of fondness. There's a draw there. It's some kind of hypnotic pull. Kyle's hand moves on its own, lost somewhere between weightlessness and zero gravity. He needs to quell his mind of uncertainty. So he allows himself to sit before his schoolyard nemesis and his hovering hand makes contact.

It's different this time– it's not some coincidence that he's stumbled upon. It's a verifiable choice now, and he's choosing to lay his hand gently on Cartman's hoodie. It's strange but not at all unpleasant to touch his rising and falling belly as he sleeps. There's no pretense of violence and there's no malice. It's one person simply touching another and accepting his humanity, his facets, his existence. And it's nice. It's soft and inviting and warm and it's disconcerting and aggravating all the same.

A part of Kyle that isn't small wants to lay his head back down and exist in this moment. He's as horrified as he is intrigued. His heart races and leaps into his throat. He's pretty sure it's just from the thrill that he might be caught, but at the same time, there's a part of him that's scared there's more to it than that. He wonders if he'll be bold enough to find out. Cartman makes a little grunting sound and shifts. Kyle freezes in place. His blood runs cold and his muscles cramp from the abruptness of stilling himself. He has to get out of this situation he's created.

It's too late, though. Cartman's eyes shoot open and stare directly into his. Kyle innately knows that this is the final moment of his life as he knows it. Cartman's thick fingers curl around Kyle's hand in a tight grip. Kyle feels his fingers grow clammy in fear. The moment draws itself out in horrifically slow motion.

"Oh," Cartman slurs in a sleepy drawl. "I thought… I thought your hand was a big warm bowl of macaroni and cheese."

Kyle stares at him so hard in veritable shock he's sure his eyeballs will fall out of his head. The moment ends as fast as it began. Cartman's eyelids flutter back shut and he's out like a light. His steady, measured breathing resumes. He's most assuredly asleep. There's one troubling aspect of the situation, though. The harsh grip has relinquished, but Cartman's hand remains undeniably wrapped around Kyle's.

Now what.

He hems and he haws over his choices. He never should have let himself get drawn in. Even in his sleep, Cartman is the most aggravating person he knows. He inwardly grouses and debates what to do in yet another new Cartman-related debacle. He can still feel the plushness of Cartman's belly and he still finds it compelling. He can feel the rough skin of Cartman's fingertips on top of his knuckles. He can feel heat rising to the tips of his ears. Kyle tells himself he hates it all, yet he does very little to stop himself from enjoying it.

Eventually he slowly slips out of the grasp, but not before he turns his hand over delicately so that their palms touch. He gazes at the dimly-lit sight and drinks in the visage and the contrast of their hands. It's brief but it strikes him in a way he never would have suspected. His thumb gives one fleeting, very nearly meaningful brush against Cartman's smallest finger and he breaks the contact.

Once freed he scrambles over to the hard armrest on the other side of the couch. He's pumped up on adrenaline and feeling particularly warm-blooded. It's easier to still his shaking body than it is to slow down his racing mind or his pounding heart. So he calms his limbs and curls into himself, as small as he can manage. He forces his eyes shut and waits for sleep to take him.

"Kyle!" Cartman's voice jolts him from his restless slumber.

"Whaa…?" Kyle lurches forward on the couch.

His vision is still glossy with sleep, but he quickly notes that it's full daylight and Stan and Kenny are nowhere in sight. He pulls himself upright on the couch and rubs at his face.

"Now I've been patient, Kyle," Cartman folds his arms and scolds him. "But I'm seriously right now. I've had enough of your freeloading. My mom has to vacuum and do laundry. Get the fudge out of my house!"

"Alright, already!" Kyle stumbles to his feet even though his legs haven't fully woken up yet. "Jesus Christ, you fat fuck, I'm going!"

Kyle takes a survey of the room to ensure he hasn't forgotten anything, then stuffs his unkempt curls beneath his hat and stamps towards the exit. He slides his feet into his boots without tying them and only has one arm in his jacket before he's halfway out the door. All the while, Cartman aggressively tails him as if he's a bouncer escorting an unruly patron out of a club.

“Oh, and Kyle?” Cartman flashes him a smarmy grin as he hangs onto the side of the door, preparing to slam it shut. “I know what you did.”

Kyle’s spine straightens and his blood runs cold. He chokes on the crisp air and splutters, then clenches his jaw and turns on his heel to fume at the fat little instigator.

“You don’t know shit,” he grits out.

And he mostly believes that. Cartman loves to rile him up. This means nothing. Cartman knows nothing. It’s an empty threat based in contempt and the desire to get one last jab in before his departure. He was asleep last night and Kyle knows that. He has to believe that so Cartman won’t get under his skin. Still, he trembles and it’s not entirely due the chilly weather.

“Oh, ho. But I do, Kyle. It’s okay to want to cuddle sometimes,” Cartman coats the venom in his voice with a sickly-sweet exterior. “I guess I’m not surprised that someone like you would be so sneaky about it, though.”

The chill running through Kyle’s body is swiftly replaced with an uncomfortable burning heat. He falters over what to say next. Unintelligible babbling falls past his lips and he’s powerless to stop it. His hands curl into fists and then release over and over, stuck in a loop. He’s unable to recover from this one. Not now, and possibly not ever.

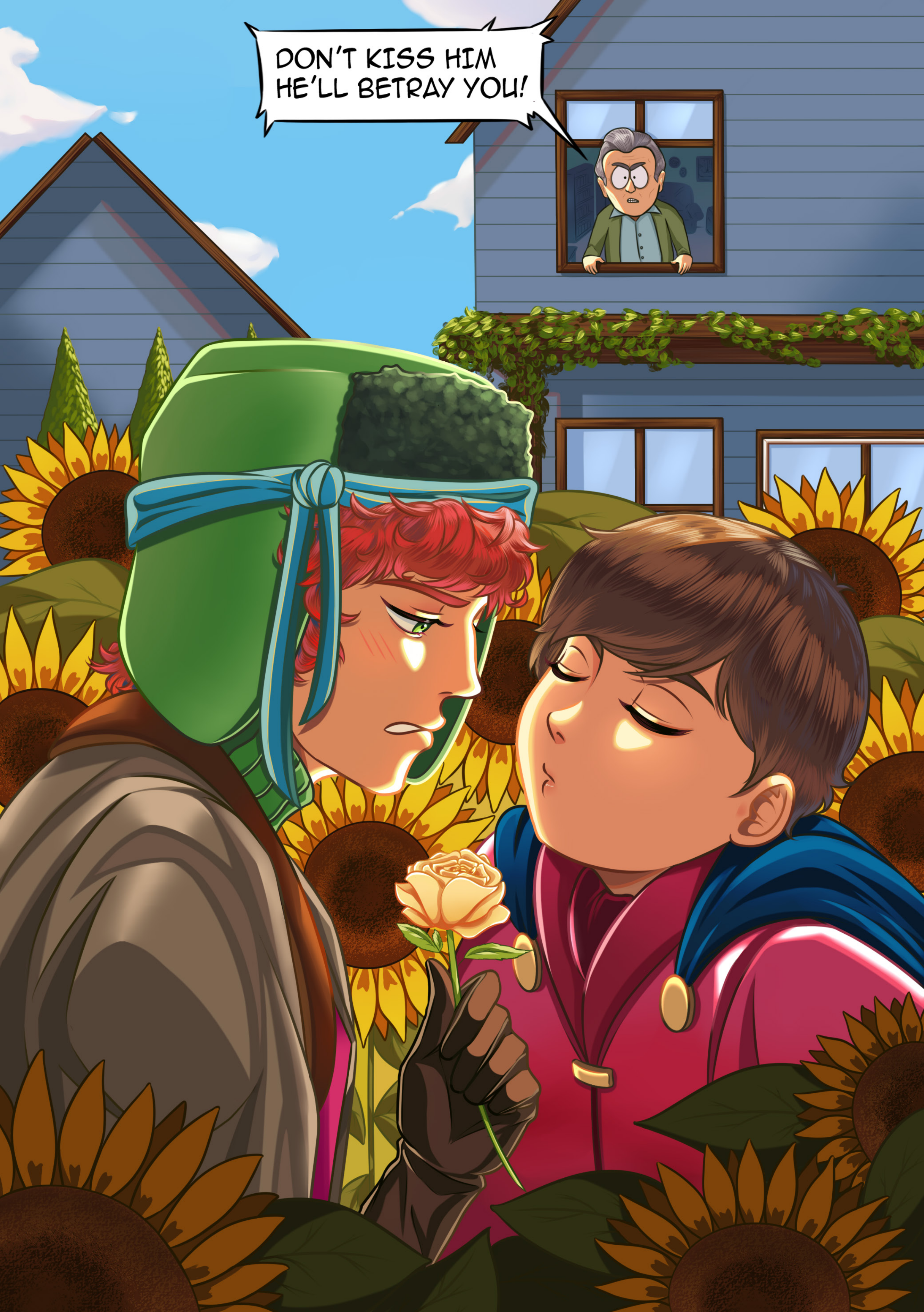
“Well, it’s not like I can blame you,” Cartman continues, nonchalantly glancing over his own fingernails. “I must say, I can definitely understand why you found me so enticing.”

“Shut the fuck up, fat ass!” Kyle shrieks at him, voice at least an octave higher than normal.

“You’re so hot and cold! *Jesus Christ,*” Cartman chuckles derisively. “Next time just tell me ahead of time and I’ll get a bigger blanket. Well. Goodbye, Kyle.”

He closes the door in Kyle’s face. A slow, frosty breeze nips across his burning cheeks. He stands alone in front of Cartman’s front door. He’s halted, both physically and in thought. The weather matches him– the sun is too hot and the air is too cold, his face is too hot and his body is too cold. He’s brimming with a sort of emptiness that strangely feels like it could spill over.

Kyle works on instinct to fix his boots and jacket. He automatically begins walking home. He stares at his hands. Next time he’ll figure out that feeling. He’ll etch it in the corners of his mind. Next time, he’ll understand why his heart ached and his stomach turned. But today, he’ll go home and think.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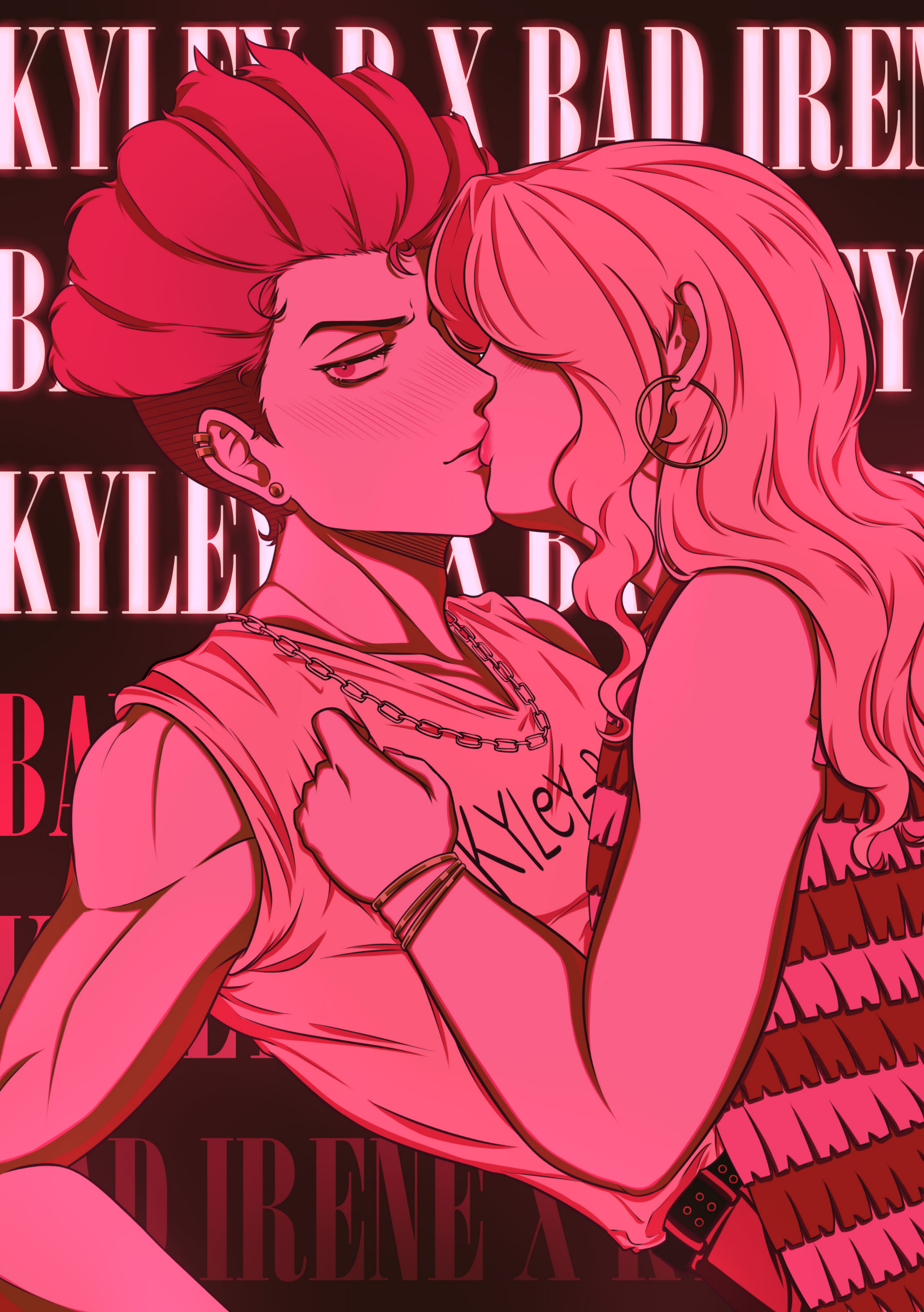
HE'LL BETRAY YOU!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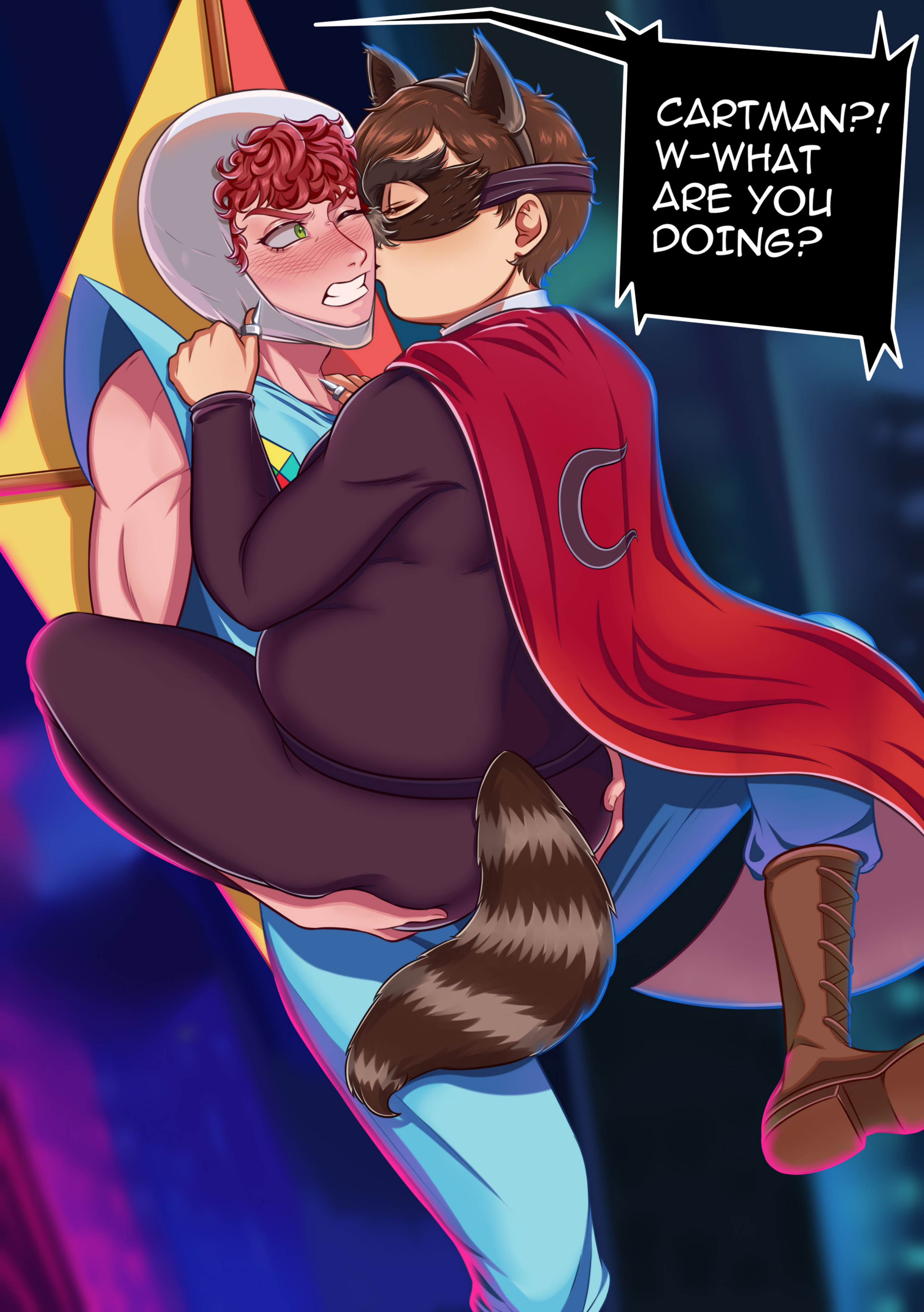
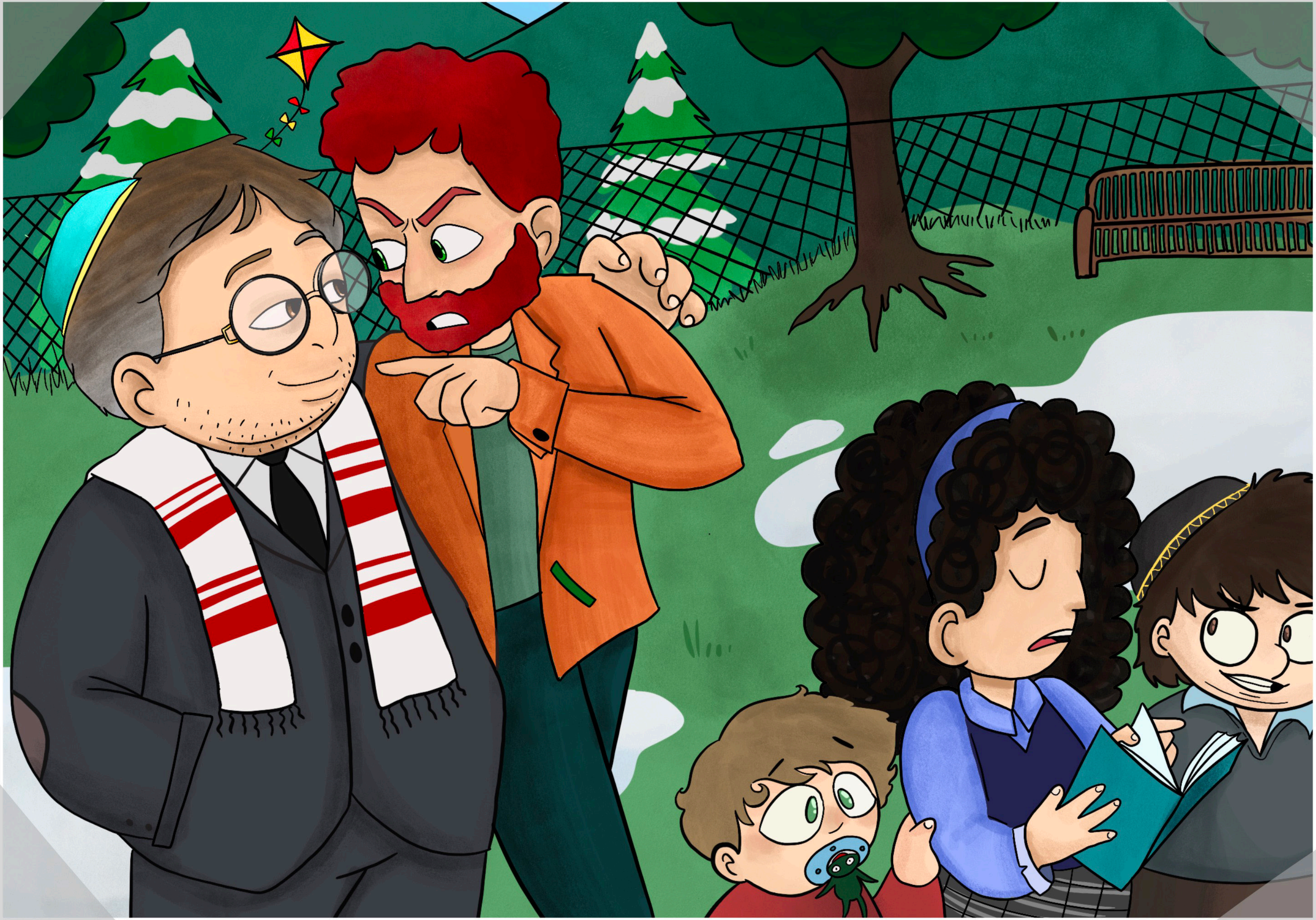
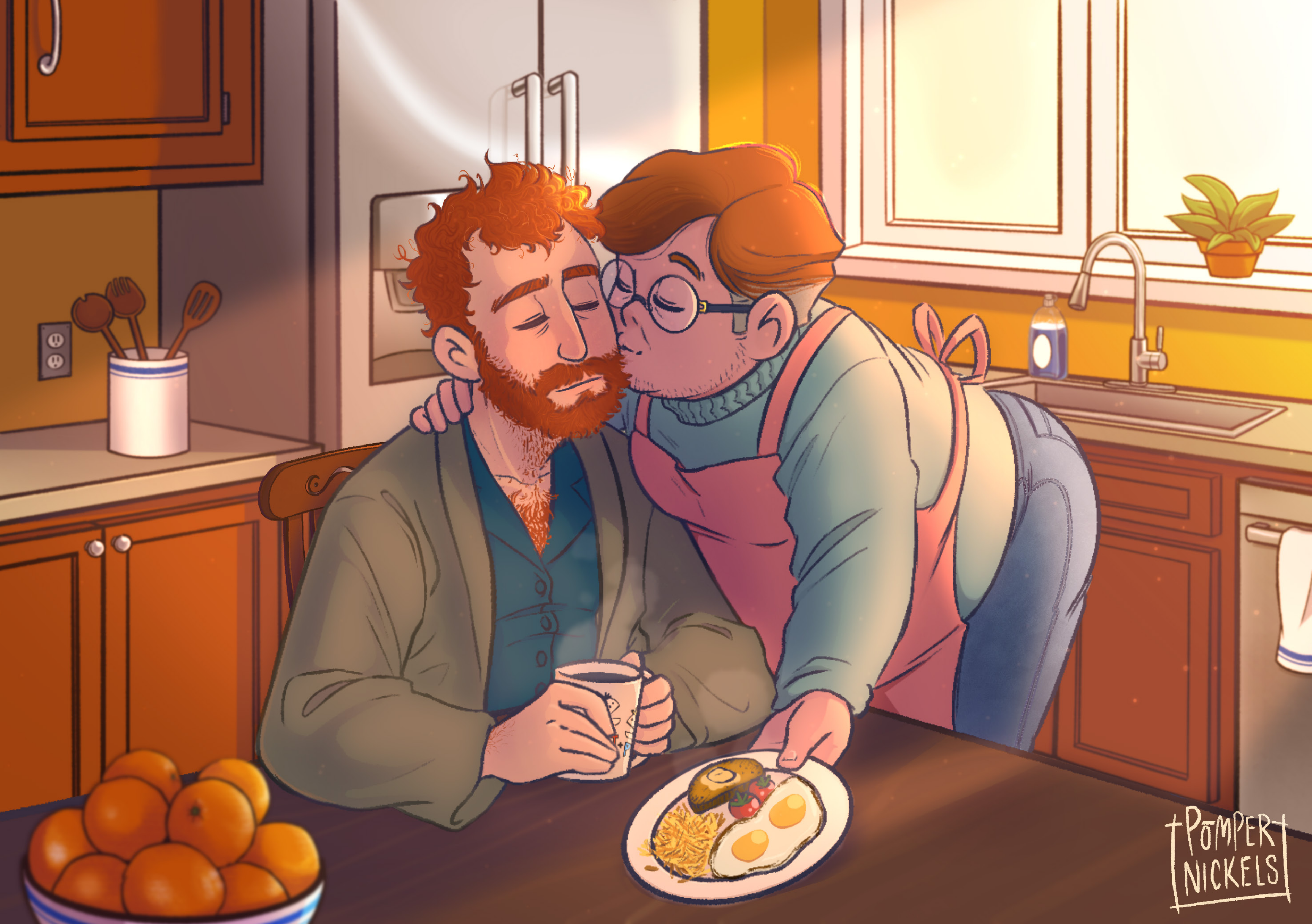

CARTMAN?! W-WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

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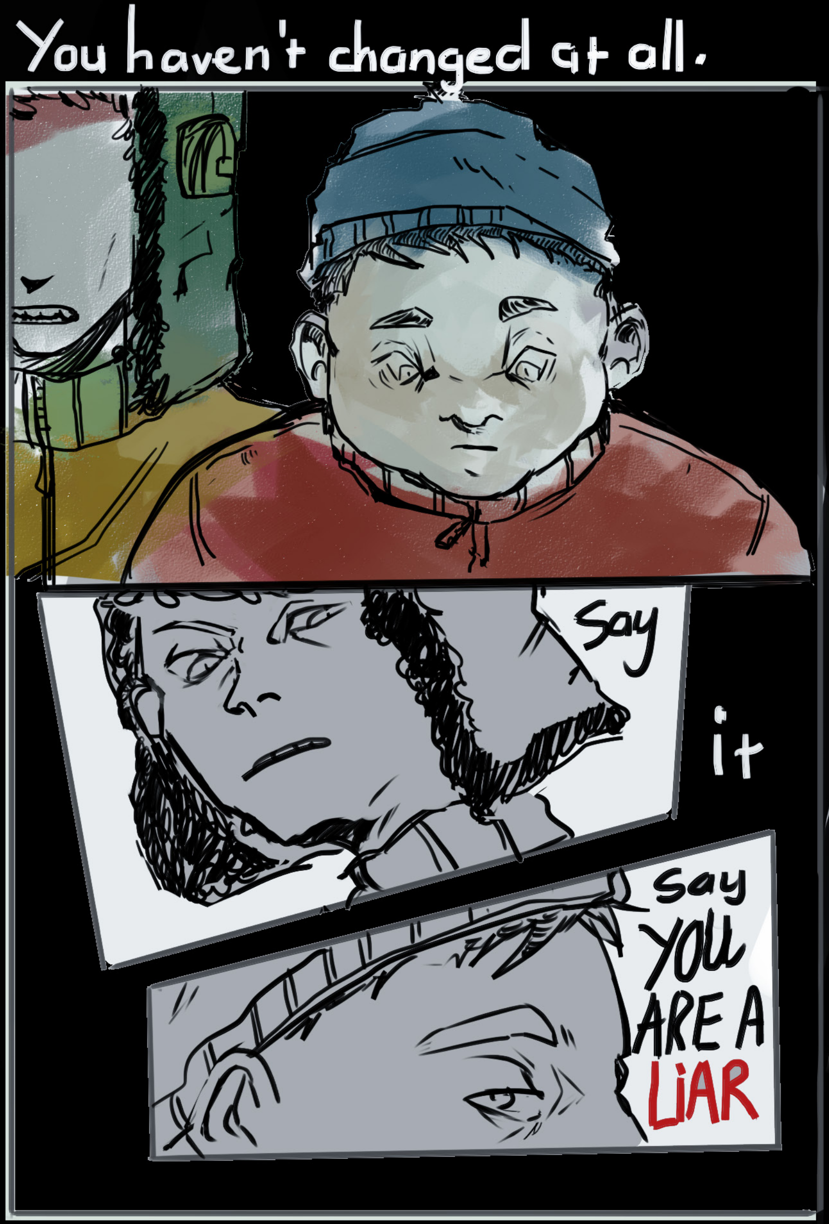
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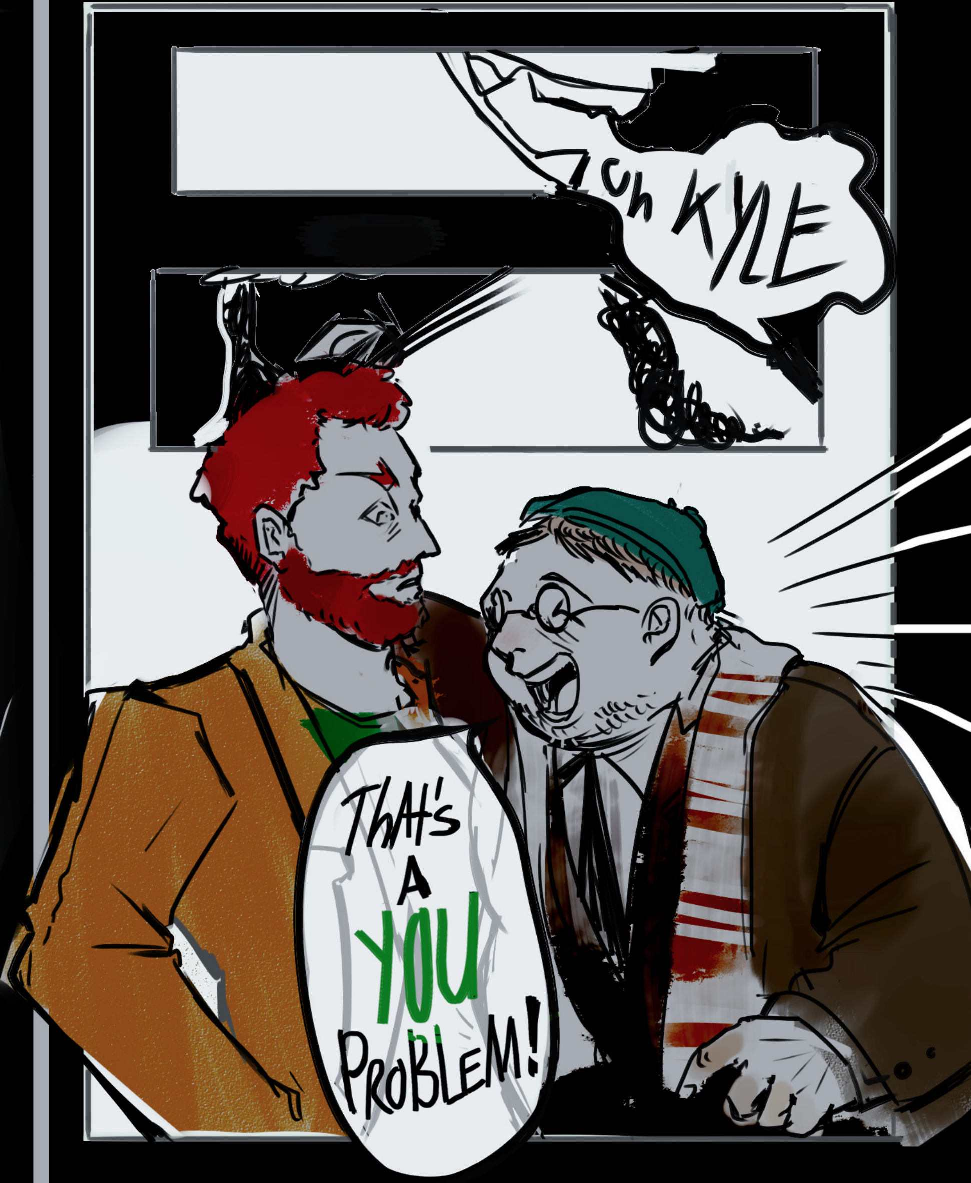
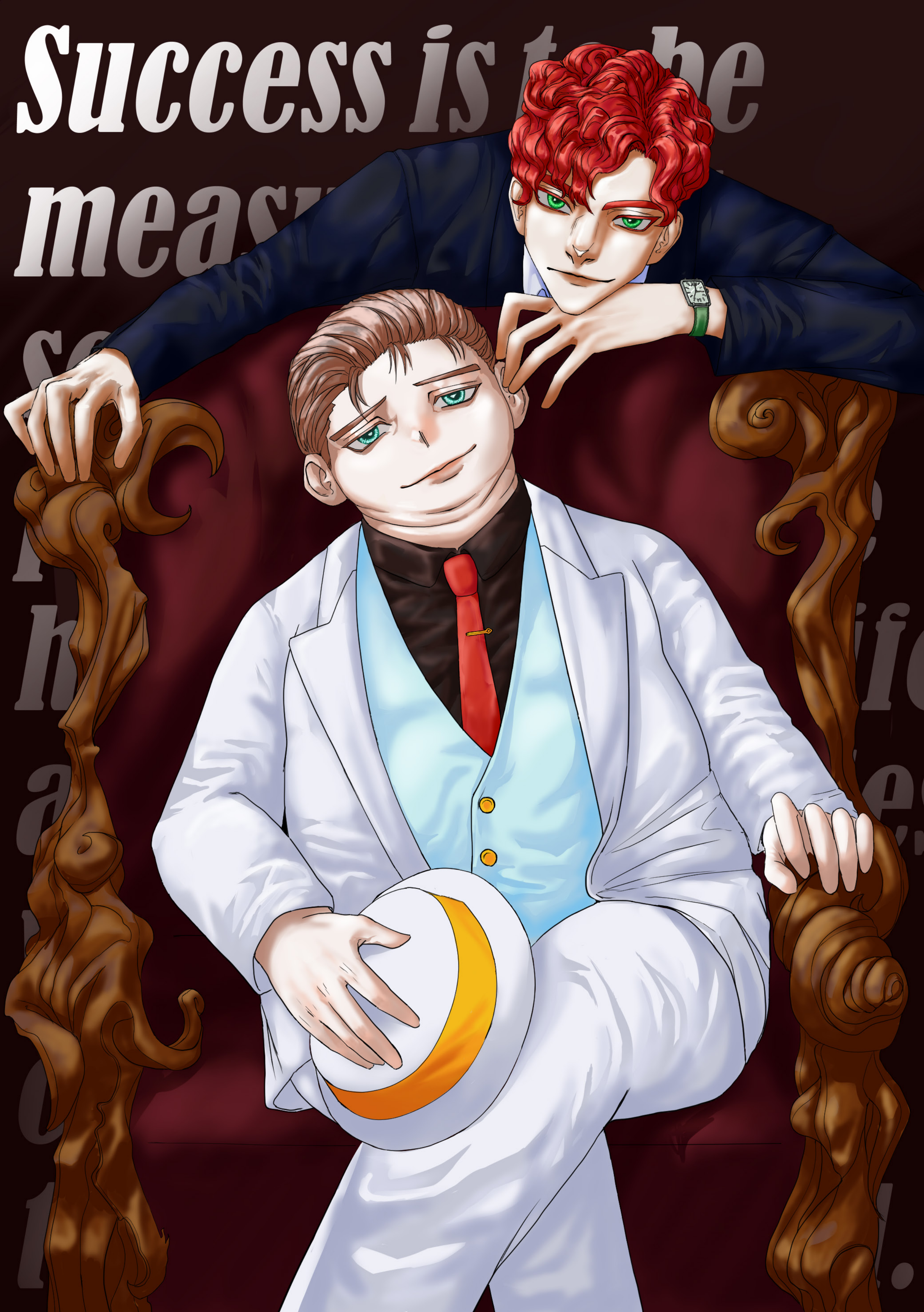

Oh KYLE
THAT'S A YOU PROBLEM!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this is for me now

Cut to the Feeling

Hazel

“Can you fucking believe this, Stan? Cartman and I share all of our classes,” Kyle moans. He’s fourteen and his hair is shorter than it has been since grade school, but his hat still fits snugly on his head. It’s a new one, with fresh fluff that hasn’t yet been matted from wacky adventures or political crises.

“Well, dude, you guys did sign up for all the same classes.” Stan doesn’t care—it’s obvious from his glazed eyes to the coffee he cradles in his gloved hands. Their high school begins class at the terrible time of seven sharp, so they all have to get up too early. It’s only the first day, but Kyle knows Stan is going to become a coffee addict.

Over Kyle’s shoulder, he hears, “Oh, gifted and AP classes, Kahl? That’s so typical, leave it to someone of your class to get ahead when people like Kenny can’t.”

“Cartman,” Kyle seethes. While he just implied several things, Kyle can only respond to one at a time. It’s a verbal trap that Cartman *loves* to set up, and Kyle loathes it. “We have the same classes, so any privilege I might have, you’re also participating in.”

“Oh, no, you see Kahl, since I am from a single-parent, low-income household, I am breaking out of society’s chokehold of the lower class.”

Up ahead, Kenny’s voice, muffled by an old orange hood and knit scarf, pipes up, “You guys know I’m also in your classes, right?”

Kyle's freshman year of high school is bearable only because Wendy also shares his classes, although their Algebra and AP Human Geography classes are switched. The rooms are right next to each other because their small-town school is small as shit, so they always chat between classes. Cartman often lingers and butts in on their conversations, but he's just as likely to get caught up talking to Butters, making evil plans or at least theatrical ones.

In February, that plan is a grand Valentine's performance in front of the entire school. Kyle sits in the cafeteria with Stan and Wendy, sandwich halfway to his mouth, watching.

A few confetti cannons go off, an effect executed by Butters. Cartman stands in the center of a long, rectangular table. Below him, Craig and those guys glare at the performance. He announces, "Happy Valentine's to all our couples and other nontraditional relationships, you are valid!"

"This is so fucking performative," Wendy growls. Luckily, her water bottle is made from eco-friendly materials, so it's only *shaking* in her grip rather than crumpling.

Cartman continues, "I especially want to recognize our gay couple, Tweek and Craig! Let's give it up for Tweek and Craig, everybody!" He starts clapping. Awkwardly, a couple of other people join, like they aren't sure how to react. Craig looks like he might commit a murder (Kyle wouldn't blame him if he did).

Instead, Craig grabs at Cartman's legs, trying to pull him off the table or maybe just trip him. Kyle isn't sure. It's futile; the fat ass weighs too much to fall. He just keeps going, cheering them on for getting through, "the dark times of Mr. Garrison's presidency, that time Tweek had North Korea on his ass, not to mention when that bounty hunter came after Craig in seventh grade—"

Stan asks, "Didn't Tweek kill that guy?"

"Yeah, he caused a vending machine to fall on him," Kyle mutters, not paying Stan much attention. He can't look away from Cartman. It's incredible, watching him do something big and stupid like this—he's got too much personality for anyone to tear their eyes away.

"Plausible deniability," Wendy remarks, "That was smart of him."

"—and god, I know I was worried for you both when Craig was the center of the Peruvian prophecy—"

Craig yells, "We weren't even dating then, you asshole! Get off our table!"

He does not get off their table.

Cartman decked himself out in pink for this one, including a long blush pink overcoat that swirls when he moves. Kyle has to hand it to him, he knows how to work an audience. He keeps looking around, spinning, never lingering too long, so he can maintain a connection with the entire crowd, not just one area. Jimmy hits Cartman with a crutch, ruffling the pink coat.

Distantly, he hears Wendy say, “Oh, Stan, look at him.”

Kyle thinks they might mean Cartman—after all, in his element like this, who can look away from him?

* * *

During tenth grade, he’s lucky; Kyle and Cartman share exactly zero classes. In fact, he sees Cartman before school and at lunch only.

His life gets quieter.

The town feels less hectic. Nothing world-ending occurs. Stan and him hang out on weekends, he studies with Tolkien and Wendy, he competes in Debate and Quiz Bowl, he tutors middle schoolers. It’s busy but simple. Boring, almost, just like living in a small mountain town should be.

In November, he overhears Clyde’s nasally voice talking to Tolkien. “I think Cartman’s still in Italy, dealing with the mafia.”

“Oh yeah, didn’t Butters sell him out during sixth period last week?” Tolkien asks.

Kyle stares into his locker, unmoving, listening.

Clyde answers, “Yeah, I thought he’d be back by now.” He sounds surprised. Is it surprising? Maybe—Cartman’s a fast manipulator, after all. He should have gotten out of there by now.

“I guess he’s more trouble than we thought,” Tolkien says casually. They don’t care—and why should they? Cartman’s an asshole.

Yet, Kyle whips around before he can think about what he’s doing. “Catch me up, What happened to Cartman?”

Tolkien and Clyde exchange uncertain looks, then they both shrug and Clyde says, “Okay, so a couple of weeks ago in Token and Cartman’s AP World class…”

* * *

Recoil is a bitch, or at least that’s what some oddly calm part of Kyle’s mind thinks when his arms snap in at the elbows, pulling the pistol close to his face as blood splatters across the yellow carpet.

“Holy fuck,” Cartman yelps as he rolls away from the Italian man’s body.

Kyle falls to his knees, panting. His eyes are wide open in shock. He's seen death before, sure. He's had blood spray across him several times. He's attempted murder, but he doesn't think he's ever *caused* death before, at least, not so directly. Well–unless he was including that wizard alien creature from when he was a kid. Or that Proud Boy from two summers ago, although he defended that wasn't even manslaughter. He hoped not, at least.

Right, he still has blood on his face. It's warm and sticky, and he's trying not to think about it.

Cartman isn't getting up, and it takes several minutes of shocked silence for Kyle to realize that he's unable to. Right, the mob boss had his goons tie Cartman up.

Slowly, he rises to his feet, stumbling his way over to Cartman. At first, they don't say anything. But Cartman's a bitch, so it's a short time before he starts talking out his ass, anxiety making him ramble. "So, Kyle, your first real kill. Makes you a real man, now. I, uh, I guess I haven't killed someone so *directly* before, but—"

"You said my name right," Kyle notes. He feels…dizzy. Yeah, his mind is fuzzy, probably shock.

"Sorry Kahl, won't happen again. Anyway, thank you for coming to rescue me, these mafia bastards would certainly have used my young body for ill manner, soft and supple as I am."

"I should leave you tied up," Kyle breathes. Annoyingly, he can't muster any vitriol in his voice. He just keeps working at the knots, undoing the loops and easing the ties around Cartman.

Cartman sighs dramatically. "Bet you'd get off on that, you sick soulless ginger."

Kyle has to wonder. For now, he undoes the last knot and helps Cartman to his feet.

His palms are sweaty. It's gross, really, but Kyle holds onto him until they leave the villa, back to the tandem bike he rented to get here. After a few hours of biking with a whining Cartman, at the airport in Bologna ("Make you hungry, fatass?" he teases when they get into the city) and Kyle takes his hand again, just to stay together.

Cartman goes quiet, maybe from all the people. Kyle doesn't mind, it's nice, being able to hear his thoughts for a minute without Cartman's voice butting in.

He does start an argument on the plane, though, just to rile him up again.

It's the gossip of their high school for at least a week—*Kyle went all the way to Italy to save Cartman*—but when Kyle ends up in a Twitter war that becomes a high-speed chase with North Kardashian-Davidson, he stops paying attention to the school gossip. When Cartman leans out of the passenger window and shouts, "Dammit Kahl, drive straight or else I'll shoot her face, not her tires!" he just… stops thinking about what people think of him.

He missed this.

Kyle didn't realize how dull his life had gotten without Cartman. Summer sun burning his pale "daywalker" skin, as Cartman insists on calling him, he feels so alive arguing with the fat bastard.

"Cartman!" He yells through a winded laugh as the sound of plastic cracks against the pavement.

"No!" Cartman shrieks. "You took away my moment, Kyle! Fuck this and fuck you and—goddammit it was my time to shine!"

Kyle stumbles back as Cartman stalks forward. His microphone is now broken, pieces of plastic scattered across the street. In his hand, he holds a long, thin mic stand. In his eyes, rage boils. Actually, they might be glistening. Is Cartman seriously crying over this?

"Cartman," he tries again, calmer this time. "Honestly, I didn't think my broadcast would interrupt your solo. I mean, we were on opposite sides of the pond."

Cartman seethes, "That's a lie and you know it. You *knew* your stupid holier than thou bullshit—"

"Oh come on—"

"No! Let me finish! I planned this whole musical. I ran the auditions. I cast the whole show. I hired the director. All of this, for my fucking Fourth of July solo! And you robbed me of it before Act II!"

Kyle sighs. "Dude, *Mein Herr* is not a song that you arrange all summer to solo. You know the whole joke is to sound like shit, right?"

Cartman scoffs, "Tell that to Liza Minnelli."

Kyle groans and rubs his eyes with his palms. "Look, I'm not going to apologize. Wendy, Stan, and I have been planning a demonstration about fireworks perpetuating racism and nobody was paying any attention. I had to up the ante."

Cartman opens his mouth to reply, but then closes his eyes and shakes his head instead.

"You know what? Screw you Kyle, I'm going home," he drawls with a twirl of his fingers. "And you know what? Though I used to care, I need the open air. I'm better off without you."

That said, Cartman leaves.

Kyle sighs, long and giving up. Despite the argument, that he finishes the line with a content smile, whispering, *"Mein heir."*

Their junior year sees Cartman taking over the Homecoming half-time show with what amounts to a drag show. He somehow got not just Butters, but also Tweek in on it. Kenny, too, is on stage, playing guitar in a green morph suit. Kyle's pretty sure it's so they can edit him to look like random shit on their inevitable TikTok upload. Tweek's on the keys, jamming out but looking altogether nervous to be a part of this performance. Butters was somehow deemed fit for the drums, but at least he looks happy to be there.

Cartman is the star, of course. He's in some god-awful wig and a shimmery silver one-piece outfit that Kyle thinks is supposed to be an homage to Lady Gaga's Superbowl Halftime Show but ends up looking more like a bedazzled sarcastaball player, poorly fitted bra and all.

He sings covers of some of his long-time favorites, which is just a mashup of women in pop music. Kyle has to hand it to him, though, he does do a good job at picking the best from Beyoncé to Britney Spears. Cartman's just finished a moving rendition of Carly Rae Jepsen's "Emotion" when the music dies down. The crowd, which went from confused to cheering over the last several minutes, follows suit. The cheers die down as everyone looks around for answers. Kyle's sitting toward the back of their humble football stands, and since most of his friends are involved with the game, he's stuck sitting with Craig, Jimmy, Timmy, and Heidi, who stopped cheering back in elementary school to focus on her mental health.

"Oh, what the fuck now," Craig drawls.

Cartman comes to center stage, the stage being a dressed-up pop-up set with a lot of sequence, frills, and neon. He takes a deep breath, eyes closed, then looks up and speaks confidently, "This summer, Kyle screwed me over with his pussy ass announcement."

"Oh, come on," Kyle groans.

Jimmy counters, "Well, it was a p-p-pussy ass move, Kyle."

"So I am making my own announcement, just for you Kahl," Cartman says, scanning the crowd. When those cold, blue eyes land on him, Kyle titters nervously. Cartman's voice echoes over the stands, "I hope this ruins your fall semester like you ruined my musical, Kahl."

What he says next does. It feels so monumental, it could ruin the year.

Stan finds Kyle seething in his backyard. He'd run from the football field, of course. When Cartman started… *confessing*, everyone's eyes kept going between Cartman and Kyle, and he just couldn't take the attention. He's usually fine with being at the center of things, but having Cartman sit down to a piano and start playing "Stay With Me" by Sam Smith and somehow insinuating to the entire school that they had gay sex or something—

"Dude, I ran here as soon as the game finished. I can't believe Cartman did that," Stan pants. "I mean, he could've picked a way better Sam Smith song, for one thing. I feel like 'Lay Me Down' might've fit better."

"Stan?"

"Yeah?"

"Shut up."

Stan breathes out coolly. "He really got to you, huh?"

Kyle pulls off his hat and runs his hands through his mop of curls. "He's just trying to manipulate me 'cause he's pissed off about his solo or, or whatever."

Stan rubs the back of his neck. "It was weird man. Everyone was saying—" he cuts himself off. "Do you want to hear this? You might not."

"No, no, go on. I'll hear it eventually."

Stan sighs, "It seemed so real. Almost… genuine."

"You think he was serious?" Kyle spits, glaring at Stan.

Stan just looks back sadly, replying quietly, "Yeah, I do. And I think… dude, after all this time, I think you're freaking out not because you don't want some attention, but because you're scared he's lying."

Kyle scoffs. "Scared? Why?"

"You want him to like you back, the way you like him."

Kyle sucks in a breath. First, his brows shoot up in surprise before his whole face scrunches up in—anger? Disgust? Repugnance? Or—

"Yeah, I thought I was right," Stan says with vindication. He nods to the house. "We should go inside. I mean, this will probably affect how you want to show up at the dance tomorrow night."

Or maybe, just maybe, his face scrunched up in shock that something deep within Kyle has been read so easily. He supposes he has been strangely fulfilled lately, having Cartman back in his life.

He takes a moment to collect himself before taking a deep breath and leveling with Stan, “Alright. If I want to go to the dance tomorrow, I’m gonna need a plan.”

They get to work.

The dance is at Skeeter’s Wine Bar, the wood floor clacking under so many heels. The theme is cherubs and Cupid, so the lights are all red and pink.

Kyle wears a black suit with a red shirt and tie. It’s by no means a statement piece, but he feels bold with the large pop of color. The shirt is Stan’s, the tie is his dad’s from when he was a lawyer in New Jersey, not small-town Colorado. But when Kyle strides across the floor to where Kenny and Butters are standing in a small cluster with Eric Cartman, it’s not the suit he looks at.

“Kahl,” Cartman states. He’s trying to be cool and collected, but his mouth drops a little as his eyes flutter.

It’s probably the red at the inner corner of Kyle’s eyes, deep and intoxicating. At least, that’s how Heidi described it. He’d called her in when he realized he needed some kind of statement look without going too far and ending up letting his inner Jersey out.

“Eric,” he grits out.

Cartman gasps.

Kenny, for his part, wolf whistles before laughing and leaving to find Stan.

“Butters,” Cartman says, “Please leave us for a moment.”

Poor Butters fumbles for a minute before scurrying off to find someone else to bother.

Kyle takes a deep breath. “Did you mean all that, at the game?”

“I don’t know, I would have spoken to you, but I couldn’t seem to find you…”

He rolls his eyes. “Yeah, I really couldn’t stay after all of that. It was… a lot, all at once.”

“So…?” Cartman hesitates.

Kyle is taller than Cartman lately, not by much, but it’s there. He sometimes wonders if Cartman might shoot up as he finishes off his teen years since his dad was a football player and probably a huge dude, but for now, Cartman remains close in height. He’s been psyching himself up for this all day, with a lot of pep talk from Heidi and reassurances from Stan, but he’s ready. He’s never kissed another guy before, never kissed anyone before, but Kyle takes Cartman’s suit jacket in both hands and pulls him forward as Kyle swoops down to meet his lips.

Cartman uses lip balm, strawberry lip balm. For some reason, Kyle expected heavier makeup, but Cartman has always swung between extremes when it comes to gender expression and style. It’s not a deep kiss, but it is a long one. They press lips together for some time while the music thumps around them and the floor pulses with teenagers dancing awkwardly. After hours but only brief minutes connected, buzzing with energy the whole time, Cartman flicks out his tongue. It’s uncertain and curious and inexperienced, but so is Kyle. He does the least tactful thing he can and pulls back breathlessly.

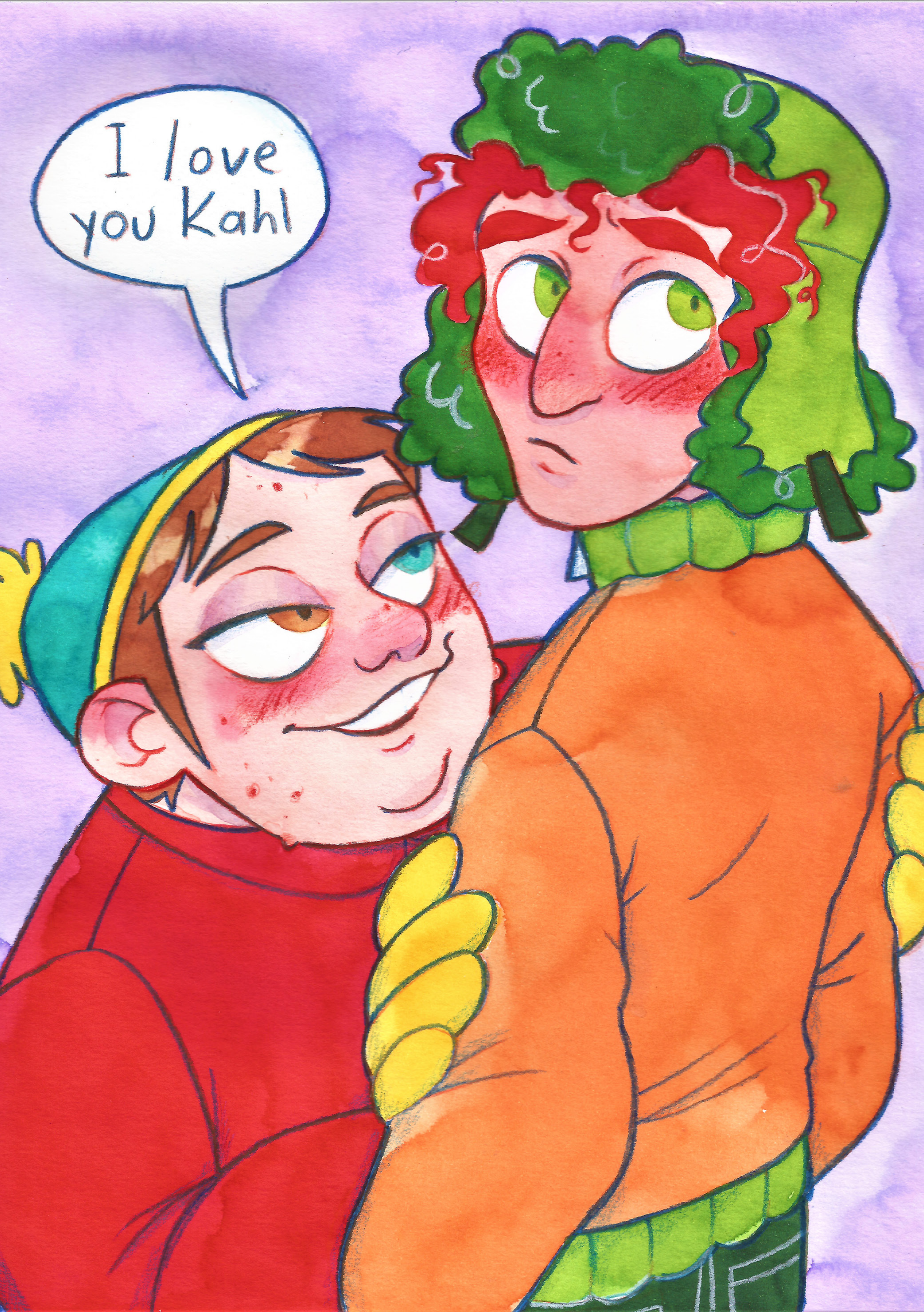
Cartman blinks up at him in wonder. “Kyle,” he whispers.

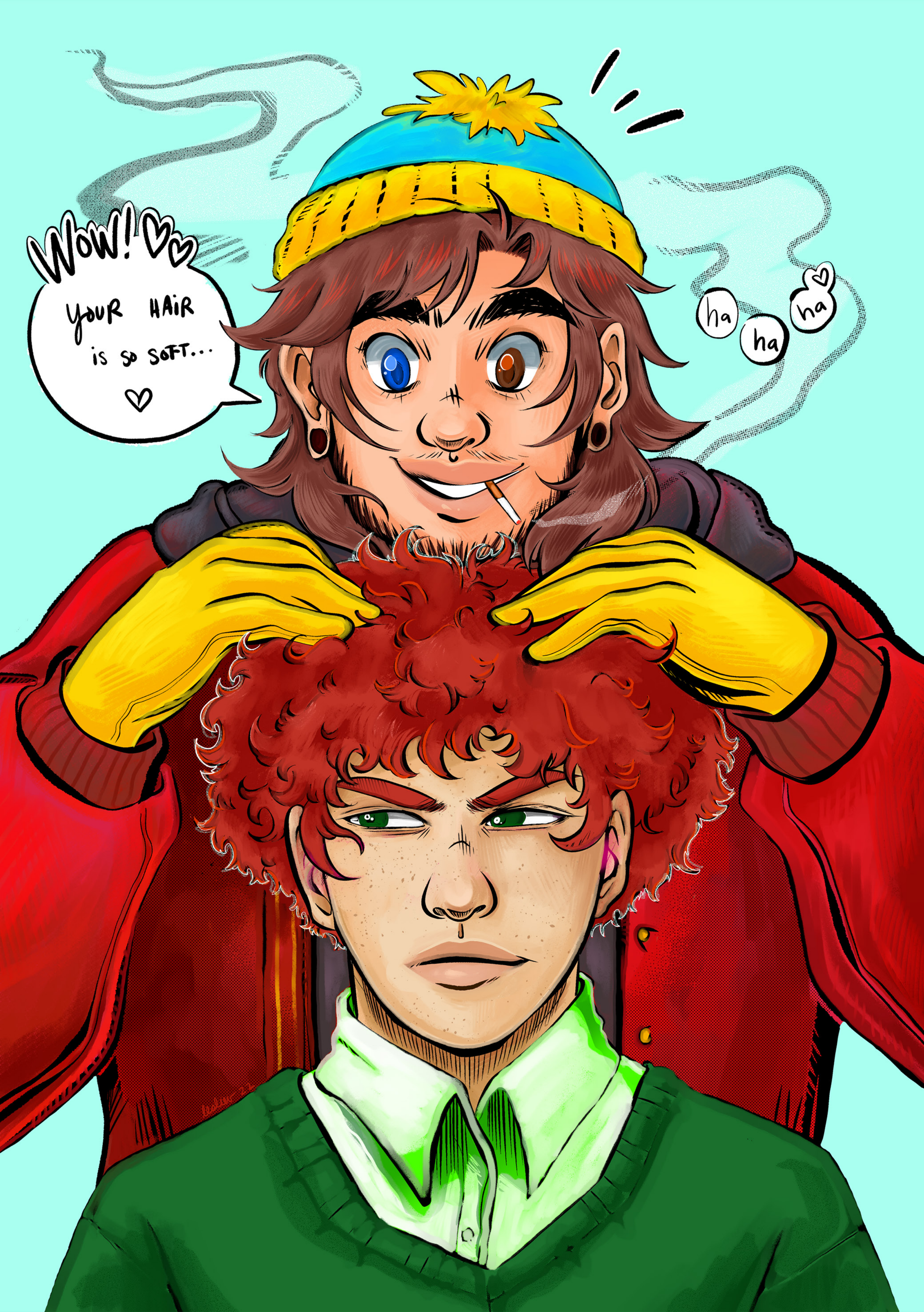
It’s two-syllables, and that’s not normally how he says Kyle’s name. Pink and red lights make his eyes dazzle, and Kyle returns, “Eric.”

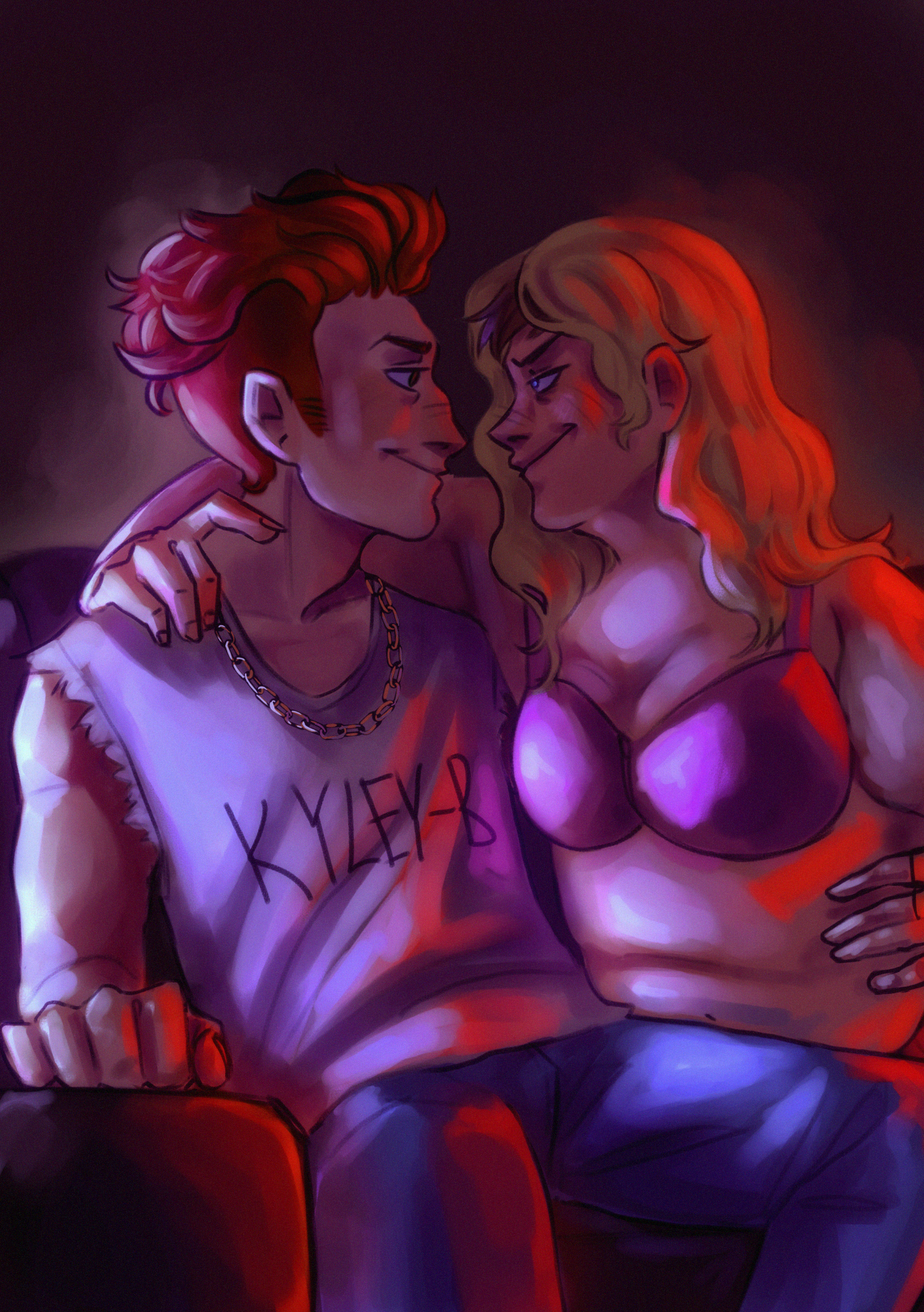
This time, Cartman—Eric, surges forward for Kyle’s lips.

If this is how they’re getting started, the rest of high school is going to be *incredible*.

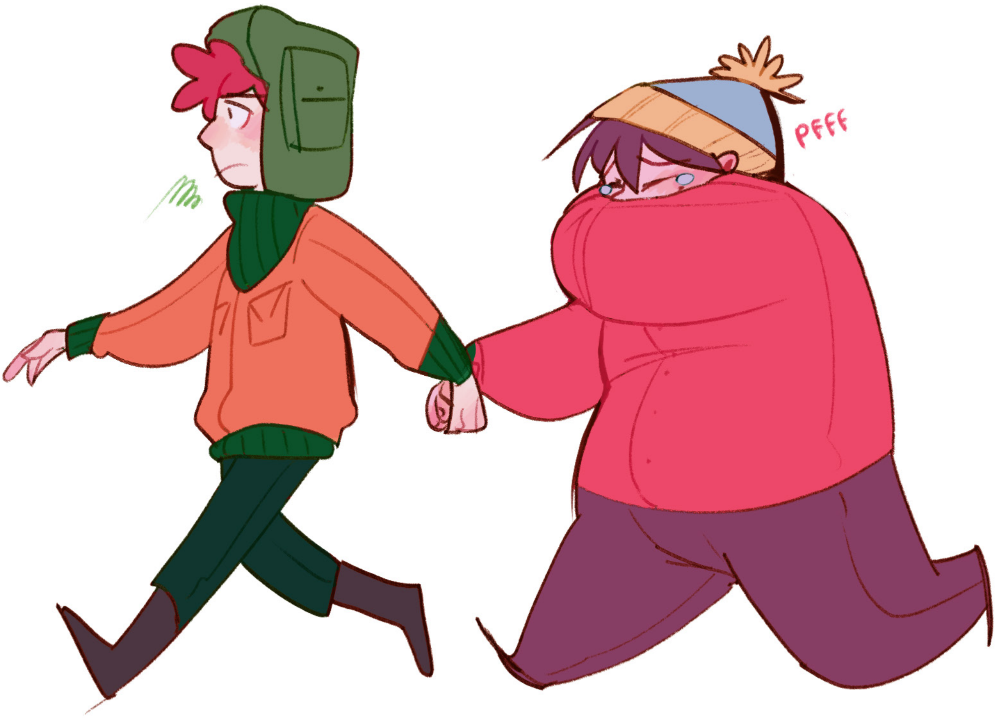
APOID_00
APOID_00


I love you Kahl


WOW! ♡♡
YOUR HAIR is SO SOFT... ♡
ha ha ha ♡


KYLEY-B

♡ I HATE YOU ♡



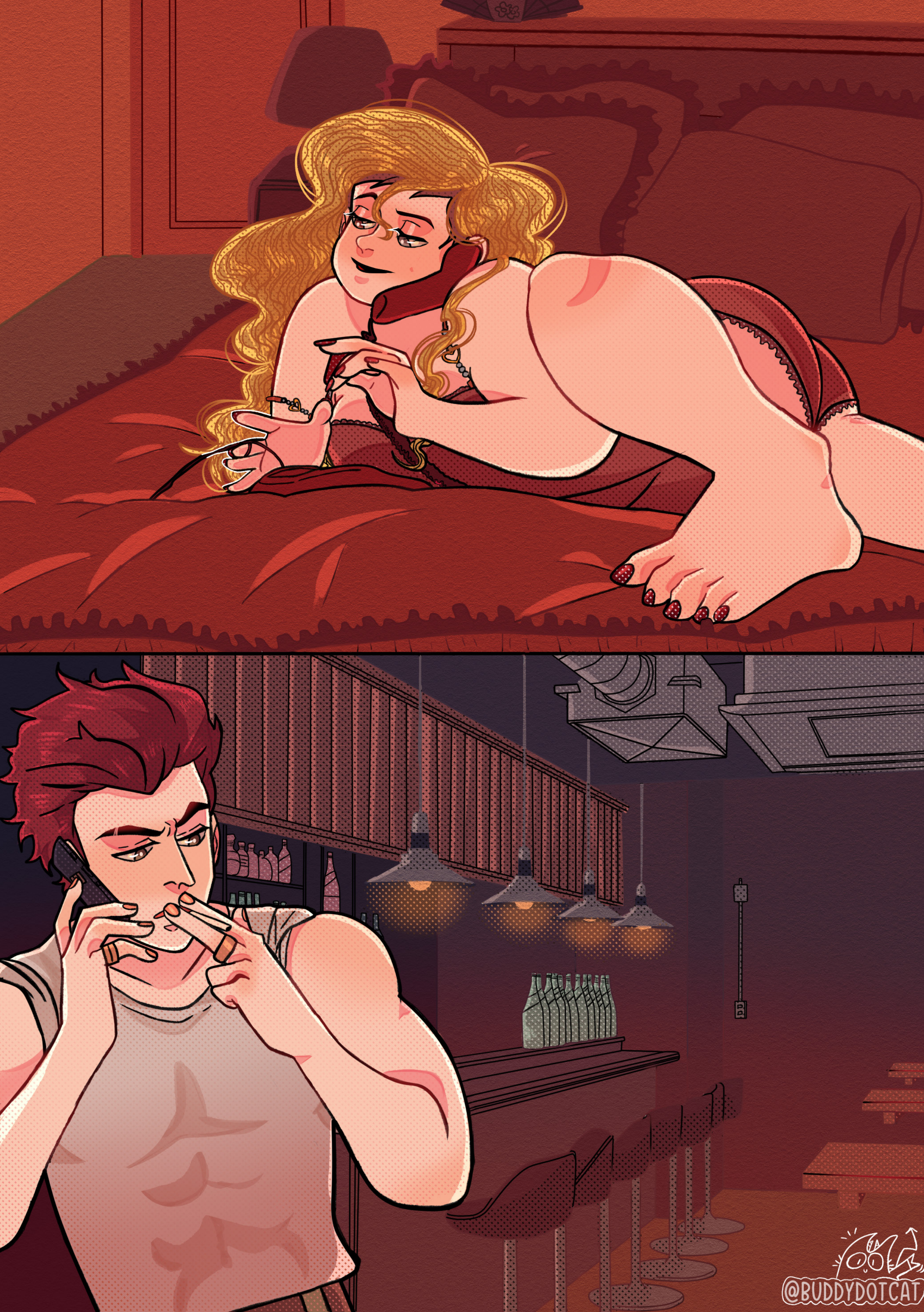
♡ YOU'RE WELCOME ♡

Kyle
@Buski
CarTman
CarTman Burger

@a_weird_gaything

A © weird Lgaything

Melon Pyon Pyon



@BUDDYDOTCAT

9
3
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BEAUTY
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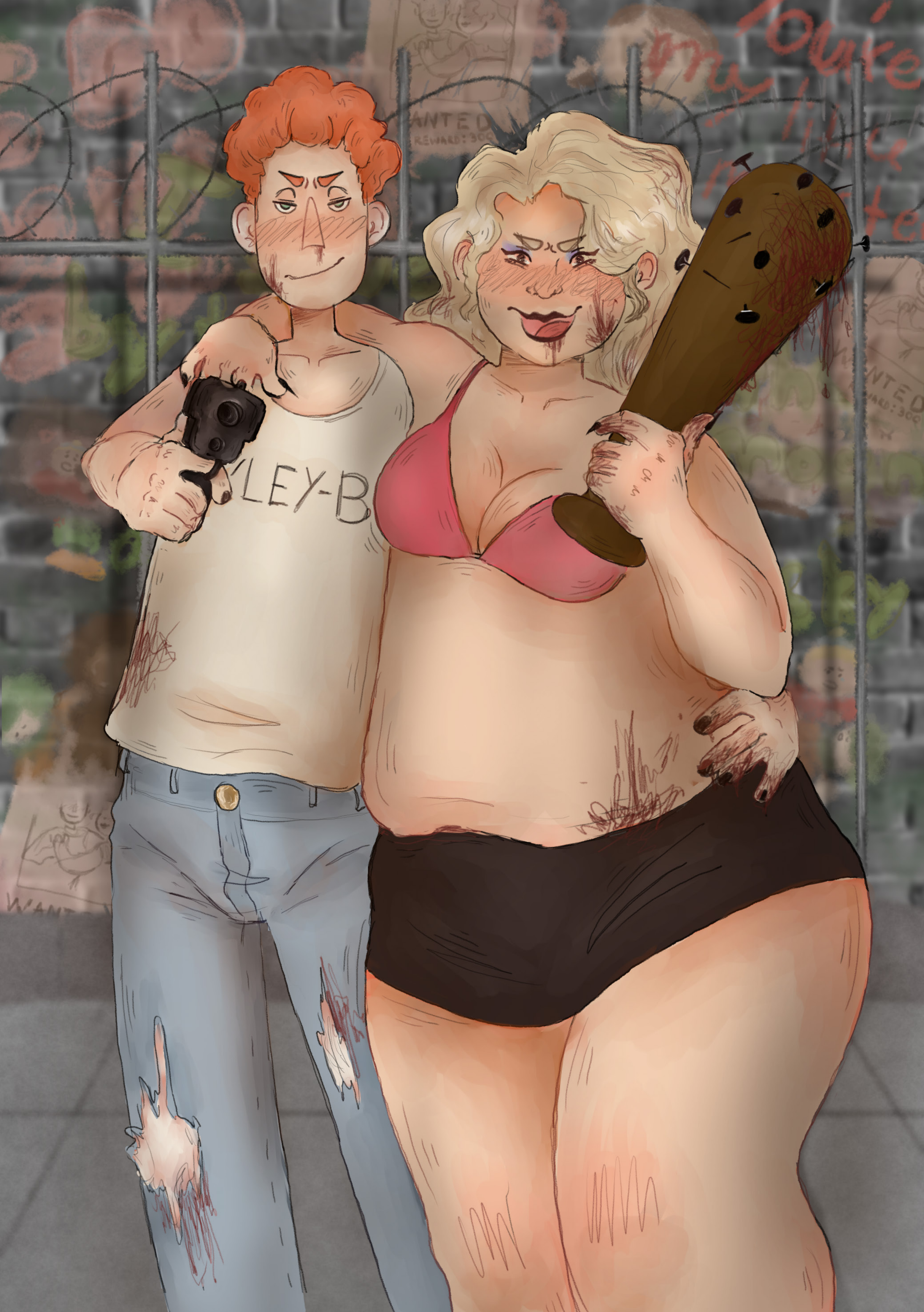
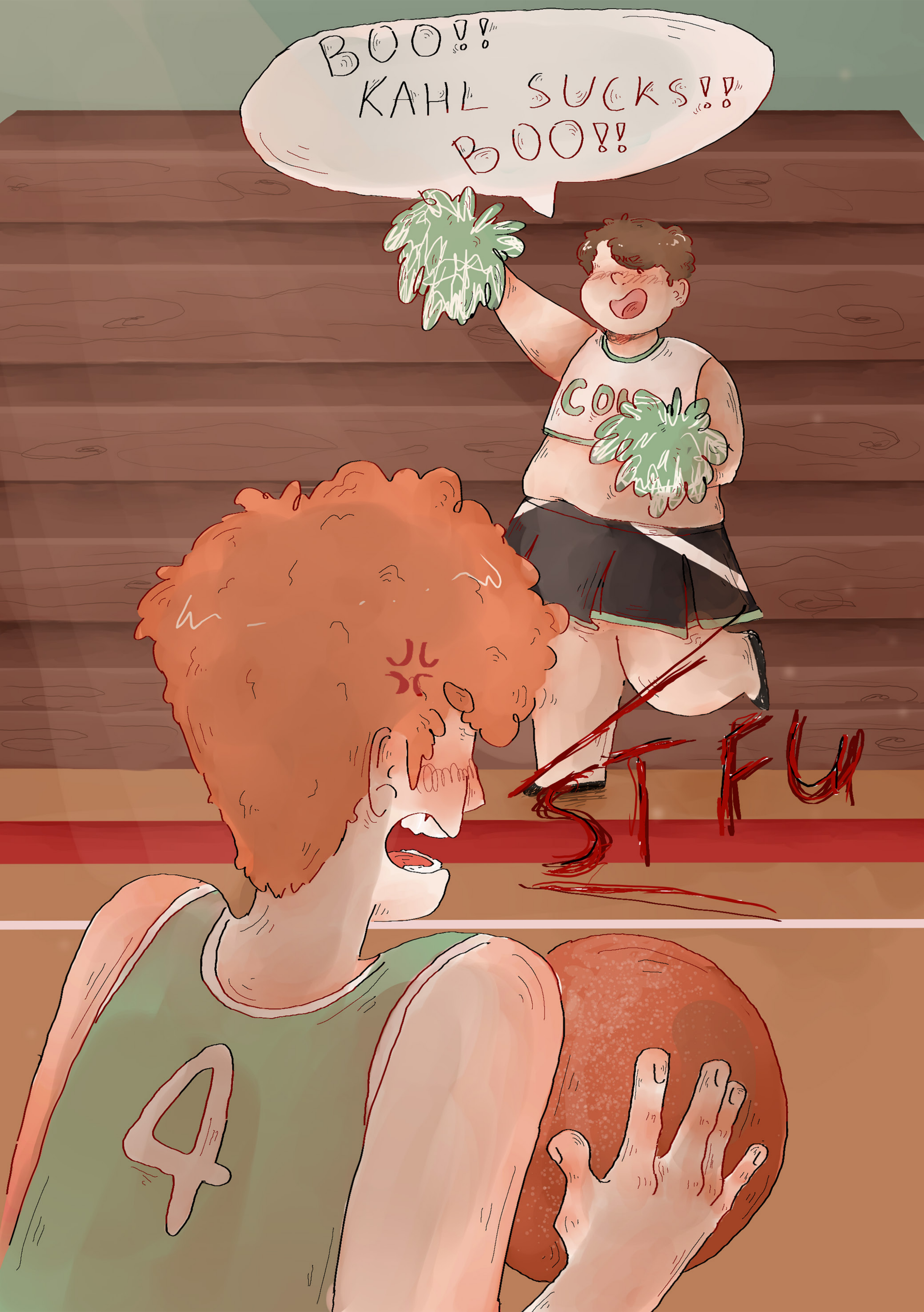
@YULI_UWUWU


You're
my
little
WANTED
REWARD: 300
WANTED
REWARD: 300
YLEY-B


BOO!!
KAHL SUCKS!!
BOO!!
CO
STFU
4

OLD JAMS
Mix Vol 69
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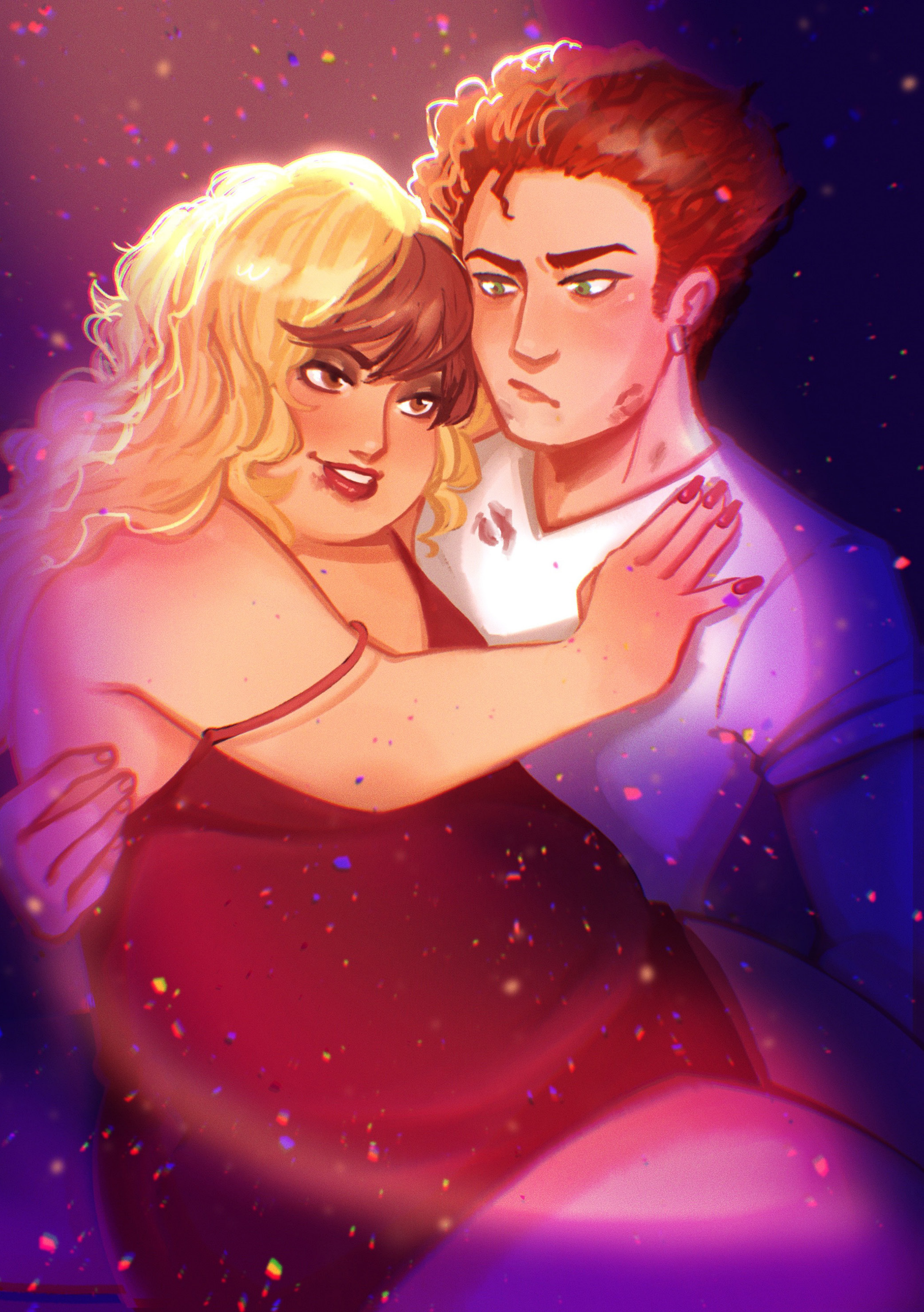
mix

BRAVE
LOVERS



Send Me a Guide

Alex

Restless in his bed one night, Kyle, age 30, stares up at the ceiling. He flips over in bed, turning to face the window; the same window he has always stared out of, ever since he was a little boy. The room is different now, of course, but the window stays the same.

Once upon a time, Kyle did escape South Park, moving to the east coast for college. But because of the pandemic, Kyle moved back home. This didn't bother him, unlike most of his friends, he liked his family. He was always aware of his privilege and was grateful for having a warm home, parents that actually got along, and a brother with whom he always had a great bond. On top of that, many of his friends remained in South Park as well. Though things were never the same between him, Stan, Cartman, and Kenny. As South Park strayed farther and farther from the quiet mountain town it once was, one by one everyone Kyle knew began to leave. Kyle, however, was stuck. His parents had left him the house and Ike went on his own path.

The moonlight shines on Kyle's face as he stares out at the stars; a weight begins to grow in his chest. Haunted by memories of his childhood, he begs the hollow feeling to go away. Painfully nostalgic flashes of sneaking out with his friends plague his mind. Kyle even starts to miss Cartman, and those nights he would wake up to him standing in his room. At the time, it always annoyed him; reflecting now, he can't remember the last time he was so important to someone.

That realization stings his heart, he has never felt so alone. In a moment of desperation, "God? Are you there? I—" He hesitates, feeling silly for talking out loud to himself, "I don't know what I'm doing with my life. *Please…*" Kyle stares out, "Send me a guide?"

He continues to stare out the window and up at the sky, waiting for a response. He waits and waits until, suddenly, he is fast asleep, a hand extended out towards the window.

* * *

The next morning, Kyle awakens to his doorbell ringing. Groggily, he ascends down the stairs and opens the front door— and sitting on the ground, is a letter. Kyle bends down to pick up the envelope. He reads the return address:

"South Park Synagogue?" Kyle flips it back over and tears it open. To his surprise, inside was an invitation! His parents were much more devout than he, so Kyle figured they wanted him to get involved more, too. Kyle's heart began to race, he looked towards the sky, scanning for any sign of an omnipresent being. He looked back at the invitation,

> *"Shalom Mr. Broflovski,*
>
> *We here at the South Park Synagogue wanted to extend an invitation to you to join us for Shabbat this weekend. Your parents were a big part of our community, and we would love your presence. Please consider.*
>
> *Lehitraot,*
>
> *Rabbi Schwartz"*

Kyle stares at the words on the page. A wave of excitement washes over him. This was the sign he was looking for, he always felt disconnected from his faith. Maybe this was the push he needed. It was decided then- Kyle was going to put on his best clothes and party with the Jews.

* * *

Saturday morning, Kyle walks across town to the Synagogue and spots others wearing yarmulkes. The sight of his fellow Semites made his chest swell with a pride he has not felt for a long time. He grips the invitation in his hand, tight.

As the building comes into sight, Kyle shrinks at its intimidating size- he has not been here in well over 15 years. He watches as families head inside, a sudden sense of imposter syndrome stops him.

Kyle glances at the letter in his hand. he may not remember any prayers, but he was *personally* invited here. He scans the words on the page over and over again, double-checking they want *him* here. Taking a deep breath, Kyle smiles through his anxiety and heads inside.

Kyle glances around the congregation to see what has changed, or rather, what has not changed. He determines that although the people in attendance have transformed, the room itself has not. The dust on the walls proves that.

Suddenly, a familiar flash catches Kyle's eye, he follows the familiar color. *Is that? No- No it can't be. I'm going crazy!* Kyle rubs his eyes hard, trying to wipe away reality. When he opened his eyes again he studies the person with a teal yarmulke.

Eric Cartman?!

Kyle's jaw drops. The warm feeling of community dissolves into tension as it spreads across his whole body. Flabbergasted at the sight of his childhood nemesis, he crushes the invitation in his hand. Cartman, the one who bullied him for being Jewish, sitting in *HIS* place of worship?! Kyle was about to stand up and confront his former foe when Rabbi Schwartz began to speak.

Kyle may have been forced to contain himself for now, but he could not help but boil at the thought of Eric Cartman disrespecting his people's sacred place. *What the hell is HE doing here?!* Kyle grumbles in his seat, so absorbed in his anger that he doesn't notice when the morning prayers are finished. He snaps back into reality when everyone around him begins to leave.

From the corner of his eye, he sees Cartman move; immediately, he shoots up and follows after. Kyle kept his distance until they both leave the building. Now outside, with clenched teeth, Kyle walks up behind Cartman and forcefully spins him around.

"Woah! Excuse me—" Cartman spoke in an uncanny polite tone, the spin had caused his glasses to fall off his face. As he adjusts his lenses back into place, Cartman is able to look his old foe in the eyes, "Kyle? Oh my— Hello! So good to see you!"

Kyle was taken aback by his happy demeanor. Did he not realize the irony of the situation? The hypocrisy? Cartman's laissez-faire attitude egged Kyle on more, "What do you think you're doing here?"

"Well, what do you mean, Kyle? I was here for the service. I'll be back tonight too, I love a good Havdalah." Cartman spoke with a fruity innocence, it only sent Kyle further into confusion and fluster.

"You know what I mean, fat ass!" Kyle calms himself down as he notices more eyes turning toward him, "Since when are you Jewish?"

Cartman gave a small laugh and waved his hand in dismissal, "Oh, no. I'm not Jewish yet, Firefly. You see, I'm in the process of—"

"I don't give a shit what process you're in!" Interrupting in a hushed tone, Kyle's face stuns for a moment as he processes the nickname Cartman just gave him, "What I want to know is WHY you're here. Did you come back just to torment me?!"

Cartman gave a big belly laugh, "Oh— Oh, Kyle! That's hilarious. Why would I do that?"

Kyle's face flushed with anger, "You KNOW why! Because you hate me, and you hate

Jews!”

“I see. Well, Kyle, I don’t hate you.” Cartman adjusts his glasses and shifts to a conflict resolution tone, “I’m actually really happy to see you again. I was wondering where you might be.” He reaches out an apologetic hand, gingerly placing it on Kyle’s shoulder.

Bitterly, as Kyle pushes Cartman’s hand off of him, “So, after 20 years you decide to become Jewish to what, make it up to me?”

Cartman’s eyes softened, a small smile appearing on his face, Kyle cannot decipher how sincere he is being. “Same old Kyle. My world doesn’t revolve around you, ya know? Can a man not be nostalgic for his old friend?”

Stunned, Kyle stared at Cartman, “*Doesn’t revolve*— Cartman, we haven’t spoken since we were eight. You leave South Park. You come back here, I’m sure, *knowing* I’m here, as a ‘jew’. Then you try to tell me your world *DOESN’T* revolve around me.” Kyle pauses for a reaction, except Cartman simply nods attentively. Pushing more, Kyle continues, “And don’t even get me started on that… name you called me!”

“Oh, Firefly?” The bigger man placed his hand curiously under his chin.

Kyle’s eyes set ablaze, “Don’t call me that.”

Cartman smacked his lips together and averted his eyes, “I’ve actually called you that for a long time. This is just the first time *in front* of you.” Kyle rolled his eyes, “As for your other concerns, I’ve been coming here for a few months now. And before that, I’ve been practicing for almost a year.”

“Where do you even live?” The ginger wraps his arms defensively against his chest.

“About 40 minutes west of here.”

“You drive *forty* minutes? Here? To a Synagogue? In *South Park?*” Kyle deadpans.

“What’s wrong with South Park? You live here, don’t you?”

Kyle’s stature deflated, “Well *yeah*.” he exasperates, “But that’s just because I have my family’s house already. If I had the option, I wouldn’t be here. You and everyone else were smart enough to leave. The *one* smart thing you’ve done.”

Cartman closes his eyes and nods, clasping his hands together, he brings his fingers to his mouth and sighs, “I miss it here sometimes.” Eric turns his head back towards the Synagogue, “There’s a very nice temple where I live, but every Friday I make the drive down. I can’t think of a better place to practice my faith than at home.”

Kyle uncrosses his arms and rolls his eyes, Cartman notices and speaks again, “I know what you’re thinking Kyle. ‘What is this fat antisemite from my childhood doing here?’ I know you probably don’t believe that I’ve changed, and you are entitled to that. But I promise you, Kyle, I have changed. Or, I am trying to." Cartman tries again to lay a gentle hand on Kyle, this time the taller man lets him, "I have found real meaning in the Torah, and I just recently have been working with Rabbi Schwartz to convert."

Kyle wanted to be angry. Kyle *is* angry, "What gives you the right?"

With a bit of spite, Cartman removes his hands and bites back, "It's not like I've been seeing you, Kyle. How are you going to critique me for my faith when I bet the last time you read from the Torah was on your 13th birthday."

Silence consumes Kyle. Cartman had backed him into a corner, worse yet, *he was right,* "You don't just *become* Jewish. What could you have to gain from the Torah?" Kyle is too absorbed in his feelings to notice the feel of Cartman's hands grasping his own, with his thumb gently moving back and forth.

"Well so far, Kyle: Guidance, morals, community. I have put in real effort to better myself" Eric's words spoke to Kyle, no matter how much Kyle longed to be angry, he could not help but relate to Eric at this moment. Cartman continues, giving Kyle's hand a squeeze, "That's also why I asked Rabbi Schwartz to invite you this weekend."

"You—?!" Kyle looks down and notices Cartman's hands gripping his own.

Before he could pull away, Cartman speaks again, "I meant it when I said I was happy to see you, Kyle. I understand that you're not as happy to see me. I wouldn't be, either." Kyle stares in disbelief, "The truth is, Kyle, I need you. And I don't say that lightly. When I think of the person I want to become, I think of you. I admire your family, your faith, your resolve, your compassion for others, for *me*—"

This time, Kyle manages to pull back, "Stop."

"You're right, Kyle, I do want to make it up to you." Eric persisted.

"Stop, Cartman." Kyle shut his eyes tight, trying to block out reality.

"I can't stop. I've been coming down here for months *waiting* to see you. Admit it, Kyle, you need me too. You need this faith as much as I do. Why did you come this weekend, huh? Don't tell me one invitation changed your mind after all these years to come back."

"This isn't! This wasn't how this was supposed to go." Kyle's face contorts with disappointment.

"How what was supposed to go, Kyle?"

Anger bursts, "*THIS!*" Kyle flails his arms, gesturing to the two of them.

Eric is confused, "Firefly, I want to help you, but I have no clue what you're talking about—"

"STOP IT!" Kyle shouts. There is a loud pause after Kyle shouts, he remembers where he is and drags Cartman off, away from the Synagogue. Eventually, Kyle drops Cartman's arm, and they walk in silence. Eric patiently follows, Kyle wonders if he's biting his tongue back to say something, or maybe Cartman has finally learned when to shut up.

They reach Kyle's front door, Kyle walks up, unlocks the door, and holds it open for Cartman, "Please, come in." speaking with gritted teeth.

"My pleasure." Eric bows his head before stepping in, "You keep a very lovely home, Kyle."

Kyle grimaces as he shuts the door, "Thanks." mumbling.

"Kyle—"

"Cartman—"

They both share a small laugh at the interruption and reset. Cartman gestures to Kyle to speak.

The ginger takes in a deep breath, letting his chest puff up with air. He holds his breath for a moment before releasing, "Cartman— *I* was supposed to help *you*." Cartman stands confused, but lets Kyle continue, "I tried so hard, Cartman. *So hard*… To help you. I wanted to fix you, as much as I pushed you and hated you, I wanted to be the one to break you and help you grow into the person I knew you could be."

"I know Kyle," Cartman attempts to cut in.

"But then—" Kyle continues, letting out a more frustrated sigh, "But then, I see you now, and you have fixed yourself." Laughing as he hears himself, "And worse yet! You want to help *me!*"

Cartman steps forward to Kyle and places a hand on his shoulder, giving him a comforting squeeze, "Kyle, I'm sorry."

Kyle laughs again, "And the worst part, fat ass? Because *of course* it gets worse."

"Tell me."

Kyle looks into Eric's eyes, his face is broken and tired. He tries to stay strong, hating showing such weakness, his mouth in a battle with itself to hold a smile, "I think… I *need you* to help me."

Kyle holds Eric's gaze for an eternity, he does not have the willpower to look away nor the strength to speak more. Kyle takes in a big breath once more; defeated, he sighs out, "I failed. How could you grow up to be a better version of myself, that I couldn't even do?"

Eric can't help but smile hearing Kyle say he needs him, he places both hands on Kyle's arms, “Because, I had you to think of.” Eric takes in a breath of his own, not wanting to admit this next thought, “I said before that my world doesn’t revolve around you, but you’re right Kyle. It did, it does, and it will continue to. That’s why I came here. I need you too. I wanted to prove to you that I listened, I took your advice, and your morals, and found meaning. I would be honored to help you, Firefly.”

“You’re so stubborn. I guess it’s better than Jew.”

Cartman smiles wide, he moves his hands to Kyle’s chest, caressing and adjusting his lapel, “I figured as an aspiring Jew, I should stop the jokes. I’ve matured.” Eric takes a hand and ruffles Kyle’s red locks.

Kyle blushed, since when was Cartman so compassionate? Or has he just gone without the touch of another human being for too long?

“Well…” Kyle clears his throat, breaking the tension, “I guess we should be getting back for the rest of Shabbat.”

Cartman takes a glance at his watch, “Don’t want to miss the afternoon prayers.”

“I need to catch up on a lot” Kyle laughed, a silence fell between them as his laugh fades out, “When do you go home?”

“Usually after the service. When Shabbat is over.”

“What do you do on Fridays?”

“I get a room at an Inn before sunset and stay the night there.”

Kyle nods, “Ah, well. Cartman— Eric,” He corrects himself, “It’s just me in this house, Ike still has his bedroom set up. You’re more than welcome to stay with me. Ya know— to save money.”

“I guess if I’m going to become a Jew, I should be a little more stingy.” Eric smirked.

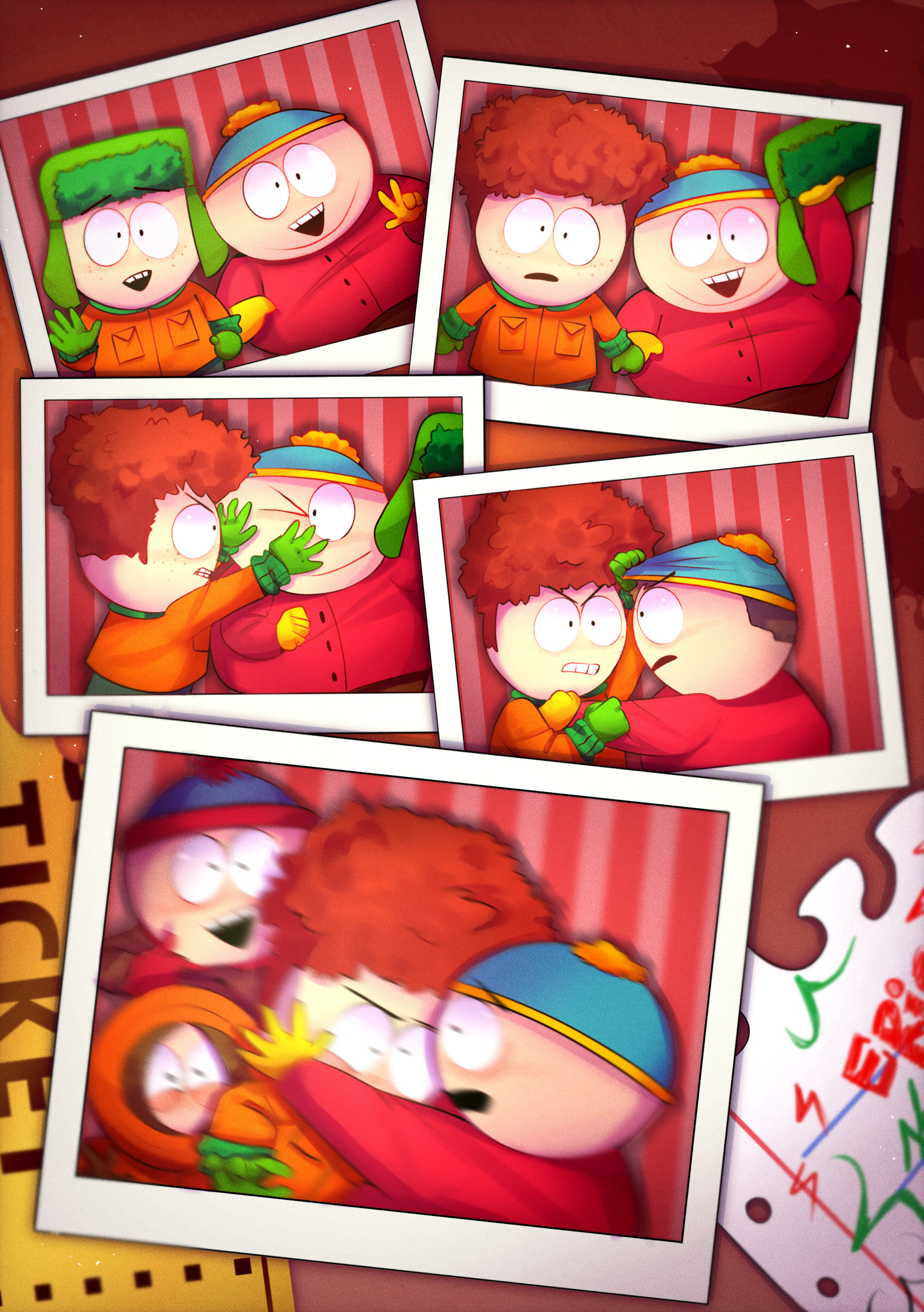
Kyle rolls his eyes with a smile, “I thought you matured from Jew jokes?”

Eric’s smirk turns sinister, “Sorry Kyle, I guess you just bring out the worst in me.”

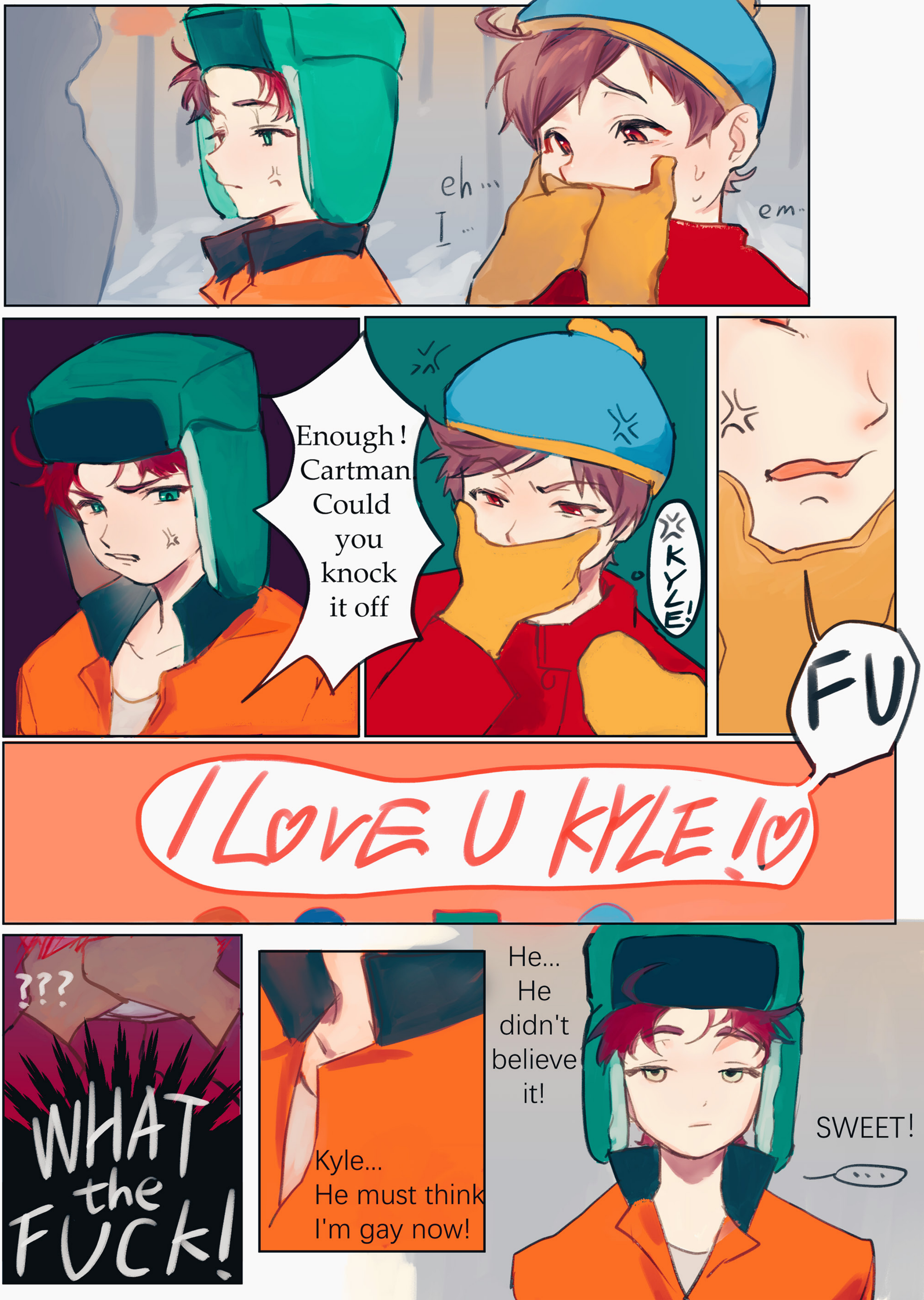
“Well,” Kyle attempts to act suave, “We’ll just need to help each other with that.”

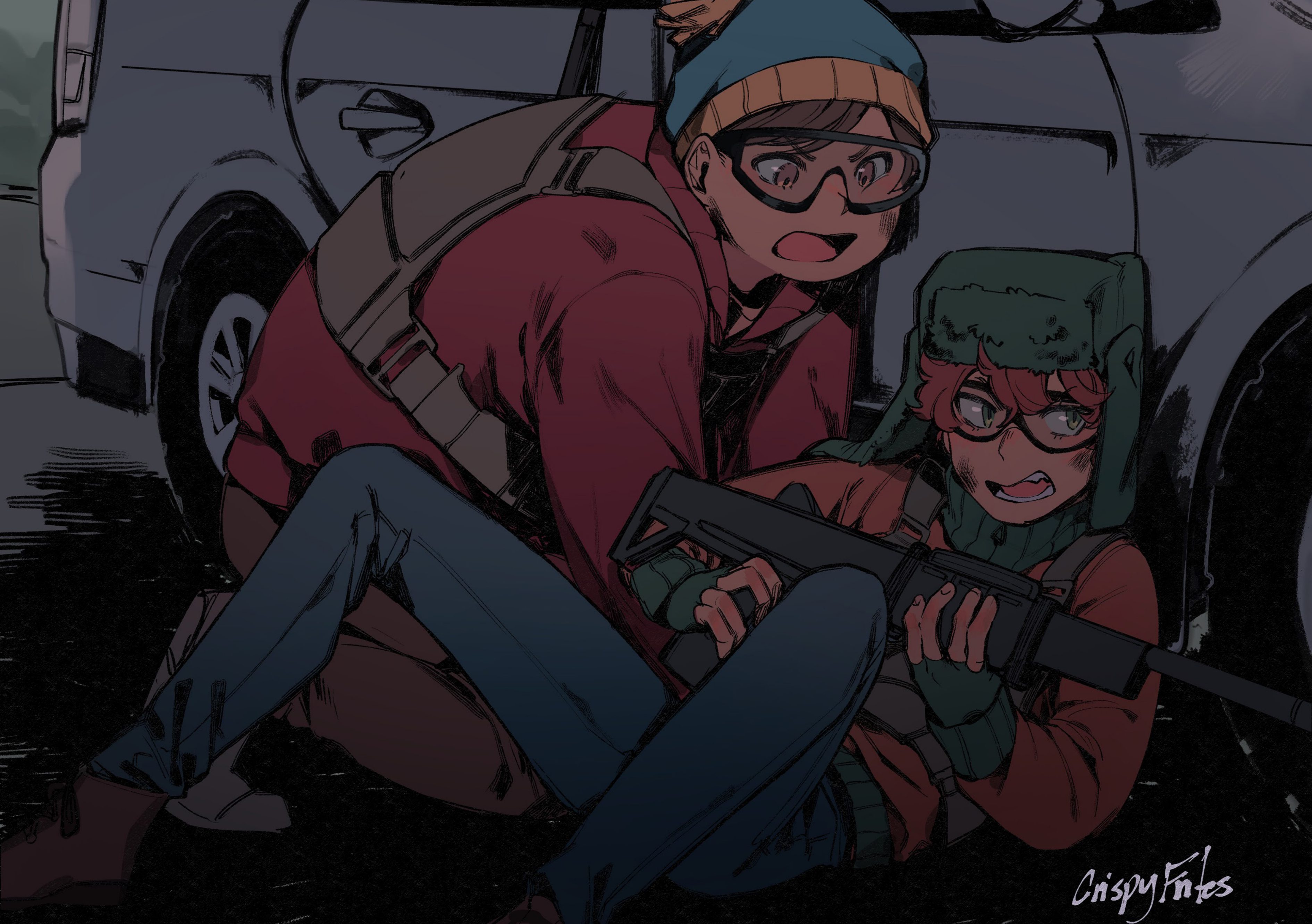
They share a moment, staring into each other’s eyes, both smiling, “I’d like that very much, Firefly.”

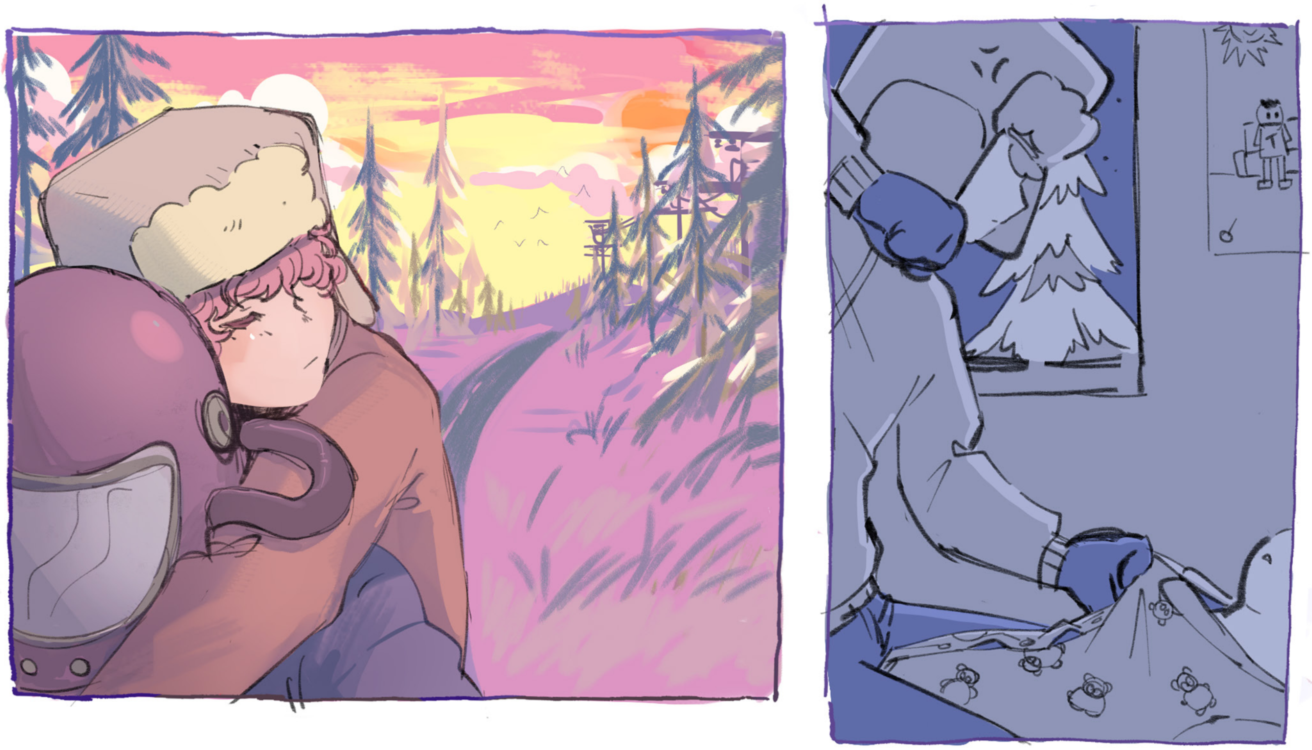
dark
brown


TICKET

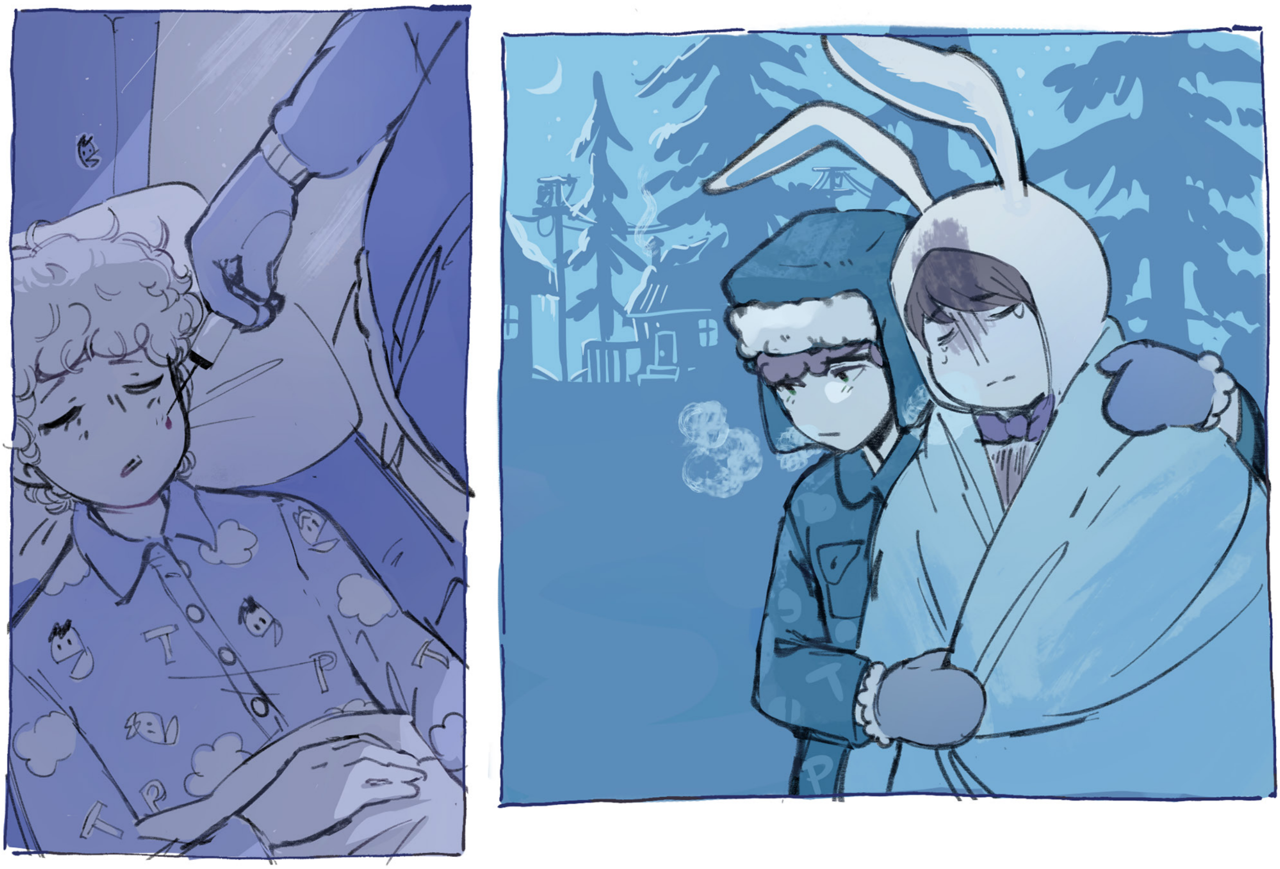
Cartman can't control himself

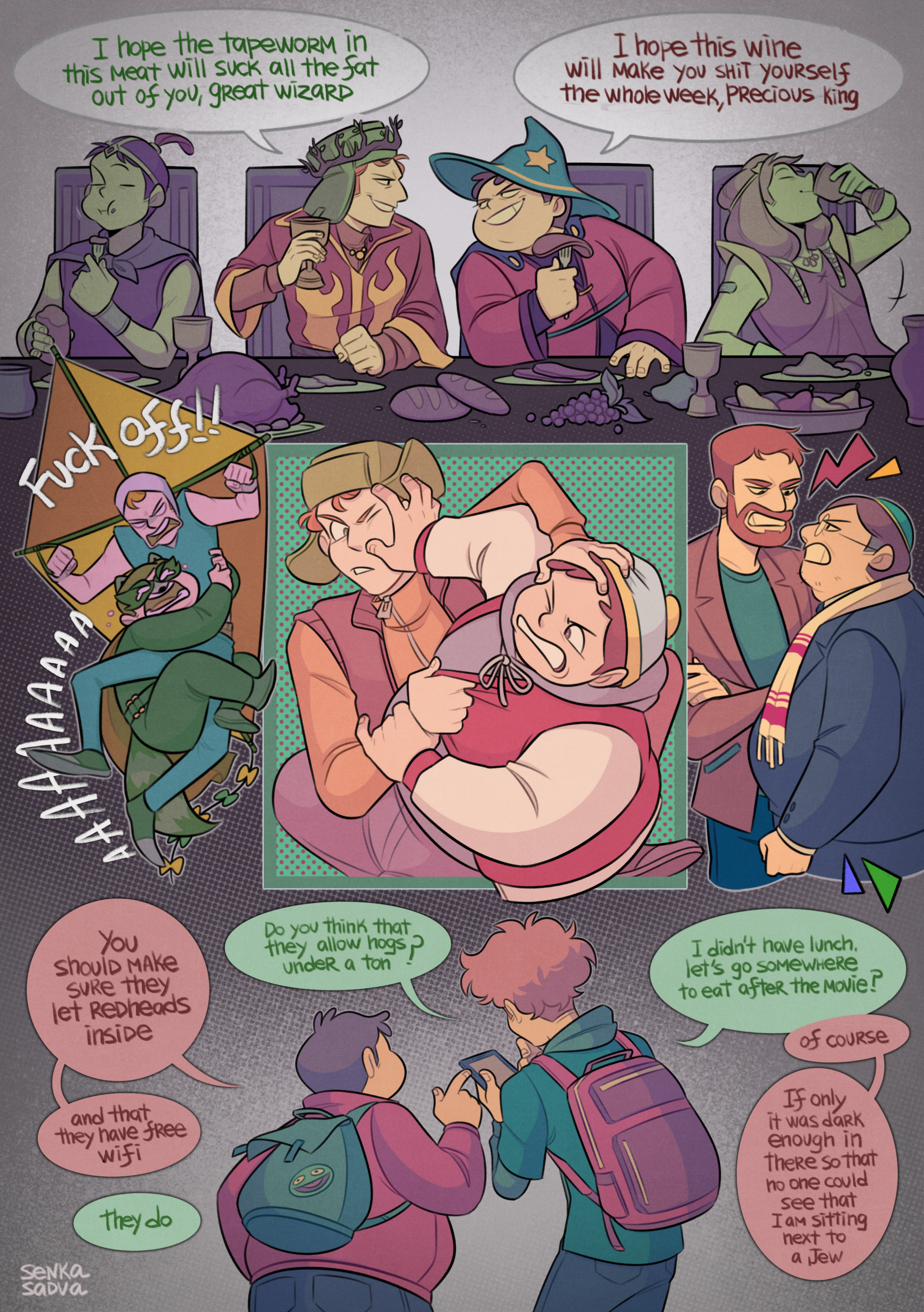

eh... I...
em..
Enough! Cartman Could you knock it off
KYLE!
FU
I LOVE U KYLE !♡
???
WHAT the FUCK!
Kyle... He must think I'm gay now!
He... He didn't believe it!
SWEET!
...

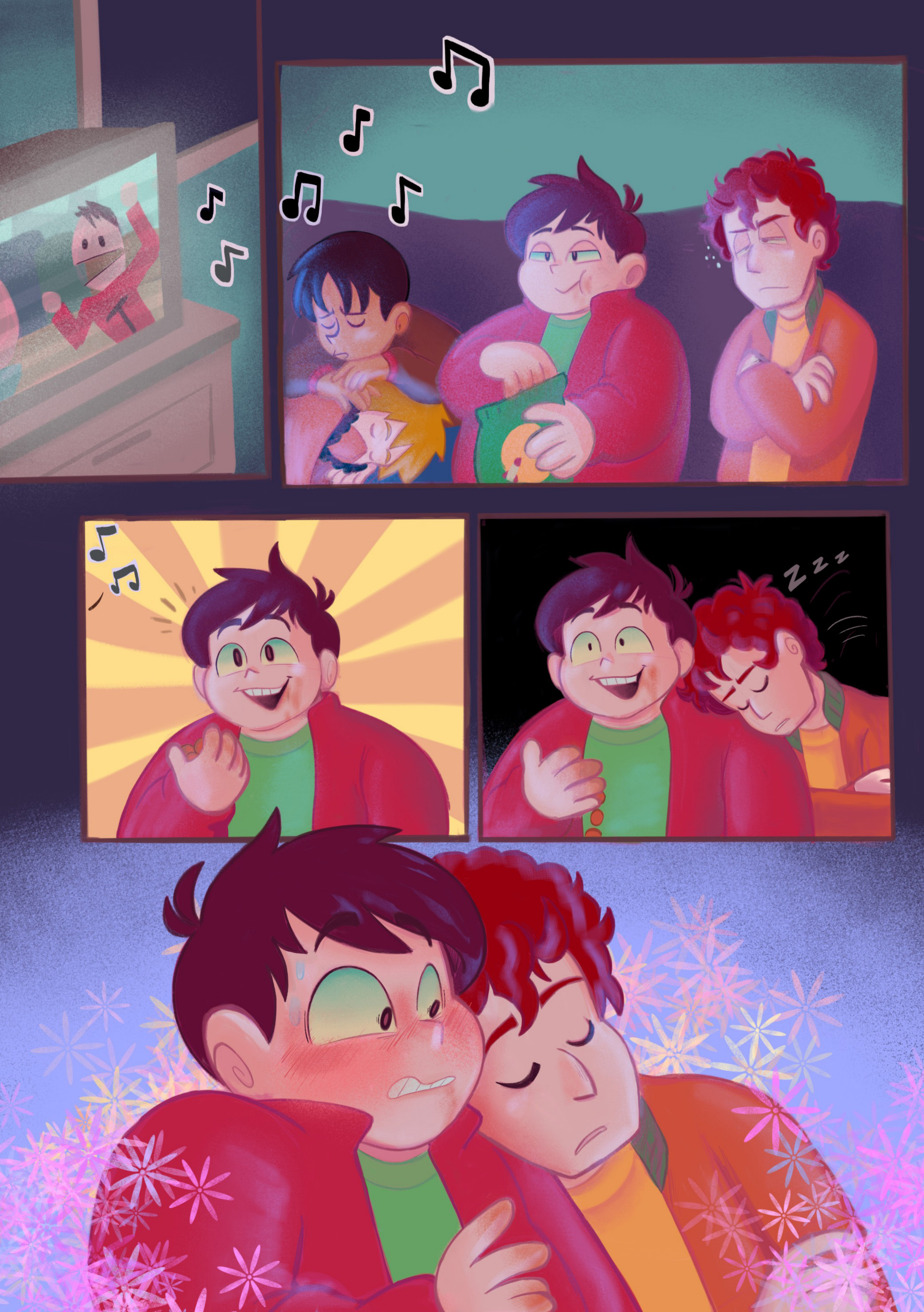

CrispyFrites



"You're my little monster."




I hope the tapeworm in this meat will suck all the fat out of you, great wizard
I hope this wine will make you shit yourself the whole week, precious king
Fuck off!!
AAAAAAAAAAAAAA
Do you think that they allow hogs under a ton?
You should make sure they let redheads inside
and that they have free wifi
they do
I didn't have lunch. let's go somewhere to eat after the movie?
of course
If only it was dark enough in there so that no one could see that I am sitting next to a Jew
senka sadva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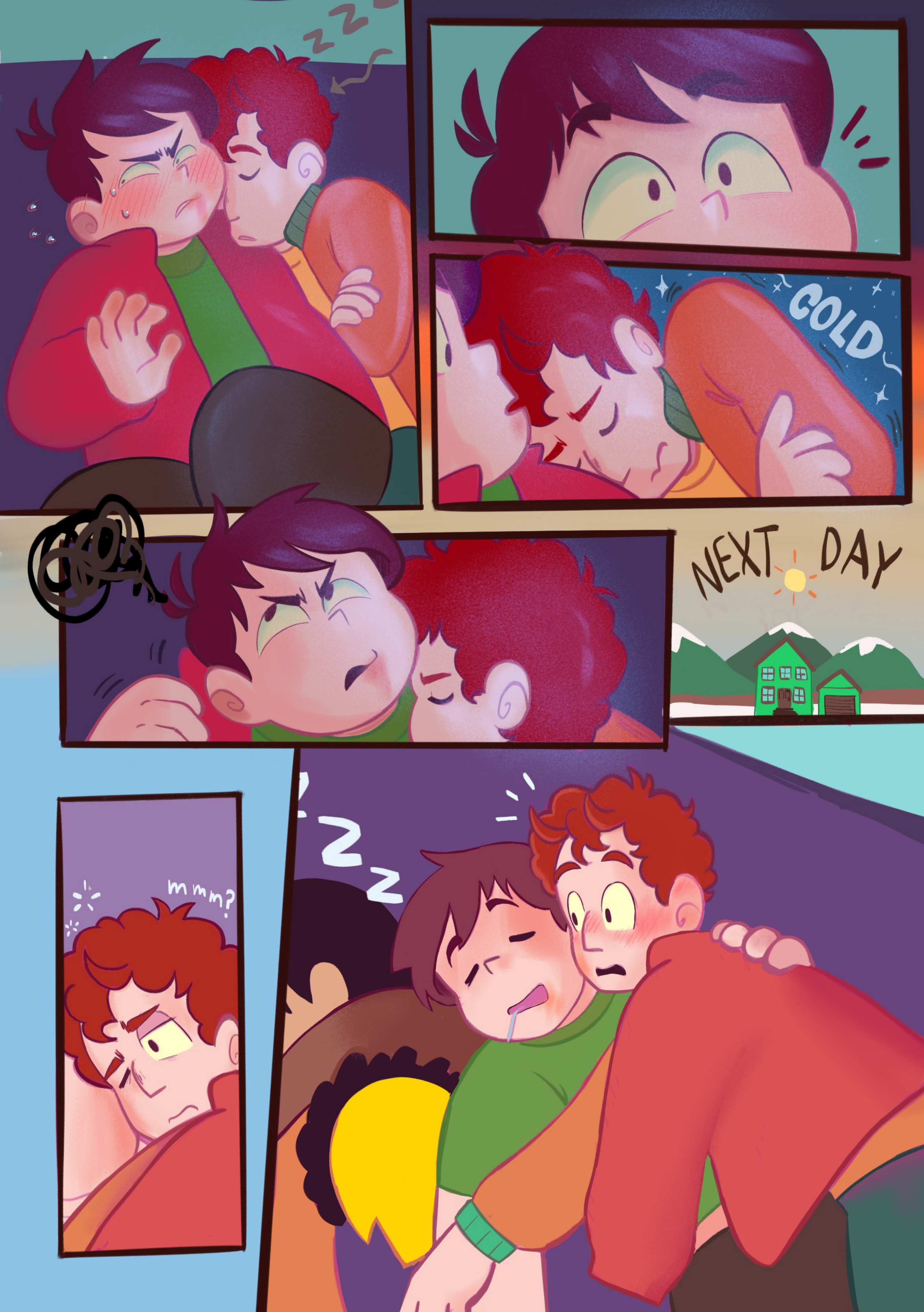

ZZZ
COLD
NEXT DAY
mmm?
ZZ

You bake me crazy sometimes

Maria

Kyle wasn’t a particular fan of mid-February, to be more exact, he wasn’t a fan of Valentine’s Day. Sure, he saw how much happiness the holiday gave others, but the bragging from his friends and his lack of experience sure made it difficult to enjoy. His friends acted the same every year, Stan was worried about what he should give Wendy, Cartman was a total dick about it and Kenny would add some new perverted jokes into the conversation.

“Here we go…” He rolled his eyes as he saw Stan sit on the sidewalk.

“This time she will break up with me for sure…” Stan said with a voice crack and distress was written all over him. Kyle tried to comfort his best friend, he knew for a fact that Stan would figure this out the same way he did last year. Cartman and Kenny joined them soon after, and Kyle closed his eyes, preparing for whatever insult Cartman was ready to throw at him.

“It’s Valentine’s Day tomorrow, you guys! Don’t you just feel the looove in the air already? Oh, except for Kyle, of course.” Cartman smirked as their eyes met.

“Shut the fuck up, Cartman.”

“I’m just saying Khal! Last year proved my theory, girls don’t wanna date someone with the three J’s.”

“Just because I asked ONE girl to be my valentine last year, and she said no doesn’t prove anything!”

“…and the year before that-”

“Urgh!” Kyle could feel his blood boil more than usual due to Cartman’s comments. Luckily the bus arrived which made them avoid getting into a physical fight.

This year, Kyle had a well-thought-out plan. After getting rejected, he had decided that next Valentine’s Day will be his bitch, respectfully that is. He found the perfect way to ask a girl out, which none of the other guys had thought about.

He got home from school that day and headed straight to the kitchen. Kyle put an apron on and put his hat on the table. He then used a hair tie to make sure none of his curls were in the way. He was going to bake the most incredible cupcakes anyone in South Park had tasted. With a recipe taken from a Facebook video, he started baking. He kinda felt bad for his best friend, since he was still stressing over what to give Wendy.

Kyle went to bed with a smile on his face, he knew the girl he was going to ask out would definitely say yes when she tasted his cupcakes.

Kyle arrived at school the next day and felt all excited over Valentine’s Day. He looked around him, seeing others hold hands already. As he entered the hallway, his jaw dropped.

“W-what is going on?” Kyle said as he met up with Stan.

“Didn’t you hear? A hot tip said that this year’s valentine is all about giving sweets and cakes.”

Kyle was devastated, how was he going to make up for last year’s failure if every single kid used his idea?

“Hey, guys, what’s up!” Cartman walked up to them with Kenny and Butters by his side.

Kyle looked around and there was no denying judging by Butters face that something wasn’t right. “Okay, Cartman, what did you do?”

“What are you talking about, Khal?” Cartman put on the most innocent face he could.

“Butters, what the fuck did he do?”

“H-he wanted to steal your cupcakes, but they tasted awful. Oh, hamburgers! I couldn’t keep the secret…sorry Eric”

“Huh?” Kyle was more confused than angry at this point. Did Cartman tell everyone to bring sweets, so Kyle wouldn’t have embarrassed himself when asking the girl out?

“I don’t buy it.” He finally said.

“Khal, life is what you bake it, and let’s face it, you can’t bake.” Cartman laughed at his own pun, followed by Kenny laughing.

“Okay, that’s it.” Kyle decided to take one of the AirPods from Cartman’s ears and headed towards the bathroom.

It took Cartman a second, “Oh my god, is he gonna flush-KYLE WAIT!”

Both of them were now standing in one of the bathroom stalls.

“Wait, Kyle! Before you flush my AirPods, listen to me!”

“You got one chance.”

“Valentine’s Day is not over! Let’s sneak into home economics and I will help you make new cupcakes.”

Kyle slowly pushed the flush button, which made Cartman panic.

“If you don’t believe me that they taste like shit, then try one of them yourself! If you think they taste good, you can flush my AirPods.”

Kyle sighed and headed back to his locker. He closed his eyes after taking the first bite, Cartman wasn’t lying about the flavor. Both of them headed in silence to the home economics. Cartman started to pick the lock while Kyle was on the lookout. They finally got inside and went to the kitchen part, Kyle started by trying to find the Facebook video again.

“I know for a fact that we need this.” Cartman said, and Kyle looked up, seeing the other take out some measurements from the upper cabin. Kyle couldn’t deny being impressed by how Cartman had taken out all the tools they needed without looking at the recipe.

“Are you just going to sit there being amazed?” Cartman asked as he preheated the oven, making Kyle’s cheeks turn red.

“No, I uh-” He opened the fridge and took out the exact amount of eggs they required for the batter. Cartman tossed an apron to Kyle, who put it on.

“Now that’s a housewife,” Cartman said, laughing as Kyle noticed he wasn’t wearing any.

“You should wear one as well!”

“Urgh, fine.”

Kyle started with mixing butter and sugar into the large bowl Cartman had put out. He checked twice to make sure it was the right measurements. He could feel the other eyeing him from behind as he took out the electric mixer. Kyle turned it on and in an instant, he heard the other speak.

“Let me do it.”

“Why?”

“I can already tell that you have never used a mixer before.”

“I have!”

“Nuh-uh!”

It was quiet for a second until Cartman spoke again.

“At least let me show you how to do it.”

“Fine” Kyle said.

Cartman stood behind him and indicated for Kyle to take a hold of the mixer. The latter placed his hand on top of Kyle’s and made a gentle circular motion.

“Now turn it on,” Cartman said in a very calm tone.

Kyle nodded, and the electric mixer was the only thing that could be heard in the room. Cartman didn’t let go of Kyle’s hand as they were mixing the batter until it was light and fluffy.

“Uhm, I will go and get the uh eggs,” Cartman said and let go of Kyle’s hand.

“Y-yeah,” Kyle said and put the mixer at the side of the bowl.

Kyle took one of the eggs and cracked it roughly on the side of the bowl. He then had to scoop up the eggshell that landed in the batter.

“Why are you so aggressive, poor eggs.”

“Then how do you do it?” Kyle asked out of curiosity.

Cartman took a hold of the other egg and tapped it twice before it cracked, no eggshell could be seen in the batter.

“Oooh!” Kyle couldn’t hide being impressed.

“See? Gentle.” Cartman smiled at him.

They mixed in both flour and vanilla while genuinely enjoying each other’s company. Kyle had even forgotten that they were playing hooky. Now it was time to pour the batter into the prepared cups Cartman had taken out. Kyle watched as Cartman poured the batter evenly into seven cupcakes. After he was done, it was time to bake the cupcakes for about 18 minutes. Cartman took the tray and was ready to open the oven.

“Cartman wait! You should use the oven mitts.” Kyle held them out for Cartman to put his hands in.

“Thanks, Khal, I almost forgot.” He put the tray down.

“Yeah, I don’t want you to get hurt,” Kyle said.

“N-now wait 18 minutes and then take them out.” Cartman stuttered and Kyle noticed how his cheeks had turned a bit red. “I gotta go- you can decorate them yourself.”

“Oh alright, but Cartman, I really wanna than-

“Tell the girl I said hi.” Cartman took off the apron and almost ran out the door.

Kyle tilted his head, following Cartman before the other disappeared behind the building. He sat there with a tube of red frosting with a million thoughts in his head as time passed.

Cartman headed straight home after rushing out from home economics. At least everything was in order, all his friends were going to be happy on Valentine’s Day, and he was going to spend it alone in front of his TV. It had gotten dark outside and Cartman had changed into his pajamas, his mom was going to spend the night out, which sucked since he had to order his food. The knocking on the door must be the pizza guy with his order. Cartman got out off the couch and opened the door.

“Eric Theodore Cartman… *Will you be my valentine?*”

Cartman was too stunned to speak as he looked down, seeing the tray with cupcakes spelling his last name in red frosting. He looked up again, seeing Kyle smile shyly.

“Yes,” he whispered and took one of the cupcakes off the tray to try.

“Ooh, they taste amazing!” He shouted and took another bite.

Kyle smiled in response.

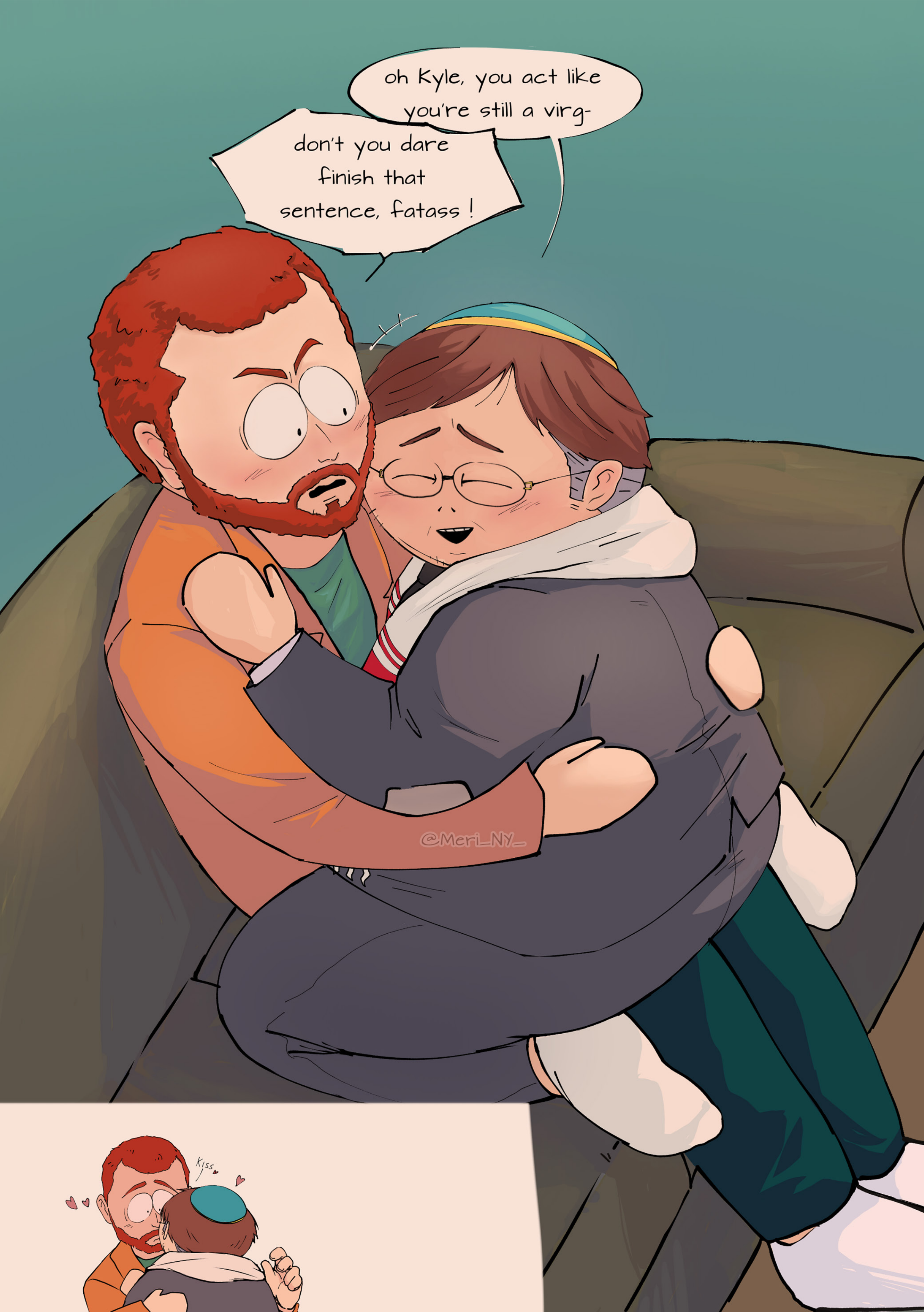
“Wait… They taste too good…”

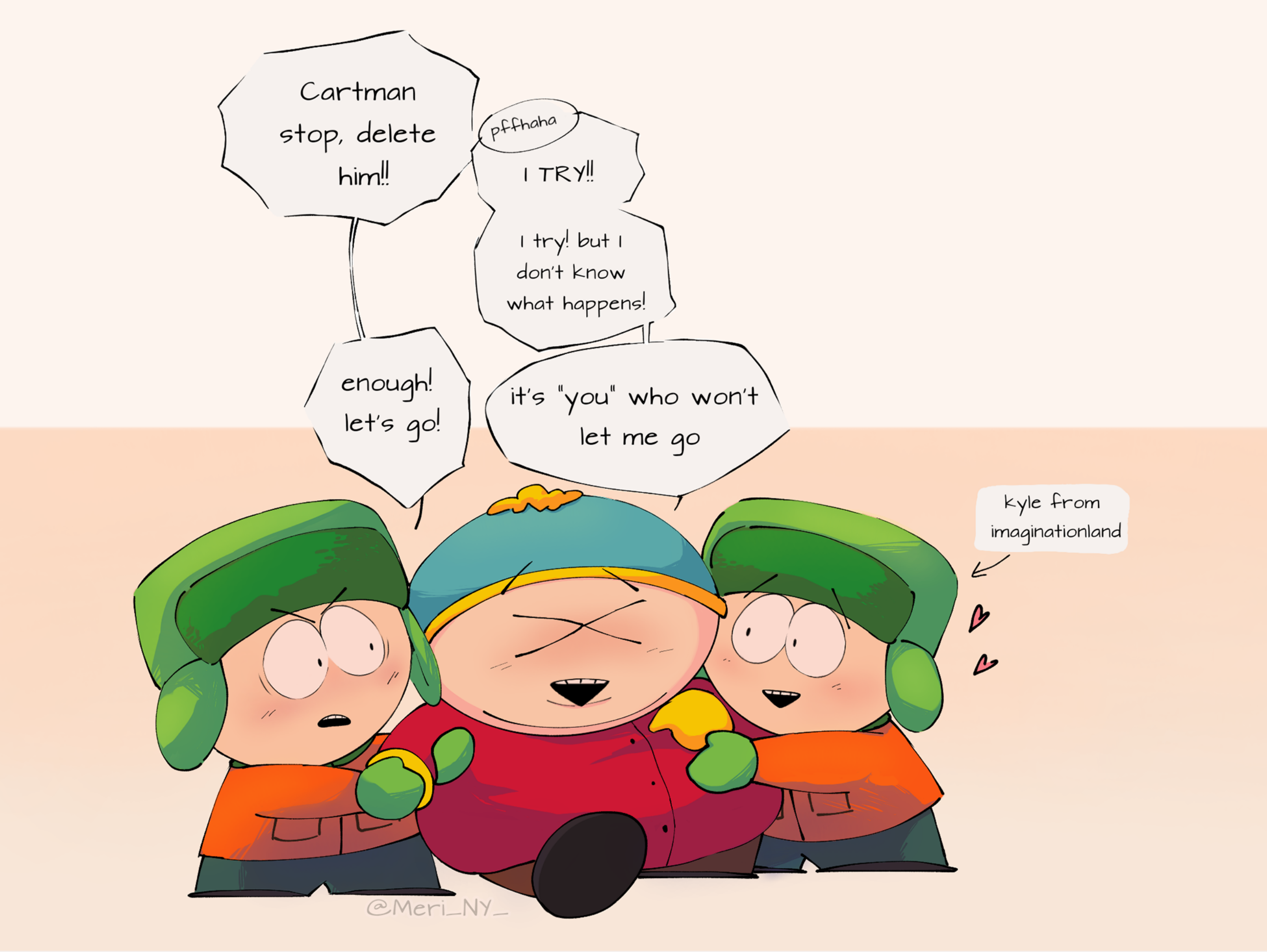
“That’s because I *accidentally* burned ours” Kyle whispered and placed a kiss on Cartman’s cheek before going inside the house.

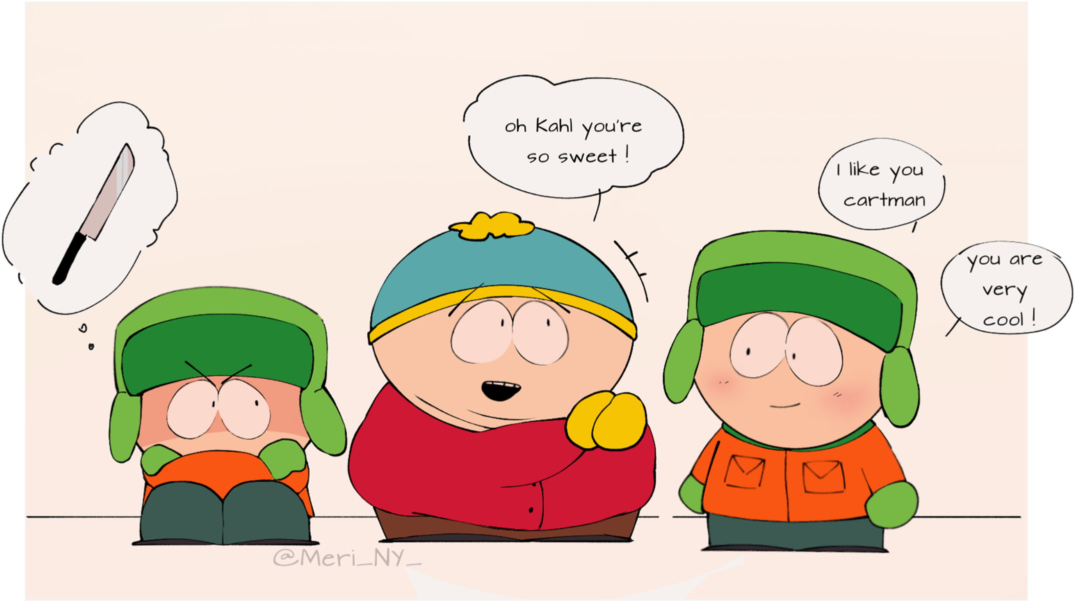
“Wait…YOU DID WHAT?!” Cartman could feel his heartbeat rapidly from the kiss.

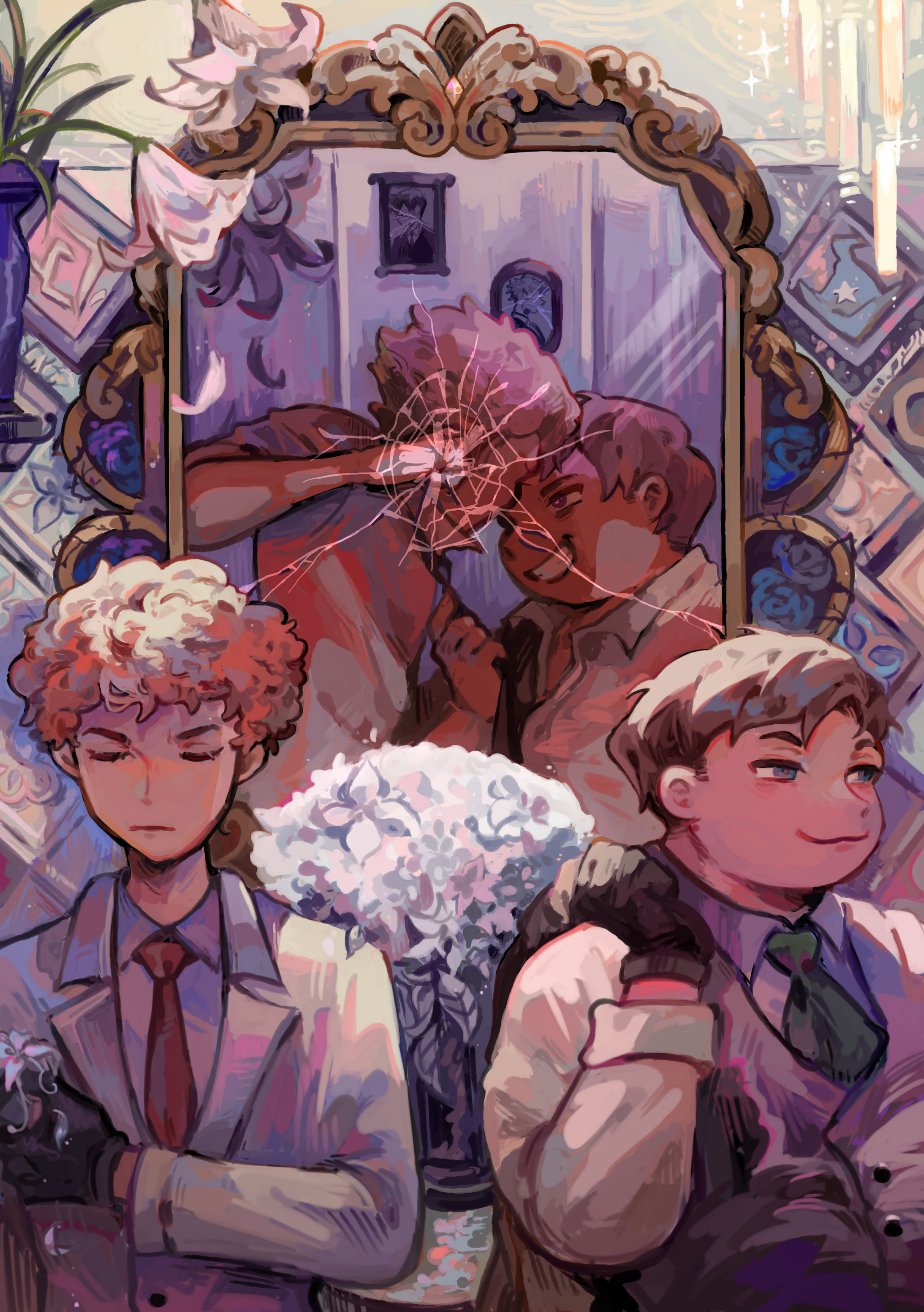
Kyle started to laugh, “Happy Valentine’s Day.”

KYLEY-B
BASY
2022


oh Kyle, you act like you're still a virg-
don't you dare finish that sentence, fatass !
@Meri_NY_
Kiss

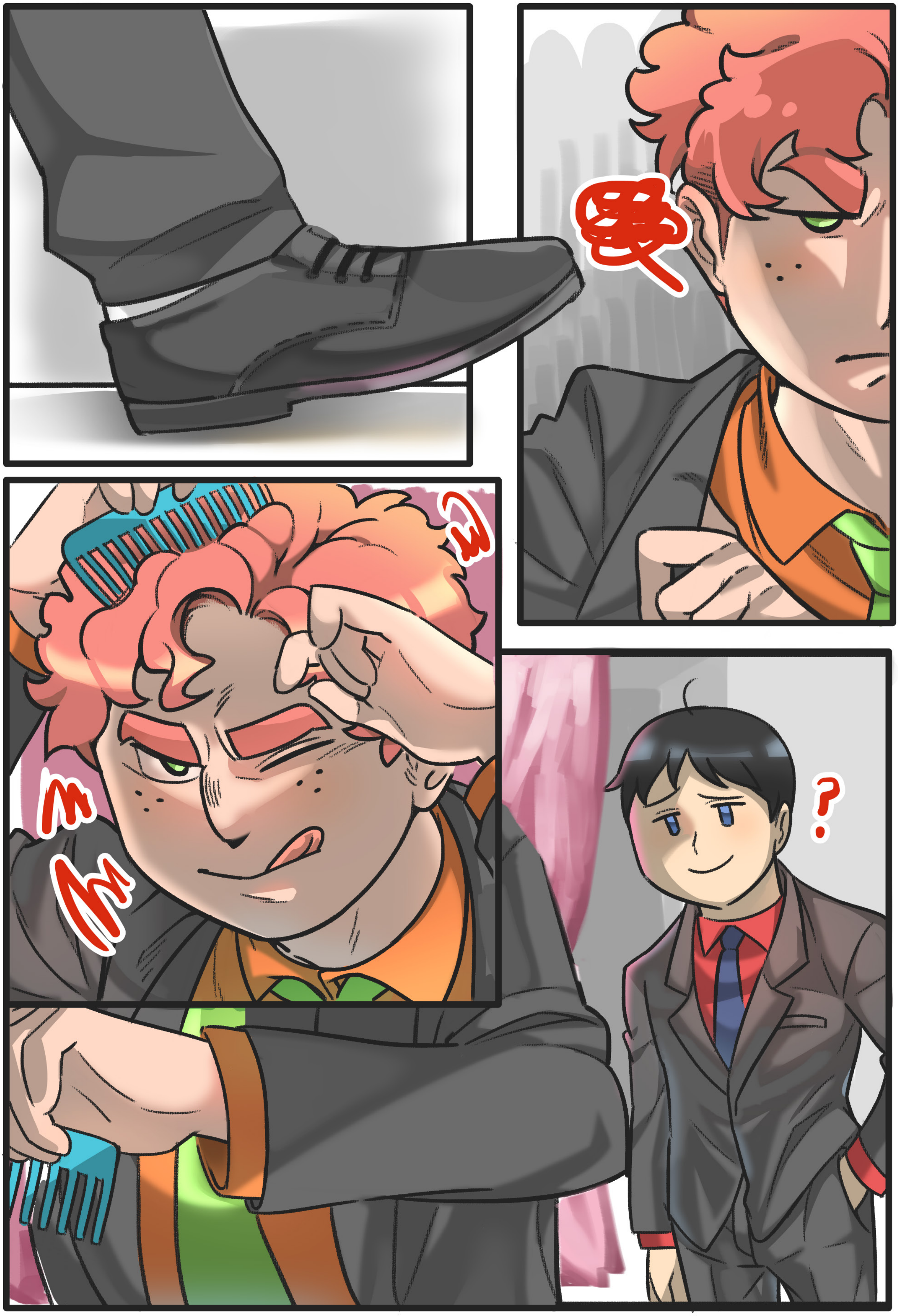

Cartman stop, delete him!!
pffhaha
I TRY!!
I try! but I don't know what happens!
enough! let's go!
it's "you" who won't let me go
kyle from imaginationland
@Meri_NY_

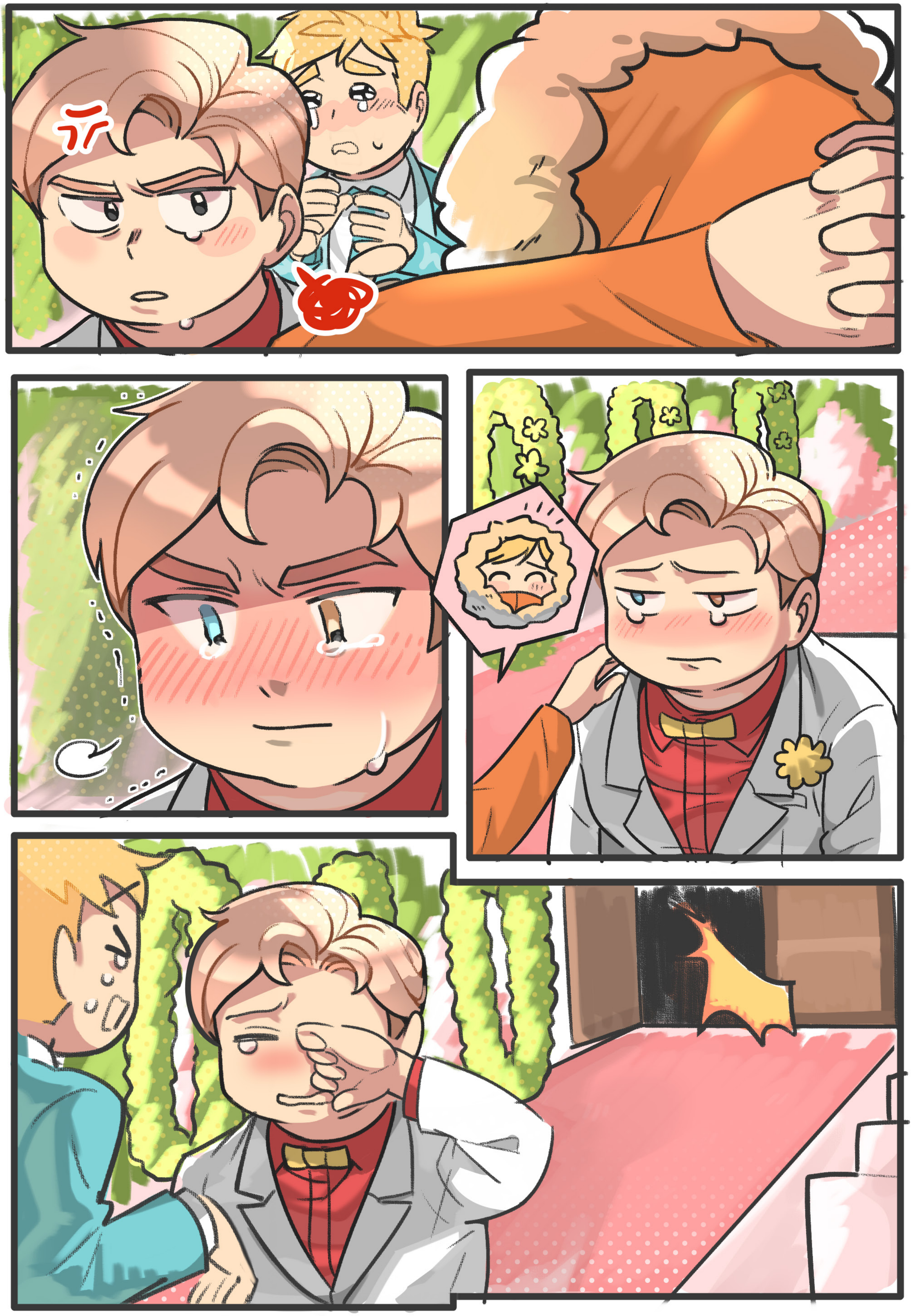

oh Kahl you're so sweet !
I like you cartman
you are very cool !
@Meri_NY_

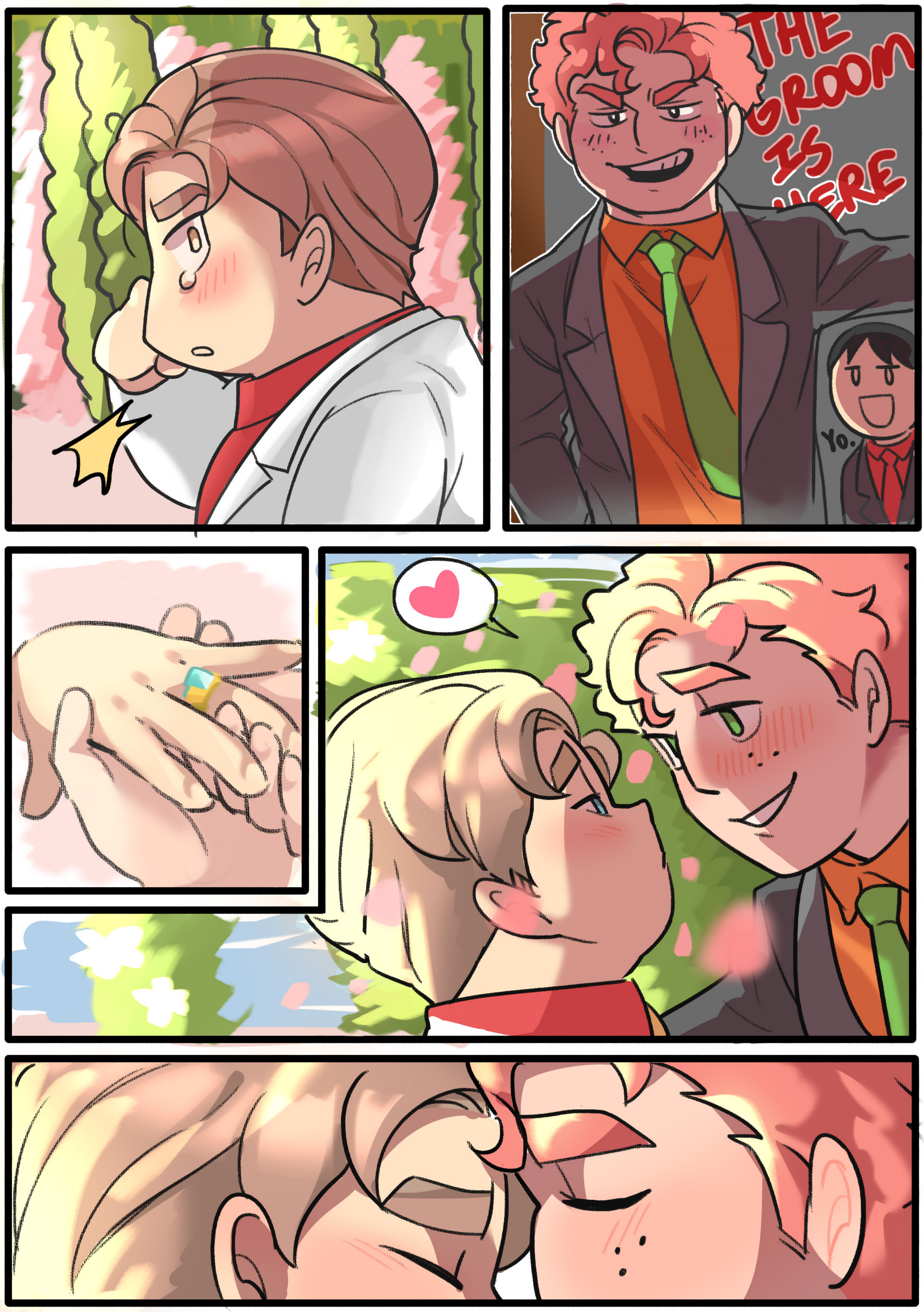


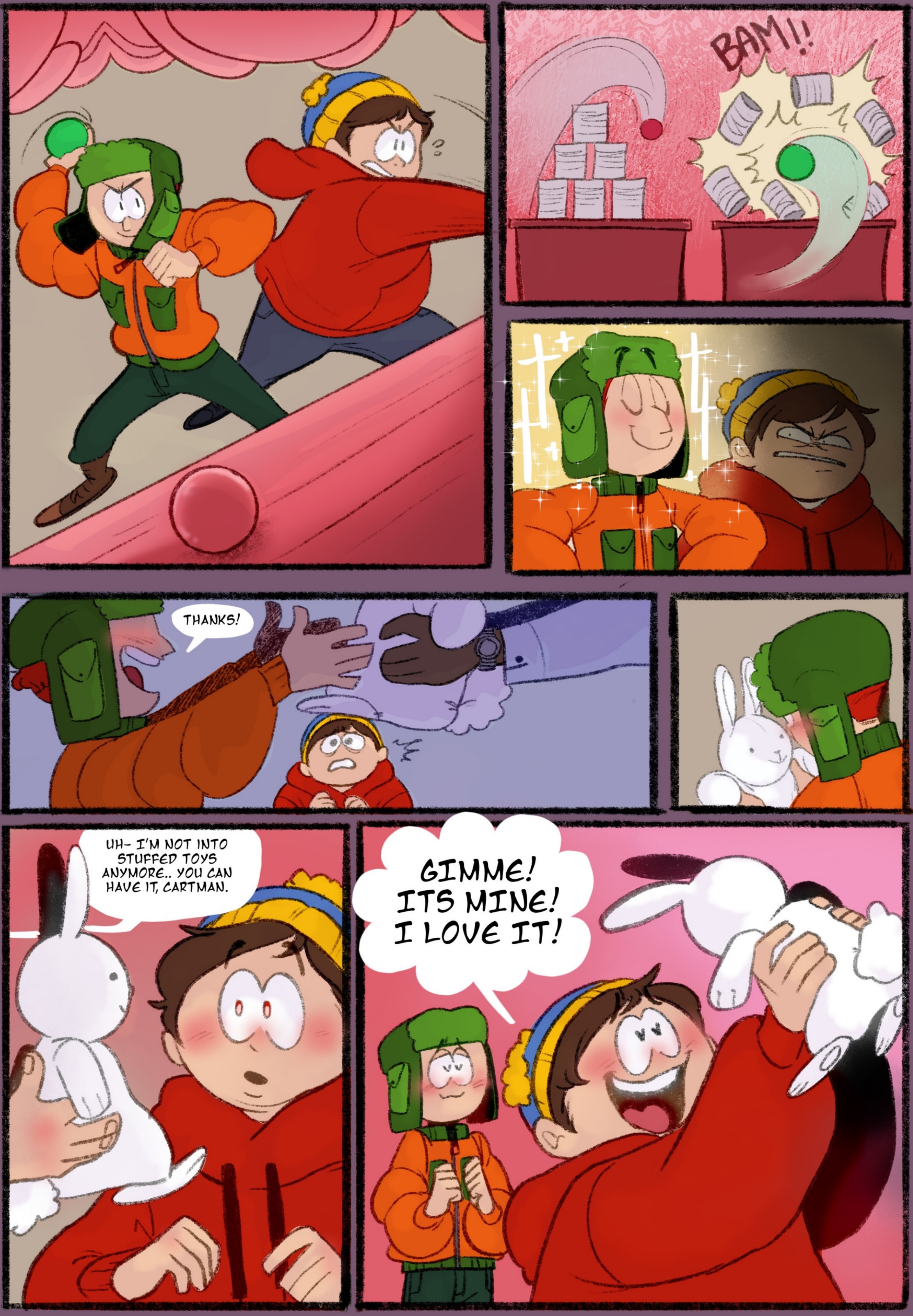
kyle-b
P

KYMAN






THE GROOM IS HERE
Yo.


BAM!!
THANKS!
UH- I'M NOT INTO STUFFED TOYS ANYMORE.. YOU CAN HAVE IT, CARTMAN.
GIMME! ITS MINE! I LOVE IT!

Kyman Generals

Basu - Organizer

75

Ever since I participated in the Kyman Week, I was amazed by the way the community came together for their ship. Wanting to immortalize all that love and hard work, I came up with the idea of making a zine for Kyman, since, shockingly, it hadn't been done before. I had lots of fun with this project and I would absolutely adore doing another one in the future! Long live Kyman!❤💚

shokikita grossalien

DrAbesacraben - Graphic Designer

100

When we first decided to make a Kyman Zine we never expected ALL THESE **CHADS**, so making us all fit was a bit difficult, but we managed only for YOU, lovely reader. So I hope you enjoyed this GIANT Kyman Bible as much as I enjoyed working on it. Stay gold, Kymanbro.

DrAbesacraben drabesacraben.neocities.org

Shouri - Cover art

75

Helping Basu and Doc run this whole operation was all sorts of amazing! So many people were so eager and happy to participate. I'm happy I could be part of a project this big! Kymans are wonderful people.

shouriii mirrorshards shourterthan

Kyman Army

Minto	3	SPMlIlIlNTO	
Kris kenneth	4	fluffy_bardo	
Mar	5	md_kxe	southxk
Neon	6	neon_ultima	
RieRieDraws	7	rierie.draws	rierie-draws
Vlad	8	vlad_sarabia_	
Ron	9	ronture	ronture
Adallie	10	LiaLyester	LiaLyester
Egghead	11		
Lele	12	LeleDraws	lele_moony
Momo	14	MomoDearestt	
Pochitoken	15	BeatVvr	

Naya 18

OneTrickNaya
OneTrickNayashi

Kowa Rosenbaum 26

Kowa Rosenbaum

Maco 27

_duhvet
duhvet

Heiwa 28

heiwa._.pochi
heiwapochi

Th3Geo 30

th3geo

Sofi Ducker 33

duckerkingdom
duckerkingdom

gamil 34

_ikegay

Daisy 35

aaagleb
aaagleb

Ari 36

degenerate_ ari

CosmicStunky 39

cosmic.stunky

MachineDean 40

Machine_Dean
MachineDean

Crabappels 41

Crabappels
Crabappels

V 42

Yanderebeats

Jinme 43

jinmessan

Noodle 45

NoodleLanLan
NoodleLanLan

Gab 46

tequikila
gothgabs

sal 47

0sal0

Abi 48

Abi_senlol Abi_senlol

bd 49

dreidelx3

Isa 50

maiisaan maiisaan

todonosumari 51

todonosumari calias_art

SORIP 52

sorip_13 ayeljoys

Jana 53

caisdeships

Credence 54

LustBunni

Haya 55

yoquierodibujar yoquierodibujar

MargoNika 58

Margonika01 Margonika

Kulea 59

kuleachi 79926011

HaYum1Ro 60

HaYum1Ro hayum_1ro

Mil Gree 62

GreenCa85463148 realmilgree

Jbname 64

dro4unamilf

Corny 65

cornymember CornyMember

Sairramahi 66

Sairramahi Sairramahi_

Yumis4ki	67	Yumis4ki	
Nicol Dash	68	NicolDash529	
Farras Ulinnuha	70	bucinjojii	_.farras
Maple	71	maple_snart	
Jayivee	72	jayivee	jayivee
Lega	74	LeGala18	
Takinomoto	86	Takinomoto1maro	
Aimee	87	Toboninu	Toboninu
mawl606	88	mawl606	maw.l.h
Jimena	89	nastee_quir	
Karina	90	psy-bak	psybacterium
Ishie	91	spacetweeks	
brtzah	92	brtzah	buratzah
Kelly	93	pregnantzombie	
Brid	99	TheBridjovi	The Princesa Bird
Vitani	101	vitaninero	

B	104	bokwom116	
Nickels	106	pompernickels	pompernickels
Sam	107	mesamstas	mesamstas
Bread	108	Dzyeettttttt	
GangG	110	GangG_Draw	
Kyle	111	psik0s0matic	xOcartyleOx
Spjiga	112	spjiga	
Chloe	113	itzsammyboiz	
Kay	114	wahqk	
Sugar Shower	117	SugarShower	
Hazel	118	haslenoot	haslenoot
Apolo	127	ap0l0_00	AlienCrayon
Brenda Soto	128	muchasabejitas	muchasabejitas
Chappy Lips	129	chappylips	_chappylips
Garlic	130	chesnok.png	garlic_ari
Bliski	131	bliskidraw	

Kay	133	a_weird_gaything	
Leone	135	melonpyonpyon	MelonPyonPyon
Dot	136	buddydotcat	buddydotcat
Blaubeere	137	staenya	
Yuliana Ruiz	138	yuli_uwuwu	yuli_uwuwu
Alexander	139	chicken.apo-	
KRNART	142	_krn_art_	
Brianna Moser	143	brianna_moser	bri.moser
Gran	145	tweekiepedia	beetlerots
Alex	146	justtryin35	Pudge59
Dark Brown	153	d_bbrown	darkbrown
Gery	154	ghostygery	
ppkax2	157	ppkax2	
Frites	158	crispyfrites	
Trasshes	159	chaarks	
Jamie	160	xvxjamie	

senkasadva	162	senkasadva senkasadva
DinoSkar	163	DinoSkarArt
Maria	165	loomissirius mariloomis
Pompeii	170	pompeii_rw pompeii_rw
Basymatsu	172	basydraws
MeriNY	173	Meri_NY_
Daeliu	175	Daeliuu
Rip	176	LobsterRik
Tairiku	178	CODE_1200 30196635
Ryu	179	Rodarios2
Chocolet	182	WitchChocolet

Honestly... It was a super pleasant experience all in all!! It's my first big fan art project like this but I had a lot of fun and everyone in the community was super lovely! <33 Thank you for all the great fun!

- Ron -

I never thought that I would be part of a collaboration with the kyman fandom. I'm so happy. <3

- Momo -

Hola Dios, soy yo de nuevo, ¡pido fuerzas para más momentos Kyman!! En fin, agradezco por el contenido masivo de este KymanZine, más a parte de poder haber colaborado, ¡ha sido una experiencia nueva! Polos opuestos se atraen, yo ya expondría lo canon que son.

- Pochitoken -

I am very grateful to be part of this beautiful project. Kyman should not be underestimated, there are wonderful artists who put all their love into their works.

- Naya -

Que agradable es poder ver como el fandom vuelve a la vida <3
Por favor sigan así ♥

- Maco -

Very glad to have been accepted and able to participate alongside so many talented SP fan artists! Special shout out to Cartman, my terrible shit son.

- MachineDean -

Just a small brazilian artist who likes to draw whatever comes to their empty head.

- Jinme -

I felt like being part of this project took a lot of encouragement from me by exploring different concepts and styles! I used to ship kyman a lot back in middle school and it brought me lots of nostalgia to draw these two again:)

- Gab -

it was exciting to be part of a zine this large! so happy to see so many kyman lovers out there!!

- sal -

¡Una experiencia inolvidable y preciosa ofreció el zine! Estar rodeada de kymanes tan talentosos hizo mi corazón feliz.

- Isa -

Kyman was my first ship, so I feel honored to pay homage to it by participating in this zine! Working on my art piece was lots of fun! Thank you to everyone who helped in making this Kyman zine a reality, it's so much more wonderful than I could have ever dreamed!

- todonosumari -

It's been a pleasure finally working on a kyman zine. There're so many great artists and writers that It makes me feel really special for being part of it. Thanks for all your hard work, everyone.

- Jana -

I was inspired by the idea of Kyman couples costumes for Halloween, and also going for a Euphoria vibe with all the colors, sparkles, and party atmosphere. I'm so happy to have gotten to be a part of this wonderful zine!

- Credence -

Let's fighting love!

- Haya -

I feel very happy to have lived with such wonderful people in this zine.

Meeting people who have similar tastes to yours is beautiful, I hope it happens again

- HaYum1Ro -

I had a lot of fun working on this piece. It's nice to see everybody's art and to come together to share our love for Kyman. Thank you everyone!

- Kulea -

i was really amazed by all
the beautiful art made
by the other members,
they're all very talented!

- Corny -

Hi!! It's the first time I participated in a
zine and I'm soooo happy that he started
with the Kyman zine! I love South Park,
and I really loved drawing Cartman and
Kyle with other amazing artist! ♥

- Sairramahi -

Thank you ~~Brave Lovers~~ Archrivals
zine for letting me contribute to
this awesome zine, this is my first
time doing this thing :DD. I held
big respect for moderators and
wonderful contributors
(some of them I idolized their art
style and content :3)

- Farras Ulinnuha -

Estoy muy pero muyyy feliz de haber
participado y convivido con artistas
y escritores tan talentosos. La vida
apesta pero al menos tenemos Kyman
♥ I SWEAAR BY THE MOON AND THE
STARS IN THE SKYYY ♥

- Jimena -

It was so nice being able to draw for
this zine, getting to see everyone's
work in progress was great.
To the organizers and everyone who
participated, thank you for your hard
work, I had a lot of fun!

- Ishie -

I'm Kelly, and I love writing stories! You
can find me at pregnantzombie on ao3.
Working on a piece for this zine has
been truly a pleasure and an honor.
I'm so happy to contribute to such
a passion project, and look forward
to creating more as well as enjoying
everyone's efforts!

- Kelly -

this was a lot of fun, and seeing
everyone else's work develop
and generally be amazing was
just so cool to see.
Thank you so much for doing this!

- B -

This project was one of the
best things I've ever decided
to be a part of! I hope for the
Vol.2 one day ;) xoxo

- Sam -

Working on this zine was an amazing experience! I got to meet lots of super cool people and they're all incredible artists. Thank you for having me! :o)

- Jayivee -

I love you all!
Basu, thank you so much for being patient with me when I was late for the submission :(
Kyman Forever :) !

- GangG -

I love these two so much it's been an honor! Thanks to you (reader) for checking the zine out, the organizers and fellow artists.
Kyman best ship.❤💚

- Spjiga -

My name is Chloe, I'm 16 and Australian, I had a delight working on the sfw zine!

- Chloe -

It has been an absolute pleasure to work on this zine. The uplifting community really made me remember why I love this ship and this fandom so much. Thank you all! <3

- Hazel -

Chappy Lips (she/they) is a Filipino comic book artist and illustrator based in Florida, USA. She likes to draw anything with horror, rad babes, and fandom brain rot.

- Chappy Lips -

Nyewwo! I'm known as Blaubeere or also Stan among my friends and I love drawing all things fluffy and soft (...and Pokémon)! Creating my zine pic has motivated me to create bigger digital illustrations again and I hope to draw our favourite eggs more often in the future! :3c

- Blaubeere -

I am more than happy to have collaborated in this beautiful zine because I love this ship very much. (o^▽^o).

- Yuliana Ruiz -

I've been a Kyman fan since 2014, it's been so fun getting to participate in this zine! I love to write fics and doodle Kyle and Cartman in the margins of my psych notes. I hope you all enjoy!!

- Alex -

Hi, I'm Jamie, a self-taught hobbyist artist who loves making fanarts. I'm really, really happy to have contributed my art to a fantastic project that relates to my OTP.

- Jamie -

i love the dynamic between kyle and cartman and i have long wanted to draw how their fights progress over time into something less hurtful and more humorous for both of them. thanks to the organizers of the zine for calling and giving us the opportunity to draw something that has been put off for so long!

- senkasadva -

I enjoy their dynamic, it's fun to watch, so I'm glad I could participate and contribute something in this Zine!

- Basymatsu -

a safe environment and the opportunity to meet wonderful artists/writers. I'm glad I participated in this Kyman Zine! Thanks to the admins for making this possible

- MeriNY -

I am very honored to participate in this zine, and to support our not so big but kyman community! I am very grateful for this opportunity to the organizers, or rather to Basu along with Shouri and Doctor!!
thank you very much

- Rip -

I like the scene where s7e3 kyman gets on the boat.

- Tairiku -

Kyman canon rasa

- Ryu -

Thank you!

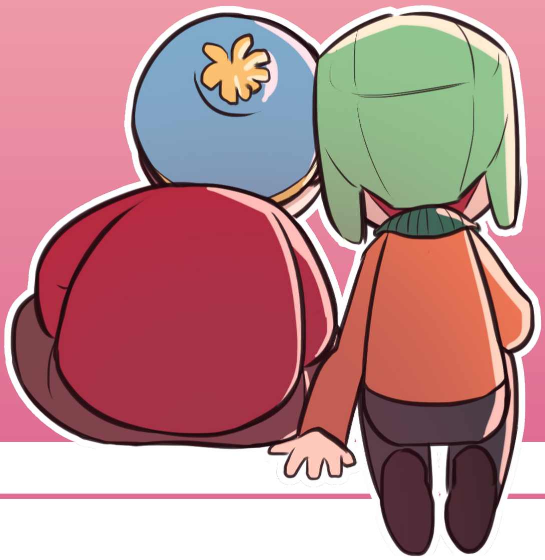
Thank you to everyone who participated in this project,
and also a big thank you to everyone who expressed interest
in this fanzine taking place at all!
We couldn't have done this without your support!

I'll be honest, when the idea of making a Kyman Zine
first came to me, I was unsure there would be enough people
for it to make it happen.
Boy, was I wrong. And I'm so happy I was!
The Kyman community is not only huge,
but insanely talented as well!

But well, you've seen this zine, so you already know that.

Thank you again to all of you for loving Kyman
and let's keep it going
❤

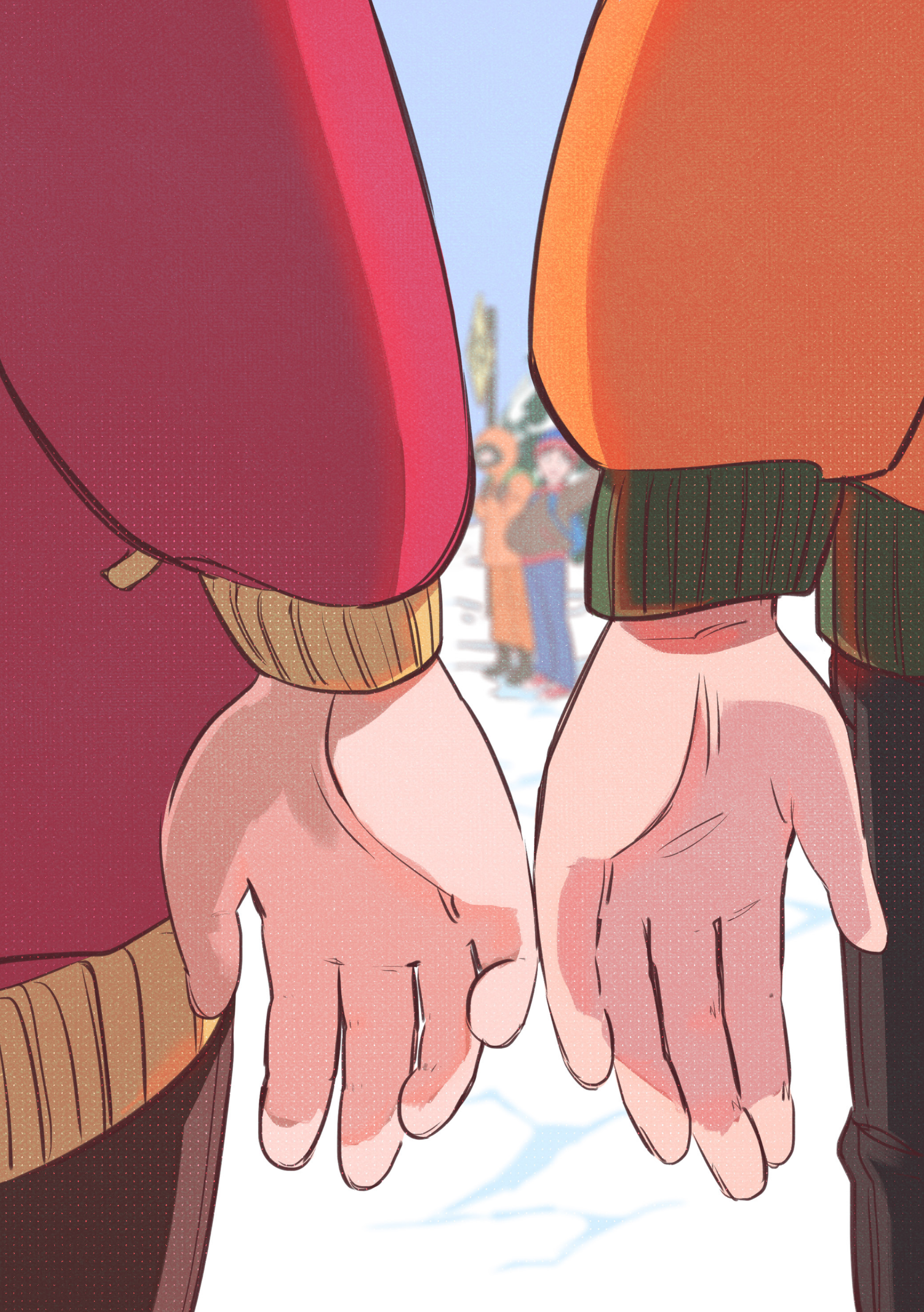
- Basu -



IF YOU LIKED THIS PROJECT,
LOOK FORWARD TO OUR

NSFW KYMAN ZINE

(ASSUMING YOU‘RE OLD ENOUGH, OF COURSE)

SOON AVAILABLE ON
NEVER-TRUST-RACCOONS.ITCH.IO